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A WORD IN SEASON.

THAT the Liberal party is in a bad way is a fact which its warmest friends lament rather than deny. It seems to be dying of exhaustion; as a political race, it shows symptoms of being worn out. The Liberal Government now in office is composed of very able men. It was surrounded by a halo of promise and hope when it came into power; many debaters of the first order, great intellectual strength, great literary and parliamentary ability. Yet, as a Government, it is powerless and bare of influence; it carries no weight even with the House of Commons; it seems always on the defensive, always driven to shifts and devices to excuse itself; it excites no enthusiasm, and were it not for its foreign policy and the personal popularity of Lord Palmerston, it would fall to pieces from the most ignominious of causes, want of life and of power of holding together.

In this respect the Government faithfully reflects the position of the Liberal party. It seems to be dying out for want of a creed, of a mission, of a special work to be done. In bygone days the Liberal ranks moved forward with a vigour and a determination which surmounted every obstacle, and took possession of the country. They were conscious of high aspirations; they felt that their cause was the cause of the public welfare. So long as such a faith lasted, they were irresistible. Before the Reform Bill, it seemed unnatural that any but Tories should be in office; government appeared to devolve to them by prescriptive right; and when Lord Grey's Administration was first formed, many was the jeer cast upon the Liberals, as incompetent to manage a single one of the public offices. Since the Reform Bill the opposite feeling has prevailed. Government seemed to belong of right to the Liberals; no one could understand Tories being in power; and with the exception of Sir R. Peel's Government, which in spirit and tendencies was unmistakably and eminently Liberal, a Tory Administration has always been regarded as a kind of usurpation—as a transitory cloud created by disunion in the Liberal forces; as no natural or abiding condition of the Government of the nation. But now a strange feeling is coming over the world, that the wheel has come full round, that the old days have returned back again, and that a long advent of Tory rule is at hand. And this feeling has arisen without any direct cause for the retreat of the Liberals; they have not been beaten on any prominent point of public policy which they advocated, and their adversaries resisted: there is no cry by which enthusiasm can be re-awakened in their favour; they seem to be dying out by natural decay.

The election of South Lancashire has brought these considerations home to many minds. People are startled, the Radical journals are manifestly at their wits' end; they can't understand such a phenomenon. It cannot be, surely, that the nation has become Tory; one can find but few Tories in private society; prerogative, Court influence, prosecutions for libel and sedition, government by Lords, have not returned into favour with anyone; reaction has not set in to restore these things. What is the meaning, then, of this weakness of the Liberals? Everybody agrees with them, and yet nobody will have them. Even the largest and most popular constituencies, their own creation, their very children, reject them. The intellectual and thoughtful portion of society has long ago deserted them; the most influential organs of public opinion have long ceased to be Whig, and, in a Parliamentary sense, Liberal. Where the Whig banner still flies popular sympathy and support fail it. Popular strength, the result

movement of society, has departed elsewhere. Nothing more certainly prepared the fall of Tory power, than the defection of the intellectual force of the nation. Sir R. Peel laid peculiar stress on this fact, as justifying his submission on the great question of Catholic Emancipation. The features of the political situation are the same now, *mutatis mutandis*. The thought and understanding of the nation are no longer with the Liberals. But, again, people will ask, Can it really be that the country has become illiberal?

We answer no; the nation is more profoundly, more sincerely liberal now than at any former period of its history. The weakness of the Parliamentary Liberal party is mainly to be ascribed to their very success; they are dissolved in their own glory. They have done their work; they have ripened their seed; their harvest has been gathered, and the old plant is decaying away. The Whigs found England Tory, but also irritated, fretful, and discontented; they have made her liberal, happy, and satisfied with her institutions. This is glory and greatness enough. But then the perplexing question immediately arises, the thought which so manifestly pervades so many politicians, and so many writers in the press—how is it that, if they have got all England to think with them, they are unable to continue to be the leaders of political life in England? Because their work, in the main, was only negative and destructive; their function was to brush away the relics of an ancient way of thinking, the obstacles which had been suffered to accumulate in the way of improvement; the false and exploded theories of Protection and Perfection, which the country inherited from the eighteenth century, and from the peculiar circumstances of the great war for existence against revolutionary and imperial France.

Their task was to sweep away Tory folly and the absurd conventionalities with which an exclusive duration of power had overspread the minds of those in high places. But it is a great mistake to identify this process with an entire reconstruction of the national mind. The Whigs had to perform the same process for the House of Commons which the Liberals had to effect for Free-trade. Trade required to be set free from the shackles which false theories had imposed on it; and the House of Commons needed to be emancipated from thralldom to the vested interests, which had become dominant in it, and would not suffer legislation to interfere with their own private gains; but in other cases trade and the political nature of the country were unaltered, they were only left to develop themselves freely.

The work of purification, and the passing of those measures which had been arrested by the Tory rule, lasted a few years, and then the Whigs began to die away under Lord Melbourne's Ministry, and then, as now, without visible cause, collapsed, and yielded the helm of the State to the vigorous hands of Sir R. Peel. But the folly of their opponents gave them another lease of nearly twenty years' power. The Conservatives quarrelled with their chief, not on any political principle, but on a regulation of commerce. As politicians they agreed with Peel; as land owners they thought free trade in corn would be their annihilation, and they rushed into a schism for which they have had to do penance by long years of exclusion from office. But for the split on the Corn Bill—a measure which, we repeat, involved no political principle, Sir R. Peel, had he lived, would probably have held the Government for a longer period than any known to English history; his reign in duration would have surpassed that of either Walpole or Pitt. But the chasm is now filled up,



Protection has vanished, and all England, country gentlemen as much as any other class, are now Free Traders; and thus the old malady is re-appearing, the Whigs are sinking from decay, Lord Palmerston's Government is declining, like Lord Melbourne's, and the nation, though approving his foreign policy, is slack at rallying to his support.

But the question still recurs: since all men think alike, and since it is the country which has come over to the Liberals, why cannot the Liberals lead the people in a career which was pointed out by them, and in which they were the energetic pioneers? Because the Liberals have been led by Whigs, and because they are infected with one vice, which arises out of the nature of their position, and which is extremely hard to eradicate. The Whigs have ever been a narrow, exclusive, unsympathetic sect. They have never known how to assimilate other natures into their own. The people have never, even for an instant, identified them with themselves, because they never made the people feel that the cause of the people and the cause of the Whigs were the same. They are not even identical with the true and natural aristocracy of the nation; they are the descendants of the great houses who ruled the country with oligarchical pride under the first Kings of the House of Hanover, and who have since dwindled away into a clique. At the accession of William III. they had imbibed some popular principles which enabled them to do excellent service for the people, when the domination of the vested interests was so strong that without the aid of a portion of the aristocracy, nothing but a revolution would have overthrown it; but they never belonged to the people, or took the people honestly and sincerely into their alliance. Hence the Whigs have been utterly unable, during their many years of power, to nurse a true popular party of their own. Popular feeling has never amalgamated with them; and the inevitable consequence has been that they have never had a great and abiding popular party behind them. The rising ambition of the popular element—the men of energy, ambition, and popular influence, have never been gathered up into the Whig ranks and made their own; and Nemesis has asserted her rights and left them childless. The Liberal Government is a collection of respectable and even able men; but there is no affection borne to them by the people; they have no youthful strength to fall back upon—no one to take their places. Their poverty was laid bare by the last changes; a used-up Grey, intensely respectable, but with a soul made up of the essence of clique itself, was the last resource which a waning party could lay their hands on. Let a man think of the notion of enkindling popular enthusiasm by the resurrection of a Grey, and then he will understand why the Liberal party is drooping from want of nourishment from the Liberal element of the national mind.

But there is a force at work against the Liberals, which is yet more difficult to combat. During their long tenure of office, they have allowed a canker to eat into their very vitals, and they are now suffering from its ravages. They came into power to make organic changes, and ever since 1832, they have had an endless series of bad laws to sweep away. The struggle itself for Free Trade wore the appearance of being an effort for organic change, deceptive as that appearance was; and thus the Liberals have come to persuade themselves that organic change is good for its own sake, must always be a benefit to the people, and will always command the gratitude and support of the country. They have instilled the belief that there is still a large amount of ungranted change in our political institutions, which the selfishness of particular classes arrests, but which they will obtain for the people, whenever their fading strength compels them to do something to gain the people's help. It was this feeling which dictated the fatal coalition with the Manchester school, under the impression that they represented the desire for progress, and commanded the support of the country as reformers of worn-out institutions. The country has outlived this faith, and was startled by the alliance. The union with Mr. Bright compelled the Liberals to reflect whether they thought the objects aimed at by the great demagogue would be improvements; whether they were likely to render England stronger, happier, or more prosperous. They discovered the wide chasm which separated them from Mr. Bright, and they were led on to the consciousness that Englishmen were satisfied with their constitution; that they recoiled from recasting every part of the ancient government of the nation, under the delusive name of progress; that they were possessed of a political machinery which had made England great and glorious in the past, and which was perfectly capable of carrying out every measure, every improvement really desired by the people. The coalition awakened the Conservative element which exists in every man's nature, even in that of the strongest Liberals; men must have rest and enjoyment some time; they will not for ever be cooking and building, and never eating or dwelling in their houses. A contented nation will not long support a Government which has organic change for its main principle.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

THE fact may be ignored or forgotten in the White House, and in the residuum of a Congress that sits in the still unfinished Capitol at Washington, but North and South do not stand towards each other in the relation of sovereign and subject. President Lincoln is neither king, emperor, nor dictator. He does not inherit from a long line of royal ancestors, like most of the sovereigns of Europe; neither has he made a throne for himself, like Napoleon I. or Victor Emmanuel. He is no more than the chief magistrate of a republic, the administrator, not the fountain, of law; and no one owes him any greater loyalty or allegiance than we in this country owe to a lord mayor or alderman elected by the people, or to a justice of the peace duly appointed by the sovereign. The people made him what he is. Any fealty they owe him is solely due to the position they gave him; and if one section—say, for instance, that of the North—chooses to invest him, in a fit of passion, or even from cooler considerations of business, with extraordinary powers, another section may, without imputation of disloyalty, refuse to acquiesce. There is no treason and no disloyalty in the case. The South has as many inherent rights as the North; and the North as many as the South. It is not king and subject who have quarrelled, but brother and brother.

They ought not to have gone to war; they would have done much better if they had held firmly together, and continued to show themselves, by their amity and concord, and their unsurpassed resources, a great nation; but the South had certainly, if it felt itself aggrieved, and if it suffered, or imagined that it suffered in its feelings, interests, and comforts, by the pre-existing compact, as much right to put an end to it, as the United States originally had to put an end to the connection between themselves and Great Britain. The North may continue to talk of the "Rebellion," but it is not a rebellion. The word is an assumption of a prior as well as a greater right, which ceased to exist, if it ever existed at all, at the very moment that the South found itself strong enough to deny and repudiate it. In fact, the state of affairs is what the South truly calls it—a SECESSION. And however much the North may regret the consummation, and struggle to avert it, there will be henceforward two Confederations instead of the one great Republic of the United States. Indeed, the signs are not few that, if the war continue for a twelvemonth, a third Confederation will arise out of the turmoil. The North cannot see these things, because its leaders and people are blinded by passion; but they are seen distinctly enough in the South and in the West, and are obvious and palpable in Europe to the meanest capacity.

The North is in a fair way of losing far more than the unwilling—and did it know its own interest, the unprofitable—partnership of the South. We do not speak of the loss of the battle of Manassas, which was bad enough—or of its second repulse, near Springfield, in Missouri, which has inflicted almost as great a blow upon its military character, for these are reverses which it is in its power to retrieve. But worse than the loss of battles, worse than the loss of millions of money per day, is the loss of liberty, that most inestimable privilege of a people, and which, up to the outbreak of this unhappy dispute, every citizen of the United States has fancied his inalienable birth-right. Liberty no longer exists in the Northern half of the Republic. Military law, by a stern and invincible necessity, rides roughshod over the civil law whenever the two come into collision. Congress in a panic, which it mistakes for vigour, votes away, without comment, the dearest rights of the people; overthrows by a vote that is almost unanimous, and that would be entirely so were there not a few secessionists still left among its members, all the securities that formerly guarded the purse and the person of the citizen; squanders money with a recklessness that has never been equalled in the worst wars of the Old World; and in all its doings gallops at such a pace as to suggest to Americans, as well as to Europeans, that the day of a dictator is at hand—of a dictator who will make permanent that deprivation of liberty which is now alleged to be temporary.

The very press of America—that unchartered libertine, whose liberty suggested licence rather than law—has actually, under the fatal spell of this unhappy contest, suggested to the generals in command that its own wings should be clipped, and that it should not be allowed to throw the full light and glare of publicity upon the events of the war and the condition of the country. Such is the blighting influence of the struggle, that the people of the Northern States seem perfectly willing to enslave themselves, if they can but enslave their Southern brother. They throw discredit upon Democracy, and are doing their utmost to root out Republicanism from the New World, as effectually as it has been rooted out of the Old.

Republicanism in America may be destined to last, but not if this fratricidal war be not speedily brought to a close. Military despotisms inevitably grow out of such seeds as are now sown broadcast over the land. The North, whether conquering or conquered, will feel the grip of the oppressor around its neck, and awake, too late, to the sorrowful conviction, that it once possessed the substance of freedom, and let it slip out of its grasp when catching at a shadow, that shadow being the subjugation of their friends and brothers, separated

from them by necessities growing out of climate, character, and material interests, and not out of ambition or desire of dominion.

And if these two noble brothers could but be induced to shake hands and part as friends—if the George III. (without his “right divine to govern wrong”) of the White House could but be allowed by his people to recognize the Washington of the South, before too much humiliation and defeat shall have been accumulated upon the Northern cause, the North would gain a very memorable victory. It would lose nothing by the defection of the South, with which it might easily conclude a treaty, by which the two might be separate in their internal relations, but one and indivisible as against the rest of the world; while they would have the nobler part of a Continent on which to thrive. Better than all, it would recover and establish on a solid basis its fast vanishing liberties; and would be able to prove to a now incredulous world, that a military despotism is not the necessary end of a democracy founded upon Universal Suffrage. The two must separate sooner or later; and better to-day than to-morrow. The longer the result is procrastinated, the greater the burthen that must be fixed upon the present and all future generations of Americans, and the greater the danger that Freedom itself will perish in the struggle. We know that the words of counsel will fall unheeded upon the Northern people, who have not yet suffered enough to learn wisdom; but we feel certain that the day will come when every American now living in the Northern States, and aiding and abetting in the suicidal as well as fratricidal war, will rue the day when the Southern secession was not recognized and accepted as the best thing for both; and incomparably the best for the North. When a hundred millions sterling shall have been added to the public debt, and the interest of that sum has to be defrayed by an Income and Property Tax, how long will California and the rising States on the Pacific sea-board consent to remain in the Union? Not a day longer than they see a reasonable chance for effecting their secession.

The South can act on the defensive without a ruinous money cost; the North cannot act on the offensive without incurring liabilities that will break the back of the republic. A thousand men defending their own soil are equal to ten thousand who carry fire and sword to invade them. All experience proves it; and when the country to be invaded is as large as five or six great European monarchies, the invader should remember the fate of Napoleon in Russia, and pause ere he commit his fortunes to so desperate an enterprise. And much as we abhor negro slavery in the South, we must confess that we should much prefer to see it left where it is, for time and circumstances to remedy or overthrow, to seeing the North reduced to the humiliating position of a military autocracy, in which the liberties of white men would be annihilated without the slightest increase of the liberties of the black.

The North may be assured of one thing, which is, that if the war last much longer, and the South continue to win all the battles, the kingdoms and states of Europe—and Great Britain among the number—will be compelled to recognize the Southern Confederation as a *de facto* Government. In our day Governments cannot listen to debates upon the *de jure* when the *de facto* is before them; for if they did, they would be involved in a succession of wars. The King of Italy is recognized by England and France because his kingdom is a fact; and the Southern Confederation bids fair to be acknowledged on the same principle.

THE LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

WEDNESDAY was a busy day at Dover. Clad in a blue uniform, to present, we suppose, as faithful a resemblance as modern prejudices would permit to the complete suit of woad worn by the original holder of the office, Lord Palmerston was installed the 119th Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. Though relieved from much of the business, and also of the chief emoluments which used to belong to it, it is still an honourable office. And, if some of the speakers on the occasion seemed to intimate a doubt whether the Noble Lord was exactly in his proper place; Sir John Burgoyne considering that Nature had endowed him in an eminent degree with the qualifications of an able general, and Lord Clarence Paget, on the other hand, contending that she had especially marked him out for a sailor, the claims which those gallant officers thus put in for their respective services in reality showed the great propriety of the selection now made by Her Majesty, since the Governor of Walmer Castle has certainly military duties imposed upon him; while, if it should ever again happen that the privilege of furnishing the entire navy of the island should devolve upon the Cinque Ports, the Commander-in-Chief of such a fleet would have ample room for the display of his capabilities as a sailor. We may, therefore, take it for granted that neither Lord Clarence nor Sir John intended to censure the appointment in question. Even if Dr. Phillimore had claimed the new Lord Warden as marked out to be an ornament of the bar (and when such claims were in fashion we wonder that he forbore), that profession would have been far from incompatible with his office, since his very first duty appears to have been to hold a Court of Shipway, a duty which,

except that it did not necessitate the wearing of a wig (wigs were not worn by the original Lords Warden), was eminently of a judicial character. But the learned civilian's approval of the appointment was unqualified by any such antagonistic eulogy; while those whom the appointment places more immediately under the new Lord Warden's jurisdiction, the inhabitants of the Cinque Ports themselves, were loud and unanimous in the acclamations with which they testified their delight at it.

Undoubtedly a holiday and a show on a fine summer's day are great provocatives of cheerfulness; but it would be unjust to Lord Palmerston to attribute the cordiality of the reception given him by the citizens of Dover to any such cause, when it may be more truly imputed to the general respect felt for his long services and his patriotic character, in the utterance of which, on this occasion, they were but the representatives of the kingdom at large. And we may find good reason to justify the respect so felt, and the confidence so generally reposed in him, in the speech which he delivered to the company assembled to do him honour. We say speech, referring principally to that which he made at the Mayor's banquet; for though he did address a few words in the morning to those present at his installation, with his usual sense of propriety he reserved himself for after dinner; and it was then that he expressed with especial emphasis the sentiments and principles which had guided him in his acceptance of his new office, and in his whole political career. His statement of “his opinion that his fellow-countrymen, taken as a nation, have not their equal on the face of the earth,” he desired to be taken “as a confidential communication;” and though not ourselves present at the banquet, we feel bound to show such deference to his lordship's evident wish for secrecy, that nothing shall tempt us to divulge it; but to those principles, the exposition of which on such an occasion was clearly intended to be a recommendation and inculcation of them, we may allude, without any breach of confidence.

He told his hearers, what probably they partly suspected, that there had been some idea of abolishing the office of Lord Warden, but that the rule which he acknowledged for his guide was, that “the course of true improvement was not to demolish, but to amend;” and he proclaimed his adherence to another principle, wholly at variance with the utilitarian theories of the Manchester school of politicians, but founded in sound political wisdom, and in the most correct appreciation of the best part of human nature, that “the deep-rooted and honourable attachment the people of the Cinque Ports feel for their ancient institutions,” was a feeling that deserved to be respected, and did in itself furnish a good and sufficient reason for preserving them. He repudiated, with just scorn, the doctrine that such an attachment is a prejudice to be eradicated. With a far more really practical wisdom, he told them that “he honoured such an attachment. There was nothing,” he said, and truly and wisely said, “that more dignifies man than a clinging to ancient and honourable institutions. Our patriotism, like our charity, ought to begin at home. A man should begin by loving his home and his family, he should then love his town and his district, he should love his county, and then he will love his country. So far from these local attachments narrowing the human mind, or cramping and debasing its sympathies, they are the real and true and stable foundation for the enlarged and honourable feelings which bind men to the nation and country to which they belong.”

These are words of real wisdom, because they are words of real virtue; and they are words of real virtue, because they are words of the purest and most intelligent patriotism. It is in the spirit which dictated them, few and simple as they are, that we may find the real ground of the cordial welcome which greets the noble speaker wherever he appears, whether in Parliament, on the hustings, or at a mayor's dinner-table. While he comforted the Cinque Ports for their loss of the privilege of furnishing the whole British navy, by reminding them that they still bore their fair share in providing those invincible fleets, of which in a day or two they are to behold the newest and most formidable specimen coasting along their shores, he took occasion also to compliment them on the zeal they had displayed in supplying their quota to our noble force of Volunteers, whose recent self-creation he truly characterized as “the most honourable event recorded in the history of any nation.” And in terms which, when coming from the Prime Minister, have a real significance, he expressed a hope that “no circumstances would ever induce the volunteers themselves to give up their organization; and that no considerations, whether of economy or otherwise, would cause any Government to refuse the aid and encouragement necessary to give due effect to the movement.”

The reason why Lord Palmerston attaches such value to the permanence of our volunteer force he intimated with sufficient precision when he spoke of the power which, while tendering us “the right hand of friendship,” does at the same time “so plainly grasp the hilt of the sword with the left, that it would be extreme folly in us to throw away our shield of defence.” It is remarkable that the very same apprehension actuated the Great Duke in his discharge of the duties of the office to which Lord Palmerston has now succeeded. It was his deep conviction of the faithlessness of the Orleans dynasty,

and of the constant probability of Louis Philippe making our shores the object of a hostile attack, that instigated him to make his frequent examinations of the whole Kentish coast, and of its fortifications, and to take the deep interest which he always displayed in the formation of such works and harbours as might offer safe stations for our fleets. The duty of that watchfulness has now devolved upon Lord Palmerston; and with a deep conviction that it will not be relaxed, we congratulate the Cinque Ports on their new Lord Warden, and cordially wish him many years of life to enforce his own lessons by the rigorous discharge of the duties of his new office.

DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND FINLAND.

"WHERE there is smoke there is fire." Let all the world combine in praising a bad man, and the chances are that he has some good quality, though it may be his only one. In like manner let all the world abuse a good one, and it is extremely probable that he is a moral Achilles; very good in the main, and invulnerable in the nobler parts, but with a weak point in his heel, or some lower member. "Throw on plenty of mud, and some of it will stick," is an apophthegm to the same effect, though a coarser one. Some will stick, and by the simple fact of its adhesion will show that there is a sticking-place somewhere. Each, then, of our illustrations is valid; though it is plain that they are rules which are chiefly confirmed by the exception. The one implies fire, the other a sticking-place. But they also imply that the fire bears no great proportion to the smoke, and the sticking-place but a small ratio to the mud. Still they imply a reality somewhere. Nothing gets a name, either bad or good, for nothing. The qualities, however, which the name involves, are always exaggerated. Still they have a basis in fact.

Much that is said about the selfishness, especially the commercial selfishness, of England, is smoke. Many of the missiles directed against it are of mud. Still there is a ground for them. We are selfish. Candid men among us would scarcely trouble themselves to deny it. They would merely call it, after the fashion of the Benthamites, an *enlightened* selfishness. If it be nothing worse than this, there is, perhaps, no harm in it. We certainly do not make wars for ideas. It is well we do not. One nation at a time on this tack is enough. What we really have in England is a general ignorance on matters of foreign politics, which, when it prevents us from going on the right road, or tempts us to take the wrong one, is as bad as the selfishness of the most Machiavelian kind. What the Cabinet think is a matter of comparatively less importance. They probably think according to their traditions, which, from the very force of their traditional nature, are more or less unfitted for new and unforeseen events. Perhaps they think two ways at once. Perhaps they do not think at all. We pretermitt, then, the opinions of the Cabinet. What the *press* thinks we can see and judge of. That has been thinking of late about the King of Denmark's will, in which he intends to leave Denmark and the Duchies to Sweden, just as Edward the Confessor left England to William the Conqueror. They are always thinking of these things, always knowing *quid Jupiter in aure Junonis susurraverit*. They think that all this is well, but that Norway would never consent to it—Norway of all the countries in the world, and Norway of all the three parties concerned. This is what is thought in England.

What are the thoughts of Norway? There are, of course, in such a country—a country where, according to the National Anthem, every man "freely thinks and freely speaks," a variety of thoughts, opinions, speculations, fancies, mere's-nests. But the preponderating idea in Norway is this, that England would view with suspicion and jealousy any movement which would strengthen the power of Scandinavia in the Baltic. Here comes out her selfishness; and this is the mud thrown at her. Some of the suspicions may, it is admitted by the cooler politicians, be smoke, and of the smoke, smoky. But is not the commercial selfishness of England of world-wide notoriety; and does that smoke imply fire? That England is covertly hostile to an amalgamation, and that this hostility rests on a jealousy of the Scandinavian navy, is what half Norway, and all Denmark believe, and they fancy that they have grounds for believing it. Once, at least, if not oftener, the Danish navy has caused anxiety in England; anxiety which led to a serious, though, in our minds, a justifiable result. On the other hand, since the repeal of the Navigation Laws, the commercial marine of Norway has become the fourth in the world. England, America, and France are the only countries in which it is surpassed.

Such are the facts, and such the inference. Whether the latter be right or wrong is another question. The real question is the value of such crude opinions as have lately been published about Norway's reluctance to join the Union. They are crude under any view, but what must they appear in Norway? Neither more nor less than measures of the inborn and ineradicable commercial selfishness of England. We, of course, know better. It is not this altogether. It is only a mixture of it with ignorance—both elements of the mixture being to ourselves imperceptible.

That Norway presents no difficulties, no reasonable man would

affirm. They are not, however, the difficulties which are contemplated. As far as a man can see his way to a thing which is only so far real as it exists in some other man's fancy, the supposed difficulties which Norway may create are these:—She has an intense nationality, much such a nationality as the Scotch had before the Union—a nationality of a positive and vigorous kind. She has also a Constitution, honourably distinguished before all others by being a Constitution which was made for the occasion; and by being one that has worked well on all occasions, a Constitution which is as pure a piece of *a priori* legislation as if it had been picked out of a pigeon-hole in Sieyès' or Bentham's bureau, as a thing ready-made, yet one which, at the same time, is as good a piece of working machinery as if it had been sown and grown, *pari passu*, with that model piece of development, the Constitution of England. Let all men who talk either for or against unions study it, and especially let it be commended to the Magyars of Hungary. It shows how a merely personal union of two Crowns is compatible with national freedom in two directions. Like most other tools it was extemporized. From other tools, however, thus extemporized, it differs in the accident of its having fallen into the hands of men who knew how to handle it, or (what is better) meant to handle it until they did.

The Norwegians worked on the anvil till it grew hot. The King had only a suspensive veto. For three Parliaments—Norwegian *Stortings*—he could negative a Bill. He could contrive that a Parliament should be convoked only once in three years. The first Parliament abolished (with a laudable tenderness for certain vested rights) the hereditary aristocracy—then and there, straight off,—a strong measure. A veto. Then again a veto. Then again, for the third time, the Bill sent up. Then an attempt to *Burke* the constitution. Swedish soldiers in disguise. Royal promises and mental reservations. Intimidations. Attempts at bribery. But the Norwegians stuck to the limitation of the veto, and the Norwegian aristocracy was no more. Since then there have been no attempts upon it; and since then the Norwegians have been the most loyal of Scandinavians. Of course a few analogues of that kind of nationality with which Scotland, on occasions, breaks out, have, now and then, occurred. When Sweden joined in the Crimean war, Norway (though anti-Russian) took some pains to tell the world that it was not Sweden single-handed, but that it was Sweden & Co. (or Norway & Co.) that did so. The matter went off smoothly. Still the constitutional necessity for Norway acting with Sweden in *offensive* wars, combined with the fact of Sweden doing the diplomacy, is an element in which danger lurks. Nevertheless, Norway has a constitution—operative, democratic.

Now, in the incompatibility of this with the fine mediæval *Norwegian* constitution of Sweden lies a difficulty. *Valeat quantum*. Do the Norwegians think it insuperable? No. They simply say "Improve Sweden." That in any assimilation (provided such be needed) they object to being cut down to the Swedish level is true enough; but it is also true that neither they nor any one else sees any notable difficulty in Sweden being raised to theirs.

In no country has that section of the community which bears the prefix *young* more influence than in Norway—by which we mean such powers as Young England, Young France, and their congeners. What, then, thinks *Young Norway*? It does not think at all. It feels, and it feels all one way. The triennial meetings of the Scandinavian analogues of the British Association for the Advancement of Science meet, in turn, in Denmark, in Sweden, and in Norway, and the fraternization is extreme; and it is extreme wherever it has a chance of showing its extremities.

There is no real difficulty with Norway.

There are complications, of course. Sweden might, possibly, prefer the recovery of Finland to the union with Denmark. Many Norwegians do the same. Most would like both. But neither Sweden, nor anyone else, will just now recover Finland. What Finland herself wants is uncertain. It is only certain that, if re-united to Sweden, it must be in a union like that of Norway, instead of the old provincial, or *quasi*-provincial, Government. As far, however, as the voice of Norway tells on the matter, it has been raised in favour of a United Scandinavia, rather than a recovery of Finland. The popular member for Christiania, the most important constituency in Norway, always committed himself to this doctrine, and in this, *inter alia*, we have a measure of what is called the Norwegian repugnance to the Union.

MR. ROEBUCK ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

"WITHOUT politics there is nothing in me!" said Mr. Roebuck the other day at Sheffield, and no truer word was ever spoken. Mr. Roebuck is full of politics! He is all politics, and, in his own eyes, he is at the present moment all foreign politics. To be a good foreign politician is no easy task. It is to be bold and skilful, perfectly well-informed, and watchful. The security of England greatly depends, especially at the present moment, on her watchfulness of the doings of others abroad; for all that she possesses is insecurely possessed if she be not able and ready to resist all her

external foes; if she be not the England of old, the England of Pitt and Nelson and Wellington, of Trafalgar and Waterloo; the England whom all her allies trusted, before whom all her opponents quailed, and who, by her indomitable will, saved Europe. But it is indispensable that we should be *rightly* watchful; that, while we shut our eyes to no real dangers, we should not, on the other hand, work ourselves into a panic by picturing to ourselves others which have no existence save in our own imaginations. It is a matter of great interest to us at this moment to know in which category those announced the other day by Mr. Roebuck to his constituents ought to be placed. Considering the debate which had already taken place on the subject of Sardinia a month ago in our House of Commons, his language was as remarkable as it was pompous:—"I am now about to break a secret to you all. I know that there has been a contract entered into with the King of Italy, that the Emperor of France shall have the island of Sardinia so soon as he withdraws from Rome. [Hear, hear, and cries of 'Surely not?'] I am not stating what I think, but what I know."

We are far from insensible to the great importance of Sardinia, and to the absolute necessity, which a regard to our greatest interests imposes on us, of taking care that under no circumstances it shall ever become a French possession. We expressed this feeling strongly on the occasion of the debate raised by Mr. Kinglake, and we did not conceal our suspicion that the French Emperor did entertain a project of annexing that great island to his dominions, as he not long ago annexed Nice and Savoy. But Mr. Roebuck's explicit assertion has called forth an equally explicit declaration from the official organ of the French Government, that "such agreement as that denounced by Mr. Roebuck has no existence whatever; and that even the thought of entering into negotiations on this subject with the Cabinet of Turin has never entered into the head of the Government of the Emperor." To a disclaimer so precise and so positive, it is impossible for English gentlemen to turn an entirely deaf ear; even while they recollect that there certainly have been instances in which unscrupulous rulers have before denied the existence of projects which they not only unquestionably entertained, but which they were actually on the point of accomplishing. But in this instance the denial of the *Moniteur* receives some indirect corroboration from the language held by Ricasoli on the same subject. We shall watch with interest to see what notice Mr. Roebuck takes of this denial. We are far from agreeing with the doctrine which has been advanced, that it makes it almost imperative on him to reveal the source of the information on which he relies. But as, if he now finds that he is mistaken, it is clearly his duty to withdraw his assertion, we shall not be wrong in taking his silence on the subject for a proof that he still believes in its truth. In that case his adherence to his statement clearly imposes on us the duty of exceeding vigilance. If it be true, as he has asserted, and as we formerly intimated our suspicion, that France does covet possession of Sardinia, the motives which prompt such a desire are plain. She wishes for it as a post in the centre of the Mediterranean, to counterbalance our possession of Malta. She would also value it as a station on the high road to Egypt, her eagerness to obtain a hold over which country her zealous patronage of the Suez Canal sufficiently displays. And neither of these desires can be separated from an expectation of early war with ourselves. Any warning that forearms us against such a design is valuable. And though it cannot be said that Mr. Roebuck has been the first to give us such a warning, yet, if he should turn out a true prophet, it will be remembered to his honour that he added his voice to those of others, and pointed their admonitions with greater distinctness. Should he come to doubt the accuracy of his information, he owes the retraction of his assertion not more to the French Government, which, in that case, he will have vilified undeservedly, than to his own countrymen, that he may so release them from a fear which he has endeavoured to excite, it will then appear needlessly, in their bosoms.

EXCURSION TRAINS.

THE hideous accident in the Clayton Tunnel of the London and Brighton Railway, by which twenty-three persons, young and old, who, a moment previously, were in the full enjoyment of life and health, out for a holiday excursion, and animated by the keenest anticipations of pleasure, were suddenly hurried into eternity by a frightful death, is one of the most appalling that has ever occurred in the annals of railways. The thick darkness of the tunnel; the hiss and roar of the scalding steam escaping from the collapsed and shattered boiler; the agonizing shrieks of men, women, and children, whose limbs and skulls were crushed and jammed together amid masses of iron and timber; the rushing to and fro of the bewildered survivors, with lights snatched in haste from the roofs of the broken carriages, all these circumstances combine to form a picture of greater agony and terror than unaided imagination could readily conceive. But we need not dwell upon the incidents of the catastrophe. The melancholy story and all its details have been read and canvassed in every household of the land; and

nothing that can be said by any commentator upon the evidence given before the coroner's jury, can add to its simple horror. The first fact that strikes us on reading the incidents of the tragedy is the very important one, which ought to be strongly impressed, not only upon the minds of the travelling public (which in our day means everybody), but upon those of the directors and officials of railway companies,—that there must be something wrong about excursion trains and their management, when it is found that accidents very rarely happen to ordinary trains or to first-class passengers, but that they frequently happen to excursion trains and to second and third-class passengers. If the fact be so,—as we think no one who runs over a list of all the fatal railway casualties that have occurred since railways superseded all other modes of travelling, will deny,—one of two conclusions is inevitable: either that less care is bestowed upon excursion trains and their passengers than upon the ordinary traffic; or that excursion trains are, by their very nature, so dangerous, that no amount of care and attention can render them so safe as the ordinary mails and expresses that are run at the usual hours. Which of these two suppositions is correct? Perhaps the evidence before the Brighton jury may enable us to form an opinion.

Excursion trains are found to be very profitable to the railway companies, especially to those which form the communication between London and the southern and eastern coast. And they are not only profitable to the shareholders, but they are of great, and might perhaps be of still greater advantage, to the immense multitude of the people, who, without the facilities they afford, might never be able to indulge themselves with a ramble by the shore, or the inhalation of the invigorating breezes of the sea, or with that change of scene which is as beneficial to the minds and bodies of the poor as to those of the rich. It might be supposed, for these reasons, that the directors and officials, instead of employing less, would employ greater care in the management of a branch of their business which is so remunerative as well as so popular. But the reverse appears to be the case. The excursion train is an addition to the work of the railway system, but is not accompanied by a corresponding addition to the working strength of the Company. It has been said that the horse is a very respectable animal, but that he has a great tendency in his nature to make blackguards of all who have much to do with him. In like manner, excursion trains are very excellent things in themselves, but there seems to be a great tendency in their nature to render everybody reckless who has much to do with their management. And if this recklessness proceed from excess of mental and bodily toil; if the ordinary staff of a railway—the pointsmen, the signalmen, and all the minor officials upon whose care, intelligence, and punctuality depend the safety of every train that passes along the line—are sufficiently worked by the ordinary traffic: why should their faculties be unduly tasked to meet the exigencies of excursion trains, so profitable as these are, and so liable, in their very nature, to create confusion, unless the most scrupulous nicety of time and circumstance be adhered to? And why, above all, should excursion trains be run so soon after the departure of any regular and duly-advertised train, so as to leave no margin for unforeseen delays, contingencies, and casualties, which may interfere with the regular working of the traffic?

The unfortunate signalman, Kellick, who was the well-meaning cause of the catastrophe of Sunday, and who gave his evidence in a very creditable manner, proved, we think, without intending it, how faulty were the arrangements of the Company, and how greatly every body on the line trusted to their "luck" that all would be right, rather than to their care and judgment. When asked why he showed the danger flag to the Brighton excursion train, he replied "because the distance signal would not act." "If," he continued, "the signal had acted after the first train had passed, the Brighton excursion would have stopped before they got to me, and I should then have been watching the instrument to see that the first train was out, and the excursion train would have remained where it was till I received the answer that the first was out. I should not have allowed it to enter the tunnel till I had received this answer. If the distance signal had acted after the excursion train had come slowly by, it would have shown danger to the next train, and the third ordinary train would have stopped the Brighton side of the distance signal, and waited there till the Brighton excursion was telegraphed to me as 'train out.' On receiving the message 'train out,' I should have sent forward the Brighton excursion, and the third train would have drawn inside the distance signal, and would have shown danger to any following train. I should not have allowed that train to go in till I had received a message that the excursion train was out. No accident could have happened if these arrangements had been attended to."

There is great virtue in an "if," as we know of old. Doubtless the arrangements were all that they ought to be; but the misfortune was that they could not be acted upon. And to add another and very important "if" to the many in this remarkable statement—IF there had been proper time between the arrivals of the three trains that came all but simultaneously to the tunnel's mouth, no accident would have occurred, even though the signals had been in working

order. This man, it further appeared from his cross examination, had been "twelve hours on duty on Saturday, and in the ordinary course of things would have remained on all Sunday, until Monday morning—twenty-four hours without assistance." "The day's work," he continued, is "a hard one. We are always glad when it is over." No doubt, with such responsibilities upon them, these poor fellows are glad to get to their beds. It will not do to make this overwrought man, whose mind became suddenly confused by the arrival of three trains so closely upon each other, the scape-goat for the sins of the Directors. He was not absent from his post, he was not careless, inattentive, or perverse, but did his best to prevent the calamity which he foresaw. It is not he who is to blame, but the superior officials of the Company; and we trust the awful calamity, which he was powerless to avert, may be made the means of introducing a better system into all the lines of the kingdom with regard to the excursion traffic. And, although it may not be possible to prevent the recurrence of similar tragedies, we think, from a careful perusal of the evidence in this case, that they might be rendered far less frequent by the adoption of a system which shall provide for the employment of a staff of officials sufficiently numerous for the extra as well as for the ordinary traffic, so as to allow of no man being on duty more than eight hours at a time; and which should prohibit the departure of any excursion train whatever within half an hour after the departure of a regular train.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS IN GERMANY AND IN VIENNA.

THE newspaper press in Vienna takes that of England far more for its model than it does that of any other country. It avoids every possible trait of resemblance with the French press; but it is objected to it in many quarters that because it imitates the English press, and inasmuch as it is but an imitation, it is worthless.

As this cry about "imitation" is to be heard now on every occasion, and as it is raised *à propos* to every modification of the institutions of States, we will, before proceeding further, just say a few words upon it. It is all very well to pass condemnation upon whatsoever is not self-developed; but pure self-development now is no such easy thing, if indeed it be attainable in any shape. Everything is promiscuous, and more or less promiscuously learnt, achieved, enjoyed, or suffered. We can no more now expect a State to work out its own destinies alone than we can hope for the fact of a man evolving himself, as it were, out of himself alone. Men's minds and natures are so mingled now-a-days that it is often hard for a man to identify his own thoughts and feelings. And so with all institutions, whether moral, social, or political. Of course this is everywhere fatal to the grandeur of individual *superiorities*. With the smoothing away of obstacles strength of will has lost much of its old field for exertion, and with the system of putting all the intellectual gains of the universe in common, originality has been, in many instances, made impossible. Neither men nor States can now, by any possibility, confine themselves to what suits themselves alone. They are, and must necessarily be influenced by the experience of other people. This is the cause of what is abused under the name of "imitation," but it is the fault of the age, and is therefore not a sin of which a community or an individual can be reasonably accused. We, here, in England, did evolve ourselves from ourselves, discovering, through hardships and long sufferings, what it was that we wished, and struggling for it till we obtained it. But that happened more than two centuries ago, at a time when people individually and collectively lived for themselves, and thought and acted for and by themselves. We carried out the principle of self-development in everything, and in nothing more than our newspaper press, which, taken as a whole, is, at this present moment, the truest exponent imaginable of the public thought.

The French Revolution of '89-93 was the result of direct "imitation," founded on the grossest misapprehension of what our revolution had been. It was not the consequence of years of promiscuous education and mental Communism. Hence arose so much of what was monstrous in the French Revolution. But three-quarters of a century have passed, and the intellectual condition of the human mind has been modified, and neither men nor nations can now escape from the burthen of what they know. The whole world is over-informed, of that there can be no doubt, for half the information of every one in it concerns not himself, but his neighbour. But this has nothing to do with "imitation," and the cry is a wrong one.

In all that Austria has done latterly, there is undoubtedly the acknowledgment of what she has learnt, of what she could not choose but learn. As regards her newspaper press, two chief models were before her, the French and the English. The main difference between the two lies herein—that whilst the former claims to preach, the latter is content to interpret; the French newspaper aims at influencing, at forming public opinion; the English one, at expressing it. In France, the journal rates itself far higher than it does the public; in England it regards the public as infinitely superior to itself, and bows to it. It is this principle of the recognition of the sovereignty of public opinion, or the non-recognition of it, which separates the English and French newspaper press. The entire press of England knows that immeasurably beyond itself in power and authority stands the whole public—the country. On the other hand, there is not a tenth-rate journalist in France who does not despise the ignorant, cowardly aggregate over whose puerile spirit he has measured the power of printed words. The author of *Eothen* was right when he called the French "sons of newspapers."

It is precisely in its recognition of, and respect for, the public, that the Austrian newspaper press belongs to the English and not to the French school, and we take this to be a very important fact, and a very important symptom. Not to respect the public is a sign of national levity, and the levity of a nation is the surest sign of decay. In this respect the Austrian press seems to us likely to take the lead of the entire press of Germany.

With the exception of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* (or *Augsburg Gazette*), than which no higher-toned organ of public opinion exists anywhere, German

newspapers generally do not deserve any very high commendation. Dividing Germany into the two comprehensive parts of "North" and "South," we find the former aiming only at being clever, and the latter endeavouring, in a humdrum kind of way, to be useful. The genius of the north, as manifested in the newspaper press, may then again be traced in two different directions of cleverness: the "profound" and the "abusive." The North-German journalist readily loses himself in the clouds and mists of what he believes to be transcendental philosophy, and then he is simply a bore; or he mistakes scurrility for wit, and then he is a nuisance. In both cases he is almost equally heavy and unreadable.

Naturally Berlin is the centre of the North-German press—the sun, whence its light is derived. Now, of all the shams for which that sham-State, *par excellence*, Prussia, is remarkable, there is no greater sham than its newspaper press. The *Times* said a really clever, because a really true thing, when it denominated Prussia "a formula in uniform." It is that and that only. There is a "formula" sure enough, and there is one for everything, and there is a uniform, and that everywhere; but there is nowhere any life—any real, varying, warm, beating human life.

We repeat it, the newspaper press of Prussia is, like so many other things in that country, a "make-believe." Its loyalty and its indignation are fictions, like its freedom and its decorum. They are shams, as are the "constitutional" institutions of a poor country deprived of a land-holding aristocracy, and governed by a bureaucracy and a police. Nay, even when—as on a recent occasion—the Berlin press lets fly all the arrows of its wrath against an enemy, there is something "make-believe" in the whole thing, in the wrath and in the arrows. One cannot take its spitefulness *au sérieux*. The Berlin press shapes itself on the model of the American and French press,—it is noisy, scurrilous, and looks down upon the public, taking for its idol the one thing it styles "cleverness."

Very different is the Vienna press. As we have said, it in the first place respects the public. Whatever be the shade of opinion it represents, it does not lecture the community, or seek to drive it in some one given direction. Even such an organ as the semi-radical *Presse* is conscious of the merit of fair play. This is one of the superiorities of the Vienna newspaper press, and one which it shares, we believe, only with our own; it is fair, and that is what is scarcely to be found in any journal in France, Prussia, or America.

Take such prints, for instance, as the *Oestrichische Zeitung*, the *Ost-Deutsche Post*, the *Donau Zeitung*, and a list of others we have not time to give, and the one thing that must strike us as the characteristic of all is the honesty with which the principle of the "*audi alteram partem*" is carried out. Of the *Wanderer* and *Vaterland*, and papers of their colour, we will not speak any more than we would of the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, or of the *Union*, or any other narrow-minded Legitimist French journal. These are silly records of an impossible past; and their natural death can only be a matter of time. Of the really living, active, political Vienna press, we must say that it seems to us as deserving on every account to come immediately after our own.

We think it is well to draw the attention of the home public to what constitute the characteristics of the Austrian newspaper press, for we confess to being amongst those who regard with the deepest, most earnest interest the question of the expression of public opinion by public prints. Does or does not the press of such or such a country interpret the thought of the public, thereby recognizing in the public its superior? In what manner does it do this—honestly, liberally, high-mindedly, and fairly, or the reverse? These we take to be the two inquiries that should be made, and we conceive that, on the answers returned, depends much of what our esteem must be for the fitness of a nation for public life.

The newspaper press of Austria is young, but we recommend Englishmen to study it minutely, for, as far as we have ourselves watched it, it appears to us to unite qualities we find in few of its competitors on the continent, and to possess the means of working substantial good to the State. It is, at all events, inspired by the principles, without which no good can be worked; by a respectful belief in the public, and by a strict adherence to the laws of truth and fair play.

A PARLIAMENTARY COUNT-OUT.

THE stranger in the gallery of the House of Commons on Tuesday, the 18th of June, witnessed a count-out. It was early in the evening. The House had, say about half-past six o'clock, got rid of the "questions," and arrived at the "Notices of Motion." Following these were many "Orders of the Day," in which the Government had an interest, so that the stranger thought himself "in" for a prolonged feast of Parliamentary oratory. The first speaker is a young member, who is unfolding a mare's nest of prodigious dimensions about Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein. He speaks from the second bench below the Opposition gangway, and has in his hand, and on the bench behind him, bundles of documents and copious notes. The House is miserably thin; the front Opposition bench is vacant. Eight or ten members are all the audience he can find on his own side of the House for the tremendous bill of indictment he is unrolling against the Government. On the Treasury Bench are Lord Palmerston and the Foreign Secretary. Behind them, and below the gangway on the Ministerial side, there may be about a dozen members. The thinness of the House gives the young politician no concern, so long as he is allowed to lift up his voice and address the reporters' gallery. He is winning his spurs, has got up his case with no little labour, and is giving the House the benefit of his collation of the most unreadable blue-books and despatches, English and foreign. Yet he casts many an uneasy glance at the Treasury-whip, at the faces peering over the glass-door of the lobby, and at the members professing—save the mark!—to be his private friends, who, after listening for half an hour, not without a tendency to yawn, to his proofs that "the union of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein had existed from the most ancient times, and that there had been a continuous struggle to incorporate those duchies with the kingdom of Denmark"—one by one secretly, not to say slyly, steal away.

The stranger in the gallery tries to make out what his grievance is. When time has been allowed for the speech to be transmitted to Copenhagen and

for the return of the mail, the stranger reads in a Danish newspaper that the lucid account of the Schleswig-Holstein question, which Paterfamilias, in *Punch*, volunteers to his little boy, is clearness itself, compared with the young member's elucidation of the difficulty. The stranger looks about for his hat and gloves, and thinks he will look in some other night, when he hears the orator unroll a serious bill of indictment against the Prime Minister—nothing less than deliberate misrepresentation and falsehood regarding a certain treaty of London, which was signed on the 8th May, 1852. "Ha! this is serious!" he exclaims; "this is worth staying for! Let us see how this will end!" The orator not only charges the Premier with deliberately misstating the facts of the protocol and treaty, but produces the original draught of the original article, and holds up the original notes taken at a conference, which Lord Palmerston had asserted never sat at all.

The stranger in the gallery naturally shudders at this revelation of the treachery and duplicity of public men, and prepares narrowly to watch the guilty Minister, and enjoy his unspeakable confusion. Yes!—no!—yes! can he be asleep? During the historical narrative of the succession he distinctly remembers that Palmerston was listening attentively. And now when the chain of proof has been wound around him, and he is as helpless as Falstaff at Herne's Oak, the Minister is sound asleep! Nor does he wake when he is told, on the authority of the *Weser Zeitung* and a German President, that for the sake of retaining office for one year he committed in 1850 an act of injustice which altered the succession, did away with the fundamental laws of the state, and entailed eleven years of misery upon the two duchies. Next to the stranger's astonishment that the Prime Minister continues to doze, and that Lord John Russell, who sits by his side, makes no attempt to waken him, is his surprise at the aspect of the House. The members sit in groups of two and three, and, as a figure too well known to the young orator passes these groups, and addresses a whispered remark to them, the little knots dissolve, and vanish like a snow-flake. Noiselessly, singly, and imperceptibly, they leave the House. If the stranger in the gallery could see the faces visible through the glass door, he would notice that they had become broader, and he would suspect that they must have a smile upon them. A count-out is imminent.

It comes. The young orator is developing another branch of the subject—the claims, now become rights, of Russia to the whole of Holstein, Schleswig, and Denmark, after the death of Prince Christian and his two sons, when suddenly for one little instant a member rises and addresses one single remark to the Speaker. If the stranger in the gallery has been paying strict attention to what has been going on, and has not dropped asleep, like Lord Palmerston, he must think the interruption very odd, and the interrupter a very rude person. And how very strangely it has disconcerted Lord Robert Montagu—for he is the young orator! Why does he not go on? He is cut short in the middle of a sentence which contained nothing treasonable or objectionable, so far as the stranger could make out, although he would perhaps admit that he was not paying very particular attention. Why does he sit down? and why does the hon. gentleman who interrupted him sit down too? The whole affair seems like a game at cross purposes. The stranger looks at the Speaker, but that functionary is silent. He neither calls upon Lord Robert to proceed, nor rebukes the hon. member who interrupted. The stranger wonders why that hon. member does not say that his remark was of no consequence, and that Lord Robert had better proceed. Next he wonders why the Speaker does not call upon Lord Robert to go on, and why the House, in fact, does not insist on his finishing his speech. For an interval of three minutes the right hon. gentleman in the chair, and the noble lord who was speaking, and the hon. gentleman who interrupted him, sit and look at each other as if they were all at a Quakers' meeting. The only person who has done anything is a clerk in wig and gown, who has seized a large sand-glass, and turned it upside down, as if he were boiling an egg in a secret stove under the table. When the sand-glass has run out the Speaker begins to "count." He performs this process not aloud, like his right hon. predecessor, but mentally. Lord Robert has by this time resigned himself to his fate. He looks savagely at the Treasury bench, and at the Prime Minister, who is wide awake enough now, and then gathering up his papers, used and unused, he waits for the Speaker to say "twenty-five" or "thirty-three," as the case may be—"the House is now adjourned."

The way to make a man eloquent is to ill-use him, and Lord Robert waxes eloquent against the count-out. "A count-out is always preconceived and arranged between the leaders on each side of the House. It takes place when a case has been made out that cannot satisfactorily be answered." One would suppose that Lord Robert considers them as in all cases indefensible, and no one would suppose that he had ever joined in one. Mr. Baines is not suspected of a turn for pleasantry, yet Lord Robert could hardly have read without wincing his description of a "count-out" which was attempted on Lord John Russell's Reform Bill. "Sometimes (says Mr. Baines) one side of the House suffers from the practice, and sometimes the other. Lord Robert Montagu was stopped on the occasion to which I have referred (the Danish succession); but the most audacious case of the kind that I have known was earlier in the last session when a Liberal member was speaking, and several Conservative members stood at the door of the House after the Speaker had been requested to 'count,' and while the warning bell was ringing, and blocked up the way, so that members desirous to get into the House had almost to fight their way through, and Mr. Baxter had his hat smashed." We recollect this "most audacious case" most perfectly, and so does Lord Robert Montagu. Nay, there was in the very front rank of the Conservative members who blocked up the doorway and maintained the pass against Mr. Baxter, Mr. Deasy, and other Liberals, a face and figure so exactly resembling Lord Robert, that he was generally believed to be one of the ringleaders, and was publicly charged with being in the van of those aiding and assisting in that "count-out." Surely, Lord Robert, that "count" had not been "preconceived and arranged between the leaders on each side of the House," for Lord Clarence Paget, who attempted to leave the House to give notice to Mr. Brand, was obliged to return to the Premier and Lord John to report that a band of Derbyites was standing shoulder to shoulder at the lobby door, and that it was equally impossible either to get in or go out.

It was, in truth, a game at hustling, worthy of Eton or Harrow, and Lord Robert will, we hope, live to tell the story to his children's children. A score of Conservative members, sturdy, stout, and strong, who had watched the

"count" from the glass door, found themselves quite "permiskus," as Mr. Sam Weller might say, at the outer lobby door when the warning bell rang. It was natural that they should stand together, that they should put forward their tallest and most ducal men, and that those smaller in stature should swell the *vis inertia* so characteristic of the party, by standing in the rear. As the Liberals, one by one, came across the lobby, and attempted to enter, it was natural that these gentlemen should parley, argue, and reason with them—should say, "Oh, you don't want to go in;" "You don't want the bill to pass;" "Palmerston don't want it to pass—nobody wants it to pass." But the bells continued to ring madly, and well the small placemen and Lords of the Treasury knew that unless they put in an appearance and saved Lord John from the ignominy of a "count-out," they might as well send in their resignations next morning. So they set to work to penetrate the Derbyite phalanx. The combatants swayed and surged to and fro like the well-dressed mob at the pit of Her Majesty's Theatre on a Jenny Lind night. The Opposition achieved all that well-directed strength could accomplish against superior numbers. But every instant brought reinforcements to the enemy. A little Irish serjeant, who now adorns the Irish bench, tried to wriggle through the door like an eel, but was pinned in the door-jamb, and became as red in the face as Tom Sayers when held upon the ropes by the Benicia Boy. Mr. Baxter, tall, slim, and somewhat slender of physique, was pushed by his friends behind until his ribs impinged upon the elbow of a stalwart Derbyite. The case was desperate, for the bells were ringing their last tinkle. Collecting all their strength for a final effort, the Liberals made a last rush. The men who held the Thermopylae of the lobby were men of stable minds and active habits. But they were overpowered by numbers, and the ducal scion and his army were either pushed aside or carried off their legs. The pass was won and the House saved.

If Lord Robert should be able, when telling the story in some year of the next century, to say with glee, *magna pars fui*, ought he not now to remember Young's night-thought on the parish sexton?—

"And soon some trusty brother of the trade,
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands."

They that use the sword shall perish by the sword. If his feelings were acutely wounded on the Danish succession, let him try and imagine Lord John's when he, or some mysterious figure that assumed his effigy, was one of the ringleaders in the "most audacious" case that Mr. Baines has ever known. Lord Robert and his party, who moved continual "counts" during the progress of the Reform Bill, doubtless did good service by proclaiming the slender interest which the question excited in the House of Commons. Perhaps the friends of Denmark and the Duchies thought they were doing equally good service by "counting out" Lord Robert Montagu. The House has with good reason determined that a member shall not be allowed to speak with the influence and authority of the House of Commons when he cannot attract forty members to hear him. The rule has been evaded by the House itself, and nothing is more common than to see twenty members come in and save a House, and then immediately return with smiling faces to their cigars and letters. The "count-out" is, notwithstanding, one of the most useful of Parliamentary institutions. It is a protection against the bore and the political monomaniac. It prevents the firebrand from setting nations by the ears. And it has a tendency to give us a readable and instructive *Times* next morning, instead of twenty heavy and unreadable columns of parliamentary debate—a benefit to mankind so considerable that it would alone justify a judicious "count-out" like that of the eighteenth of July, *Anno Domini* One thousand, eight hundred, and sixty-one.

SELF-VALUATION.

THE reports of the actions against railway companies for the recovery of damages, brought by injured passengers, or by others in their name, are often calculated to induce an apparently very absurd question,—do poor people ever travel by the rail? The fact that there are Parliamentary trains and third class carriages, both cheap and dispensing with any high degree of speed or comfort, seems to indicate the existence of persons who cannot afford the cushioned luxury and rocket-like rush of the "express." But it is singular to remark one of the effects of an accident on the railroad. It appears to convert every contused and shaken passenger into a man of wealth, of easy circumstances generally, or making enormous profits in his business. The uses of adversity are proverbial, and the contingent advantages of a railroad calamity are in a fair way, to judge from the law reports, of becoming so. The process is one of transformation; a party takes his seat, say at Manchester, as a person of moderate, indefinite, or even doubtful circumstances. Half-way to London there is an "accident," and our passenger has the double good luck, first of being in it, and next of coming alive out of it, tolerably contused and shaken. In that case he is a made man. He is transformed into a plaintiff in an action against the company, with a claim for heavy damages. His attorney describes him in the brief for counsel as a man of wealth, with a past career of prosperity, only exceeded by his prospects for the future. Medical evidence proves his present unfitness to attend to business, and the company is called on to pay up a sum representing all the property he might, could, would, or should have amassed but for this unfortunate accident; and unfortunate—for the company—it may really be called.

The liability of directors to pay compensation for injuries, caused by the gross or wilful carelessness of their servants, is a salutary check; but if the power of making "claims" be, on the other hand, abused, a prejudice may be created against this whole class of cases, and there may be a reaction in the minds of juries altogether in favour of the companies. If actions are got up more for the sake of the "costs" out of the board than fair compensation to the parties injured, public feeling will turn against the "plaintiffs," who will be supposed only to represent those who see in a railway accident a certainty of profits which differs little in principle from the old practice of wrecking, that made an opportunity of disaster.

The root of the abuse, however, lies in the use of "two weights and two measures," according as the self-valuation may ensure a gain, or avert a loss. When claiming "compensation" of a public body, what solidity of wealth there is in a plaintiff! How he pulls down the scale against the company with the great profits of his business! Before the accident, his counsel paints

him as a *quasi* millionaire; that is his weight as he is held up in the scales before the eyes of a jury.

We should be curious to know what was this wealthy plaintiff's estimate of himself in Schedule D of his Income-tax return? We venture to assert that quite a different weight and measure was employed. That official paper is said to be generally filled up in a spirit of extreme humility; boasting is far from it, and exaggeration has no place in its figures! It is more than whispered that when self-valuation has to lay the basis of a tax, Dives returns himself as in a financial condition much nearer to that of Lazarus than the world supposes. Yet it judges from rather tangible evidence of wealth. There is the town mansion, and the chariot, and the country house, and the opera-box, and the good dinners. They denote an income of thousands; but the possessor, like old Weller, "takes no pride out of it;" he infuses no ostentation into the self-appreciation on which he is to pay; but how he can lay it on when giving in an estimate on which he is to receive!

This second of the "two weights and measures" is not used only by plaintiffs in actions against railway boards. Mr. Gladstone once stated in the House of Commons, that when certain legal offices were abolished, the claims to compensation were founded on receipts of several thousands a year. On that scale it was awarded; and the receivers returned their incomes for taxation at less than as many hundreds! In like manner, juries should not take for granted the statements of the profits of plaintiffs in actions for compensation. Thus seems to have reasoned the jury in a suit tried last week against the North-Western Railway Company. The plaintiff was the managing partner in the "Seedling Company" at Manchester, a firm in the calico printing line. By the report in the *Times*, it appears the plaintiff's "clear share of the profits of the concern amounted to nearly £5,000 a year." The "seedlings" of this company must surely be very full-grown timber. Yet Schedule D shows that the number of trades returning a profit of £5,000 a year are surprisingly few. But the head of this firm was applying for compensation for a confusion sustained in the Primrose-hill tunnel; the company had paid £1,000 into court as an adequate amount; but the plaintiff went in, or went on, for greater damages.

The jury decided that the company had fairly met the case, and had paid enough. A confusion on the head is certainly a misfortune, but £1,000 is also a good round sum. The plaintiff has, since the accident, "had a difficulty in directing his mind to any subject requiring thought." We know many persons who have always laboured under the same difficulty, and who instinctively avoid such subjects. We hope in this plaintiff's case, that the inability will be temporary only, and that the gratifying profits of the Seedling firm will not in the long run be diminished. Perhaps the jury thought that £1,000 was enough for the blow that only produced an incapacity so very common. "Difficulty in directing the mind to any subject requiring thought!" Alas, it is the normal condition of many thousands!

It would be an additional evil result of this evil practice, if, by a not unnatural reaction, it were to lead juries to give inadequate damages in cases where the sufferers have a real case for compensation. The loss of a husband or father to his family, though only of what is called, *par excellence*, the working class, is one that can hardly be measured by money; in fact, the lower the class to which he belonged, the more irreparable, in a pecuniary sense, his loss is apt to be. And the very same feeling that prompts us to denounce extravagant claims, must lead us also to urge a just and liberal appreciation of those which are honest and reasonable; and of cases in which the most liberal compensation can be but too inadequate to the calamity which it seeks to counterbalance.

SOME EFFECTS OF GOOD AND BAD HARVESTS.

THE weather of late has been extremely favourable to the harvest. Though the area sown with winter wheat is unusually small, and though the ears are light and the crop in places thin on the ground, an unusual quantity sown in spring has compensated for the defect of the winter sowing, and we are assured that on the whole the harvest will be tolerably good, and successfully gathered in. Dull and declining corn markets in every part of the country are certain indications of the general fact. Of late, too, the reports from France of the harvest are more favourable, and the French no longer find it necessary to come to our well-stocked markets for a supply. After the failure of our harvest last year, that we are in a condition to spare anything for them in turn, as they have not long ago supplied us, is a remarkable fact which reflects credit on our free trade, and confers an advantage both on ourselves and our neighbour. We might have reaped still greater advantages from that freedom had it not been limited by the registration shilling levied on every quarter of corn imported, and only to be avoided by not landing the cargo. Necessary as it is, still, like several other little taxes which have of late been imposed, its imposition places large obstacles in the way of business. It will, however, be a blessing for the nation to be relieved from the necessity of importing corn so very largely as within the last twelve months, very beneficial as the large import has been. To what it exactly amounted, and to some of its effects, we are about to advert.

The quantity of corn and flour reckoned as corn imported in 1860, was 14,494,976 qrs.; but though this quantity was larger than the quantity imported in any previous year, it represents only a part of the imports occasioned by the defective harvest of that year. To ascertain this we take the official accounts of the imports from the end of June last year to the end of June this year, and in these twelve months the quantity of grain and flour reckoned as grain imported, was 18,484,939 qrs. The value of this vast quantity was not less than £38,000,000; and the one shilling duty yielded a revenue of £924,246. On the average we have imported for several years about 11,000,000 qrs. per annum, the cost of which has been yearly about £20,000,000, an expenditure no more to be regretted than the £34,000,000 we annually pay for cotton. To our defective harvest of last year we can only fairly ascribe the increased importation above the average, or 7,400,000 qrs., and the cost it compelled us to incur for additional food as the extra £18,000,000. Imports to the usual amount we may assume were provided and paid for by the ordinary course of trade, and it is only necessary now to state whence came the increased supplies, and how the cost of them was defrayed.

Of those increased supplies more than one-half came from the United

States, which sent us in, between the end of June, 1860, and the end of June, 1861, 3,030,855 quarters of wheat, and 4,331,604 barrels of flour, against 140,696 quarters and 514,301 barrels in the twelve months preceding. The value of this wheat and flour was not less than £9,000,000, or we had to pay the United States for bread stuffs nearly £9,000,000 more at the end of June in the present year, than at the end of June last year. This circumstance, combined with the political condition of that country, which has impeded, to a great extent, the export of commodities to pay for the corn, gives us a complete explanation of the large exportation of gold from England to America, which took place at the commencement of the year, and was a subject of great alarm to some public writers. Its effect, of course, was to diminish the quantity of gold in the Bank, and diminish, *pro tanto*, the amount of legal tender which that body is authorised to issue by law. It contributed, therefore, to keep up the high rate of discount which prevailed till the week before last, and to check trade in some other and less necessary direction.

The other half of our increased supplies came from Russia, Prussia, the Hanse towns, Hanover, British North America, Wallachia, and in small quantities from several other places. To most of the places whence came these increased imports, our exports, including bullion, have increased. France, however, which for some years annually sent us large quantities of flour and wheat, required more than usual of her own growth to feed her own people, and sent us much less than usual. That she has a good harvest may ever be a subject of general rejoicing, for her last two revolutions followed swiftly on the heels of disastrous seasons. We are informed, however, that the north of Germany, which is already like ourselves suffering considerably from the deranged intercourse with America, is threatened with a defective harvest, to add to the difficulties already felt by its people.

The most popular political writers seem at length to be thoroughly aware that sunshine, bringing food to perfection, is of more importance to the continuance of peace and the promotion of prosperity and contentment than any other circumstance; and for economists who trace all the changes in society to material welfare, it is quite unnecessary to dwell on the blessings of a good harvest. One of the compensations of a bad harvest is, that it increases in one direction the employment of shipping.

The registered tonnage of shipping, which is one-fourth less than the actual carrying power, required to transport the 18,400,000 quarters of corn imported, was something more than 3,000,000. The proportion usually calculated is six quarters to one registered ton, and therefore more than 3,000,000 tons of shipping have been employed, in the twelve months, to bring us corn. Of this quantity we may assume that 2,000,000 tons is so employed every year, and that consequently the bad harvest gave employment to 1,000,000 tons of shipping. The registered tonnage of the Empire is 4,251,739, and the total tonnage entered and cleared with cargoes, in 1860, which includes repeated voyages and foreign vessels, was 20,837,915. It is with this latter number we must compare the tonnage employed in transporting corn; and it appears, therefore, that the importation of corn employed within the last twelve months more than one-seventh of the total tonnage engaged in our trade. This is not work exclusively for our own shipping. It is well that we are helped by the shipping of the world, or we might need, under such circumstances as those occasioned by the failure of the harvest last year, more shipping than we could command. As the result of the failure we must, in the twelve months ended with June, have been obliged to employ 1,240,000 tons of shipping more than in other years; and had not a large part of the increased quantity required been supplied by foreigners, we should have experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining the necessary supply of food.

Now, to notice the effect of this increased importation of food on the supplies of bullion. Between the end of June, 1860, and 1861, we exported £7,000,000 more than we imported, while in the preceding twelve months we exported only £1,000,000 more than we imported. If we take the yearly returns, we find that in 1859 we imported £2,000,000, and in 1858 £10,000,000, more than we exported. The obvious effect, then, of the bad harvest was to turn the stream of bullion from coming in to running out. The cost of our increased imports of corn from the States in the twelve months, was nearly £9,000,000. Usually we import bullion from the States. In the first six months of 1859 we imported from them £4,280,132, and in the first six months of 1860 £2,433,281, more than we exported to them. On the contrary, in the first six months of the present year we have exported to them £5,895,537 more bullion than we have imported from them. It may therefore be roughly stated that the difference in our bullion trade with the States, caused by our bad harvest of 1860, and their political troubles, amounted to about £9,000,000.

A good harvest here will diminish the loss we must suffer from the derangement of our trade with America; it will diminish, too, the tonnage required to import food, and allow the labour so employed to be directed to other purposes. Great as is and will be our loss from the interruption of our trade with America, teaching us very emphatically how much our prosperity depends on the successful labour of others, it is at the same time extremely satisfactory to find at home increased rewards for our own industry, and to see that many other channels are open and are widening, into which it will surely be directed. Though we are all united in mutual and reciprocal dependence, it is always by our own honest industry that we win all that we possess.

NAPLES, AND MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.

SIGNOR MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO, the Piedmontese artist, poet, statesman, and publicist, has written a letter from his retirement at Cannero, on the solitary shores of the most beautiful part of the Lago Maggiore, to Signor Matteucci, the celebrated Tuscan man of science, and (recently) Senator at Turin. It would be scarcely true, perhaps, to say, that this letter has, in the slang phrase of the day, made "a great sensation" in Italy; but it has at all events given rise to a vast deal of talk. It would seem that the communication was intended as a simply private one, and that Signor Matteucci has been guilty of an indiscretion in publishing it. In any case, be that as it may, he would have done better in the interest of his correspondent's reputation had he consigned it to the waste-paper basket.

A day or two after the publication of this unlucky letter, a communication

from Professor Matteucci made its appearance in the journals, crying "peccavi," and striving to undo, as far as might be, the mischief done. And in truth this was not a little. For the subject of D'Azeglio's letter had been the eminently volcanic one of Naples. And plain-minded men, reading it without gloss or commentary, understood the writer to recommend nothing less than throwing Naples, and the kingdom of Naples, overboard, and constituting the new Kingdom of Italy without it. It may be easily imagined with what a chorus of exclamations and hootings such a proposition was received by a people, of whom it may be truly said, that the hope of seeing Italy one and undivided from the Alps to the furthest promontory of Sicily, is, at the present moment, the ruling passion.

The apologetic letter of Professor Matteucci strives to point out (while declaring that somehow or other—the *how* is not at all explained—D'Azeglio's private letter had been printed without his concurrence) that, in fact, the writer does not say anything of the sort, but only means to insist on the necessity of appealing to the patriotic sentiments of the Neapolitans. But he is hardly more successful in doing this, than in satisfactorily accounting for the appearance of the letter in print. It is true that D'Azeglio does not make any direct proposition for excluding Naples from the Italian kingdom. But neither does he say anything about the patriotism of the Neapolitans. And what he does really say certainly seems to imply, logically enough, the necessity of acquiescing in the former course. "Naples will none of us," he says. "I see that sixty battalions are needed, and are not enough to keep down disaffection in the country. No battalions are needed on this side of the Tronto (the frontier line of the kingdom of Naples). I know nothing about the universal suffrage, which decided that Naples should be united to the Italian kingdom; but I do know that bullets and bayonets are needed to unite them to us now. We have subverted governments and turned out sovereigns, proclaiming, as we did so, the principle that no government could be legitimate unless in conformity to the will of the governed. And I do not see how we can consistently impose a government on a people evidently unwilling to receive it; at all events without once again solemnly taking the opinion of the people on the subject." This last hint, it is to be supposed, is the appeal to Neapolitan patriotism, by virtue of which Signor Matteucci endeavours to escape from the conclusion to which all the argument of the latter would seem necessarily to lead.

The above sentences, it is to be understood, are not given as verbal quotations from the letter of Signor D'Azeglio; but they, for brevity's sake, condense and sufficiently express the gist of it.

Very shortly after the appearance of Signor Matteucci's exculpatory letter to the papers, another letter from D'Azeglio, bearing date, "Cannero, August 16th," was published in the Florentine paper *La Nazione*. It is addressed to a friend, who is named only as Signor B. The object of it is to express the writer's astonishment at seeing in print his former letter, which was written, as he says, as a private communication to a friend, "currente calamo." Signor Matteucci, he says, has written to him in despair at the unfortunate publication of the letter, declaring that it had been done against his intentions, "but the *how* I do not well understand," adds D'Azeglio, somewhat satirically.

"As to my ideas on the subject of Naples," he goes on to say; "in the first place, I had as much notion of troubling the public with them, as I had of turning friar. In the second place, if I had had any such intention, I should have explained my views in a different manner. I should have thought, moreover, that the acts of an entire life, if they had not sufficed to prove that I desired to see Italy united in one nation, would, at least, have caused my intelligence to be credited with sufficient sense to comprehend that it is better to be twenty-four millions than twelve. The question turns on the method of obtaining what is desired, and this is a subject needing long discussion; whereas I wrote an unpremeditated letter, as one does to a friend. And I suppose that every one is at liberty to say in such a manner anything on earth that may pass through his head."

"Until," concludes D'Azeglio, "public questions can be treated in Italy in every form and manner, there may be liberty for *sensation* journals, but not for the nation. It will be as in America,—either pay court to the mob, or 'ware Lynch law."

All this is very true. But neither in his retirement at Cannero, nor in the most public square of any city in Italy, is Signor D'Azeglio in the least danger of suffering from any exercise of Lynch law in consequence of his letter. While, on the other hand, notwithstanding the truth of what he says respecting the nature of a private letter, written without much premeditation or serious thought to a friend, there is danger that such a revelation of Signor D'Azeglio's mode of viewing the Neapolitan question may incline the nation and its leading men to think that he is not one of those who might, with advantage, be called to take a prominent part in the government.

Signor D'Azeglio appeals to the testimony in his favour furnished by the actions and opinions of an entire life dedicated to the hope of seeing Italy free and united. And no Italian would for a moment hesitate to admit the validity of the appeal. A life passed, in a great measure, before the eyes of his countrymen, and illustrated by various literary productions, has abundantly stamped Signor D'Azeglio as a patriot, a gentleman, a scholar, and an upright man. It may be doubted whether the same antecedents have shown him qualified to become a statesman. His country hold him, with great appearance of justice in the estimate, to be what we call a *crotchety* man. "He has ideas in the air," as they say; and the expression implies one to the last degree impractical and *unsafe*. The present occasion is by no means the first on which some of these "ideas in the air" have been found eminently distasteful to the great majority of his countrymen. And it is believed that one of the dangerous and chimerical crotchets nourished by Signor D'Azeglio, is the feasibility and expediency of retaining the Pope, with more or less of Pontifical grandeur and authority, at Rome. Now, in the present state of Italian political opinion, this is the one unpardonable political sin.

Then with regard to the luckless letter itself which has made all this hubbub, however true it may be, that it was never intended for publication, and ought not to have been published, and however much we may feel that in such a writing ideas may be thrown out which it is not fair to fix on the writer as his matured and deliberate opinions, yet it is clear that Signor D'Azeglio imagines the disturbances which have existed, and which are now

rapidly coming to an end, in the kingdom of Naples, to be really what the Bourbonist and clerical party have laboured so perseveringly against all evidence to make them appear, a protest on the part of the population against fusion with the rest of Italy. Signor D'Azeglio says, in his second vindictory letter, that he does not receive any Italian newspapers in his retirement at Cannero. For a man desirous of arriving at the truth on such a point as that on which he has expressed so remarkable an opinion, it would seem a strange proceeding to cut himself off from all such means of information on the subject as the Italian press has furnished. The reports of the state of things in Naples in the best Italian journals, have been full and singularly fair and impartial. And it can hardly be doubted that Signor D'Azeglio would have been better able to form a correct opinion of the nature of the resistance to the king's government in Naples, if he had condescended to permit some Italian newspapers to penetrate the recesses of his happy mountain valley on the shores of Lago Maggiore.

Failing such means of information, however, he might have seen much cause to doubt the correctness of his views on the subject, if he had admitted any of the leading journals of our own press to disturb the solitude of Cannero with tidings from the outside world. We must suppose, therefore, that the English papers shared the ostracism inflicted on the Italian press; and as it can hardly be believed that Signor D'Azeglio would remain in the isolation of Cannero without some means of obtaining tidings from the world beyond his mountain valley, we are driven to the conclusion that he accords to the French press the monopoly of furnishing such information. Now, in that case, supposing him to have confined his reading to a certain portion of that press, it is intelligible enough that he should have been misled into interpreting the events which have occurred in Naples after the fashion set forth in his unfortunate communication to Signor Matteucci; but beyond the circle of the clerico-Bourbonist clique, which has its head-quarters at Rome, and the emissaries of it, he will not find any Italian to share his views.

The nature of the disaffection which has shown itself there, and the causes of it, are too well understood. Brigandage and lawlessness have always existed in that mountainous and thinly inhabited country, under a Government, which not only tended in every way to make all law odious instead of respected, but absolutely encouraged rather than made any attempt to suppress it. And these elements of disorder, immensely increased by the dispersion of a large body of demoralized soldiery, have supplied to the enemies of Italy, sitting in conclave in the Farnese palace at Rome, a means only too well adapted to the object of exciting disturbance, and rendering good government difficult. We all know, too, perfectly well, the incredibly large number of half-paid civil servants, of every imaginable kind, which it was the policy of the late Government to let loose upon the population, to extort from them, by every sort of chicanery and fraud, the means necessary to eke out a livelihood;—we know that all these are little likely to approve of the new order of things. But it is too transparently false to be believed by anyone, and, it might have been thought, to be asserted by anyone except the Bourbonists and their priestly allies, that the lawless violence and discontent of such men should be taken to express the real political feeling of the country.

Signor D'Azeglio sees, he says, that battalions are needed to support the present Government to the south of the Tronto, while none are needed to the north of it; and that is enough for him. But were not battalions equally needed by Francis II. to keep down the people, of whom it is now asserted that they wish to return to his rule? It is really puerile to attempt to deduce such a conclusion from such premises.

Signor D'Azeglio does not attach any great importance to universal suffrage it seems. And many sounder-minded men have expressed their doubts as to the value of it, as a means of expressing the real wishes of a nation. But can this be a reason for a second time recurring to it? There is, doubtless, much truth in all that has been said in derogation of such a mode of discovering the true wishes of a people. But if ever the result of a popular vote could be held to express the veritable will of a nation, it was that pronounced by the Neapolitans in favour of fusion with the kingdom of Italy. There was no complete and admirably organized system of prefects, sub-prefects, and mayors to "manage" the matter there.

On the other hand, besides all the powerful influence that must always be exercised in such a case by the existence of a pretender to the throne, who may yet, for aught the voters know, be successful, and return to reward adherents and punish adversaries, there was in the case of Naples the active influence of a third party anxious for the rejection of the union with the monarchy of Italy; and this third party had means of action at its disposal, greater in some respects than those possessed by the Turin Government, and yet the result of the voting was what we all know.

Truly, if ever a nation can be held to have deliberately declared by this direct means its will as to its own destinies, Naples did so upon that occasion; and those, or rather *he*—for Signor D'Azeglio will hardly find a seconder for his motion—who would propose a second appeal to the national suffrage on the question would unquestionably have infinitely greater reason to maintain that the result of such a vote was doubtful now, than there can be any pretence for supposing it to have been ambiguous under the circumstances which did in fact attend it.

PERAMBULATORS ON THE WESTERN CIRCUIT.

"A QUESTION," according to Mr. Justice Byles, "of very great importance, and one that applied to all the footways in the kingdom," was proposed to a common jury at Bristol last Monday week, and so completely puzzled those twelve intelligent men, that after eight hours' deliberation, and a vain appeal to the judge to be allowed beds for the night, they were discharged by consent without having arrived at a verdict. The following was the question:—"Was a perambulator one of the usual accompaniments of a large class of foot-passengers, and so light and small as not to be a nuisance to other passengers, or injurious to the soil?" and the circumstances which gave rise to the inquiry were briefly these:—A lady, who is doubtless now regarded in Bristol and its charming suburbs as the champion of her sex, the admired of wives, and the adored of all nurserymaids, was, on the 12th of April last,

passing along a path which leads between Victoria-square and the Clifton Downs, and pushing before her a perambulator which contained the usual inside passenger. Any one who visits Clifton must have been struck with the immense facility which this path offers for a question of "Right of Way." It is just the path about which such a dispute would arise. It leads between two much-frequented thoroughfares; it is broad enough for use and not for ornament, being about the width of a Devonshire lane or a street in Durham. Its non-use involves an extra half-mile in the streets,—that is, ten minutes more daily in the town, and ten minutes less on the Down. Lastly, it has a gate in the middle, and none at either end. Passing along this insidious road, the lady was stopped by a gentleman claiming the ownership of the soil, who, in the Judge's opinion, "with no malicious intent, but with some lack of gallantry," placed his hand on her shoulder and informed her that there was no right of way for vehicles. She, however, with useful agility, took up her perambulator and slipped by him. Thus she escaped him for the present; and to teach him manners for the future, she brought an action against him for assault.

The fact that the path was a foot-way and not a carriage-road, was admitted. It is therefore obvious that the whole issue would be determined by the decision of the jury on the question stated above, which may be thus abbreviated:—"Is a perambulator a carriage? and if not, what is it?" It is plainly an aid to locomotion; but then so is a walking-stick, and, exceptionally, an umbrella. Is it a hybrid between a cripple's crutch and a mail phaeton? Has it ever been crossed with the common wheelbarrow? The jury could not tell. Can Mr. Buckle generalise it for us?

The assaulter and assaulted, the plaintiff and defendant, were quite eclipsed by the interesting little appurtenance on the specification of which so much depended. It appeared in Court and stood upon the table, occupying a position prominent enough to make a judge jealous; it was the observed of all present; it, in a manner, gave evidence, for it underwent an examination as to its width, weight, and general character, when it was declared to be 18 inches in width, 14 lbs. in weight, to be made of wicker-work, and to be one-sixth of the breadth of a well-dressed woman. It "convulsed the Court;" and being the last and least subject of trial on the Western Circuit this summer, it closed the business of that circuit amid roars of laughter from the spectators, abundant raillery from counsel, witty wisdom from the judge, and good humour of all concerned except the unhappy jurymen, who had to assign the nondescript to a species, amid conflicting evidence, that would have bewildered a Linnaeus or a Cuvier. Finally, it came out of the contest victorious; maintained intact its indescribability; defies to this day a generalising age; and remains one of the few things in England possessed of a title of its own and debased by no class name.

The sensation of "meeting a perambulator" is known to all of us; but have we ever analyzed this sensation? What is the reason of the horror with which we all regard this little nondescript? We know why we shudder at a frog, and understand the righteous wrath excited by a gnat's aggressions. Let us endeavour to explain an emotion of which all men are conscious, and which bachelors will confess, that occasioned in us by an advancing and rampant perambulator.

First, there is the smallness, the diminutive size of the thing. "To be so pestered with a popinjay!" A contemptible little machine with a long Latin name appears suddenly round the corner, and darts towards you. Shall you stand upon your dignity, and sacrifice your toes? If so, it can wound you in that which is to a pedestrian his most sensitive part. Nor can you escape; for if you are in a favourite or frequented walk on a sunny day, and particularly inclined to saunter lazily, there the little vehicles swarm. They whirr, wheel, and dart around you, each with its idiotic-looking inside passenger, "solitary in a crowd," and nodding his head in sympathetic unison with the lurches of his conveyance. Has any of our readers ever been the first man of the season in a country town to wear the summer white hat, and been pursued by the street boys crying after him—

"One, two, three,
Good luck to me,
There goes a man with a white hat?"

If so, he will have felt what poison is added to the sting by the diminutive size of the tormentor. Those who do not know these griefs may read Swift's description of Gulliver attacked by the Lilliputians.

Secondly, there is the peculiar motion of the pest. Has any of our readers when a child, or even since his arrival at maturer years, been run at by a fond parent or playful friend, pointing towards him a finger or stick, which is made to vibrate and rotate rapidly in the air, and is going presently to pin him in the chest or stomach? This peculiar motion fascinates any one who is not a practised fencer, and reduces him to a state of helpless ticklishness, so that he stands stockishly *malis ridens alienis*. A perambulator always advances in this same vibratory manner, for the following well-known reasons. The motive power is generally a nurserymaid, than whom no creatures are more notorious for absence of mind, shop-staring, and soldier-gazing. If you meet an undecided man in the street, how difficult it is to pass him. He will keep opposite you. And so is it with nurserymaids. Whichever way you turn, the nozzle of the machine, which, in a rakishly-built perambulator, is as sharp as a pointed stick or a finger, checks and threatens you. Again, the vehicle is guided from behind, and can be driven with as much nicety as a hansom: it can therefore pass so near you as always to be within a hair's breadth of your boot-tip.

Lastly comes the fact that we who walk feel towards these nondescripts as owners of the soil towards an invading force. Why are wheels permitted on the foot-path, and what new thing is this that all safety of the pavement has perished? It is true we had once that car of Juggernaut, the old Bath chair; but this gradually died out, at least in the streets of London, and we walked our pavements in peace. Is there to be no place of refuge at any lower elevation than the knifeboard of an omnibus? Now indeed we can sympathize with the foreigner who, at the risk of his neck, declined to walk on the pavement, saying, "j'aime la totalité de la rue," for we have not even a portion sacred to the sole of the foot. Let us hope that in all future street improvements, those who direct the work will have pity on pedestrians, will remember that a new machine has arisen which knew not Benjamin Hall, and will assign a special causeway to perambulators.

"OUTWARD BOUND."

RUTHLESSLY disregarding the noisy and inharmonious strains of several gaily-attired itinerant Ethiopian serenaders, we proceed over Tower-hill, and, keeping the garden-railings to our right, walk steadily onwards to Irongate-stairs. The broad pathway is planted in true Parisian *boulevard* fashion with a few dreary-looking young trees, which are stuck at regular intervals into the ground, apparently with the dismal hope that at some future indefinite period they may possibly cast a soft cooling shade over the hot, glaring, dusty walk, and perhaps become the leafy home of a noisy colony of rooks from the parent settlement at the corner of Wood-street, in Cheapside.

We become painfully aware of the fact of our having reached the river-side, by being forcibly seized by the arm, and hearing a gruff voice sing out, "Boat, sir? I'm your man,—only a penny!" an exclamation which is instantly chorused by some half-dozen red-nosed, tarry-looking watermen of the true Thames *genus*. A few energetic remonstrances, and perhaps the distant sight of a policeman, free us from the crowd, and we continue our way in peace.

It is, indeed, a curious and interesting neighbourhood. Tall, substantial, solidly-built piles of warehouses rear their lofty forms side by side with ancient public-houses,—old, crazy, tumble-down wharves,—and dingy, cobwebby offices, black with the smoke and dust of years. The roadway is blocked up with carts, vans, and waggons, of every possible shape, size, and colour, and which are heavily laden with bales of cotton from Manchester, hampers of crockery from Staffordshire, packages of machinery from the North, trusses of woollens from Leeds, cases of ribbons from Coventry, carboys of acids, barrels of ship biscuit, boxes of Birmingham hardware, chests of Sheffield cutlery, sacks of corn, tierces of pickled pork, hogsheds of sugar, hams, sides of bacon, Dutch, Cheshire, and other cheeses, and all the thousand and one articles of English commerce; which are continually appearing or disappearing under low, mysterious gateways, down dark chasms in the pavement, or through wide openings in the walls. But it is no easy task for us to observe all these things, because we have to keep a sharp look-out lest our personal safety be endangered by the too precipitate descent of a heavy bale carelessly lowered by means of a crane from the upper storey of the building which we may happen to be passing at the moment. Such accidents are by no means uncommon; but then the inhabitants, like the fishwoman's eels, are "used to it."

The atmosphere which surrounds us is unmistakably a riverside one—a compound of smoke, tar, hemp, coal, gas, rancid oil, fusty sail-cloth, and similar not over fragrant odours. However, "what can't be cured must be endured," so resigning ourselves to our fate, we proceed onwards and soon arrive at the outer quay of the St. Katherine's Docks, where we find a motley assemblage apparently awaiting the arrival of some expected object.

The scene around us is worthy the pencil of Leech, Tenniel, or Doyle. Here is an old weatherbeaten sailor lazily leaning his back against the wall, with his horny palms in his pockets, a short pipe in his mouth, and perhaps dreamily musing of the olden days, when he was a young sailor, full of life and spirits—

"Ploughing the waves of the dark-blue sea."

There is a ragged young imp dancing barefooted in the sunshine, while his equally squalid companions are groping in the mud at the edge of the quay, or squatting in juvenile independence on the heaps of stone. Gazing down the river, we perceive the glorious fruit of our national wealth and greatness. As far as the eye can reach, we behold a dense forest of hulls and masts belonging to almost every known port in the world, and trodden by human beings speaking a very Babel of tongues. But we are disturbed in our musings by a sharp peremptory injunction to "get out of the way, there;" and turning round, we behold the magnificent hull of a stately Australian clipper slowly moving down the lock. In an instant the scene is full of bustle and activity; boys run here, there, and everywhere, shouting and hallooing; thin-faced, poorly-attired men lean eagerly forward, while we await the result with no little curiosity.

Onward comes the ship, calm and majestic, as though conscious of her strength, and longing to ride with "a conquering sweep" over the ocean waves. Sailors are climbing up the rigging, bawling hoarsely to each other; carpenters and painters are giving the finishing touches to their handiwork; while the fat black cook grins forth from the door of his "caboose." On the fore-deck is a group of Irish emigrants, the men with short *dudeens* between their lips, and the females with shawls wrapped round their heads in the shape of hoods, but all wearing a listless aspect of stolid indifference as they lazily gaze on the assembled crowd.

Further on are a number of Germans, with enormous beards and whiskers, busily engaged in smoking meerschaums of an inordinate length, or quietly gazing at their cleanly but homely-attired wives, who—unlike their Irish fellow emigrants—are industriously mending stockings, or repairing the rents in various articles of wearing apparel. They form an exceedingly picturesque sight, as they stand or sit amongst the coils of rope, loose spars, boxes, &c., with which the deck is encumbered; and look with filial attention towards an aged man, whose snowy beard proclaims him the patriarch of the family. Near them is a young man and woman, clad in deep mourning, whose features bear a look of extreme sadness, probably from recent grief, or from the pangs occasioned by their approaching departure from their native land. On one side of these stand several rough-faced, sun-burnt, big-whiskered, sharp-looking, smartly-dressed men; swearing on every possible occasion, and swaggering about the deck. These are gold-diggers returning to the auriferous fields in search of more wealth. A little beyond appears a crowded mixture of operatives, tradesmen, farm-labourers, *navvies*, and others; all communicating with each other in stern, lively, or saddened tones, as the case might be; while in the midst of them stands the captain of the ship.

With a speaking-trumpet in his hand, he directs the movements of his seamen, which are much impeded by the continual restlessness of the passengers who crowd the decks. Suddenly one of the assemblage on the quay recognizes an emigrant. "Good bye," he shouts. "Good bye, God bless you," exclaims the other. Now the interest of the scene increases, as an aged woman rushes forward and frantically endeavours to extend her hand to a young man, who, in his turn, vainly strives to hide his tears as he throws her a biscuit, and tells her that he'll "be back soon."

Ay, perhaps when the poor worn-out frame of his aged mother shall be at rest beneath the cold, damp, rank grass of the churchyard! Then he will come back too late to repair the wrongs of the past; too late to soothe the bursting heart of her who never—even when he was most guilty—forgot that he was still her son; and too late to console the fleeting spirit with the proofs of his sincere repentance. Here is a young female pressing forward. "Good bye, Harry, God bless you—don't forget me," she exclaims, clasping her poor thin fingers together. "No, I never will," is the answer; and so on with many others, till suddenly there is a movement amongst the Germans on deck, they whisper to each other, and then silently produce a series of brass musical instruments, and raising them to their lips, give utterance to a low saddening melody which brings tears to the eyes of the listeners. Their fellow passengers become silent, the seamen make less noise, and then the humble musicians play the world-famous and plaintive air of "Father-land."

Many an eye is streaming now,—many a heart is throbbing with wild emotion,—many a hand is trembling as it clutches the rails of the swivel bridge,—for out of those who crowd the decks, and those who throng the quay, how many will ever meet with each other again! And so goes the good ship forth,—through the heavy creaking gates of the lock,—through the floating wilderness of coal-barges and small craft,—through the mass of black hulls and weather-beaten masts, slowly, but surely, down the silent surface of the river, until the last faint echoes of the music are lost in the far-off distance. Then the crowd gradually disperses, the hum of the interrupted traffic re-commences, the idlers slouch into their old nooks and corners, and in a few moments no traces remain of a scene which will occasion many a lonely heart to pass the coming night in all the long weary restlessness of sorrow, anxiety, and despair!

TRACTION ENGINES.

IRON tramways were long in use before steam power was thought of as a means of facilitating the conveyance of heavy loads, and when locomotives were first tried, the superior facilities known to be afforded by the tramways naturally led to the introduction of iron railways. Still, steam-locomotion on common roads was not altogether lost sight of, and attempts were made to make steam-carriages for the streets and highways. The advantages, however, of the railway were too real and too evident, and the difficulties of working steam-engines on common roads so great, and the rate of speed attainable so far inferior, that men became enthusiasts in favour of the one and totally neglected and lost sight of the other. What the railway system has done, and how great the perfection it has reached, its many uses, its comforts and conveniences, are too familiar to be dwelt upon, and we turn to the other, the neglected side of the question. That of two strong men one should be everywhere famous for his strength and his agility, is certainly no reason why the other should be a useless being, why he should not be put to the useful work he is fit for. If the world neglect the unrenowned strong man for a time, sooner or later some one will remember him, and point out the proper work he is fitted to do.

Just so, from time to time, a few individuals have thought about the common-road locomotive. It may not be a rival of the rapid engine on the railway, but it is a "strong man," and a useful one. Why should it not be put to its proper work?

The chief attempts which have yet been made with the road engine have been for passenger-traffic, and the prevalent idea has been that of attaining a high speed on ordinary ground. There is, however, a very important feature, perhaps the most practically important, which has been overlooked, that of substituting the common road, or traction engine, for animal power, in the draught and conveyance of heavy goods. The parts and materials of machinery, of buildings, ships, and other constructive works, are every day being increased in size, becoming consequently more ponderous, and more and more out of all ratio unmanageable by horse and hand power. Twenty or thirty horses, and thirty or forty men, are not only the most expensive kind of motive power, but they want the unity of power possessed by a steam engine. The horses will not all pull together, the men will not all lift at the same instant, and so some considerable amount of force is lost, or some undue strain arises on a few individuals, and accidents more or less serious occur. The way in which Bray's traction engines have recently lifted and moved the ponderous masts and machinery of the *Warrior*, at the Woolwich Dockyard, shows the road engine in a new light. It displays it as the ponderous giant walking off with great balks of timber, and carrying with it derrick, and wheel, and chain, by which to apply its steam-power in lifting the loads from its train of trucks and waggons when it has arrived at its journey's end. We find it doing this in the midst of all the lumber and confusion of a dockyard, where the number of horses and men required to do the same work could never be employed without the greatest danger, and the perpetual fear of accident and loss of life.

All this the giant does with ease, and without bustle or effort. Two men manage the monster; the one feeds him while he works, the other guides him where he will. Another point is, that animal power is always costing—horses and men, whether at work or not, must always be fed, while the traction engine has only to be fed while it is working. Men and horses, too, have to be fed on corn, costing six shillings the bushel, the traction engine on coke costing a shilling.

It is evident that, direct from one town to another over long distances, the railway must be means of transit both for passengers and for goods; but outside the railway station, for a circle of many miles of country, and from the port and wharf-side loads of corn and timber, ponderous machinery, and tons of stones, ores, metals, sheets, plates, pipes, and bars of copper, lead, and iron, millions of bricks, slates, tiles, bales of cotton, silk, waggon-loads of vegetables and fruits, may have to be brought to the railway dépôt for transmission. It has been said that it would never be worth while to work steam-coaches and engines on common roads, because wherever traffic enough may exist to warrant their use it will be worth while to lay down a railway. This might be true if passengers were the only cause of traffic, or if traction engines were only fitted for locomotion. But in a district where the traffic both of goods and passengers would not require more than one or two journeys a day, the traction engine might well be a useful, nay, an invaluable machine. It could be made, during the hours it was unemployed upon the road, to

plough the soil, carry ballast or road-stone, or lime and manure for the land; or, fixed temporarily, it could be used as a stationary engine, and employed as a driving power for thrashing or grinding corn, or pumping water. It could be put to work at the factory, or used for mining or quarrying operations, and in a variety of other ways, according to the conditions and wants of the district. It need never be idle; there can be given to it the capability to do any "strong" work whatever: it only costs the food and attendance necessary to do it.

But it is not only at home that it will prove itself extremely useful as an auxiliary to the railway, and as an adaptive mechanical power, but in our colonies and dependencies and in foreign countries, it will not only be equally available and even more serviceable as a mechanical locomotive power, but it will also be an admirable precursor of the railway. The cost of two miles of railway would furnish traction engines and plant for fifty miles of road; and as money is an essential foundation for railway work, and as sufficient money is not always forthcoming on such occasions, insufficiency of money means incompleteness, and consequent practical inutility of the railway works. While Bray's traction engines, especially in their last and most complete form, could travel over any road, hard or soft, wet or dry, rough or smooth, or over even ploughed ground, and would be most valuable in semi-barbarous or newly opened countries. For instance, in Australia, California, and other gold producing countries, in the intermediate time between its road journeys, it could be employed at the diggings in quartz-crushing, washing, and other laborious operations.

In the Brazils and Peru metals have to be carried for leagues on the backs of mules. The same is the only mode of conveyance in many other countries, where the traction engine could be made to do mechanical work first at the mines and then be employed to convey the produce to the market.

Again, in India the cost of locomotion is immense, and during the campaign in the Punjab, it is calculated that every soldier cost for this item a hundred and fifty pounds. By the employment of traction engines, trains of troops that would otherwise be months on the road could be conveyed at the rate of some fifty or sixty miles a day to their destination, and be put down there in full vigour, and not worn out with sickness and fatigue. Four or five of Bray's engines would easily convey 1,000 or 1,500 men, with all their arms and equipments, at from four to eight miles an hour for as many hours as would be required for the journey. There would be no stoppage for the traction engine as there would be for camels, and horses, and elephants and drivers; there would be no stopping for the traction engine at night to sleep. Sleepless and ever-feeding as it travelled on, it would beat any quicker-moving but ever-tiring animal power. If even that animal power were faster—which it is not—it would be the old story of the tortoise and the hare repeated in another form.

Heavy ordnance and military stores could be conveyed in the same way; and, used for military purposes, it seems capable of averting a prodigious waste of money and life.

Steam-carriages and road-engines are, however, no novelties. A hundred years ago (1759) Dr. Robinson, of Edinburgh, suggested them; and Cinquot, a Frenchman, completed one ten years later. Oliver Evans, an American, next attempted the matter, and our own Watt took out a patent, amongst other improvements of the steam-engine, for a mode of applying it to wheel-carriages; but there is no record of his ever having attempted to carry it into practice. In 1786 or 1787, Wm. Symington constructed a working model (which is still to be seen at the South Kensington Museum) of a very pretty-looking steam-carriage. Trevethick and Vivian, Griffiths, of Brompton, Gordon, Gurney, Maundesly, Fraser, Hancock, and others, tried various inventions or schemes between 1802 and 1831. Gurney was the first to run on common roads, and Hancock, in 1833, established, as is well-known, his carriages on the Paddington-road, and ran them daily, without intermission, for more than five months.

The great difficulty that has always had to be contended against, has been the state of the roads. Gurney says that his first carriage, which weighed four tons, felt severely the state of the roads, and that, in wet weather, the engine was obliged to be worked with the wheels "locked"—that is, in gear with the driving power. In going up hill, too, the wheels had to be attached in the same way, the bite from the driving wheels not being sufficient to propel the engine with a load behind it.

This difficulty of getting a bite or hold by the driving-wheels on the road has led to many schemes, such as the use of legs or propellers, wheels cut into faces or indented surfaces, projecting teeth, &c., which, more or less, in action tore up the roads, and thus, in the persons of the road proprietors, a strong antagonism was raised to their employment.

The greatest improvement in the hold of the wheels on the road, without injury to it, and consequently the most efficient traction power, has been accomplished by Mr. Bray, who has obtained the means through a series of blunt spades, which are protruded through orifices along the centre line of the very broad driving-wheels, the large breadth and great diameter of which give them very effective supporting power. The driving-wheels are not worked direct by the cranks attached to the piston-rods, as in railway engines, but they rotate on the shaft (as a common cart-wheel does on the axle of the cart), and are worked by a small cog-wheel acting on the cogs of the inside of a large tooth-wheel attached to them, and about a foot less all round, so to keep it clear of the mud and soft ground when the engine is travelling. The power of the steam is thus applied very near the circumference of the driving-wheels, and consequently its effective power is considerably increased.

The iron spades in the driving wheel can be made to protrude any distance at the pleasure of the engine-driver. The shaft to which the eccentric is attached, although it does not revolve with the wheel, is still capable of being moved round by a worm and worm-wheel, so that with the projection or contraction, so to speak, of the rim of the eccentric, the spades can be made to project to their fullest extent, or can be drawn in altogether. By this very ingenious method they are never projected further than is absolutely required by the softness or the gradient of the road. So far the difficulties of traction have been successfully overcome, and an engine capable of use in the most crowded streets and thoroughfares, as well as on the most frequented highways, has been produced.

There now exists no practical difficulty in employing Bray's traction engines for numerous and highly-useful purposes, and at one-third less than

the cost of horse power. The time is undoubtedly come when these valuable machines may be brought into general use for particular kinds of works. Once familiar to the public, other uses will arise than those we have suggested, and in years to come the memories of the men who have planned, and of those who aided in perfecting them, will be properly cherished, like those of other honour-deserving mechanicians.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS.

THE debate of the 19th July and the speeches of Lord John Russell and Mr. Kinglake about Sardinia were bad enough, but Mr. Roebuck's speech at Sheffield was not to be borne; and so, at last, the *Moniteur* has taken upon itself to speak, and to deny *in toto* everything concerning the possible cession about which so much has been said. But then, as usual when impossible denials are made, the wording of them is too exaggerated to carry conviction with it, and there are too many persons in the secret to render its being kept practically. At the very identical moment when all that passed between General Fleury and the King of Turin is perfectly familiar to at least a dozen intimates of the Tuilleries, and that the *employés* of the Foreign Office have no longer anything to learn touching the negotiations that have been set on foot with M. Rattazzi, the *Moniteur*, like the Queen in "Hamlet," "protests too much," and lays itself open to the distrust of even Imperialist outsiders, when it affirms that it has never so much as presented itself to the thought of the Government to enter into discussion with the cabinet of Turin touching the cession of Sardinia! The strictest orders were given not to reproduce the Sheffield speech, and the gentleman who goes round to the different journals to "advise" them touching the subjects which they may speak of, and those upon which they are upon no account to venture, has made it his most especial purpose to warn the whole pack of hired scribes off the Sheffield harangue. Not one word of it has been allowed to be given to the readers of the newspapers here, in French.

There is a most singular current of opinion sought to be provoked amongst Bonapartists: it is simply a belief in the existence of a "coalition" that has no reason, no cause. The Emperor feels himself in a very false position. He knows that even if he does not resort to actual aggression, he must keep Europe in hot water, and that unless he creates disturbance and agitation, he has no chance of making his own people believe he is "doing" anything to make them stand high in the world. "Do" something he must, unfortunately; and to be always "doing something" is his law. He cannot help himself. But then comes the counterpart of all this mischievous activity. The world out of doors gets irritated and uneasy, and thinks France is "doing" a great deal too much, and, of course, the result is a tendency on the part of the outer world to see what can be done to stop this perpetual meddling and mischief-making of the Bonapartes everywhere.

There is no doubt a tendency (there must necessarily be one) on the part of every Continental nation to look about it, and see what it can devise for its own security against the common foe. This tendency is clearly recognised by Louis Napoleon, for he knows full well that he has done everything that should bring it about. But then it has to be considered that the one phantom which frightens the French beyond all others, is the phantom of a "coalition." Louis Napoleon is afraid of us, for he is a Bonaparte, and he knows what is the punishment England inflicts on those who too sorely and too grossly try the patience of all human nature, and plot harm to the country which only asks to live at peace with the entire universe. But the French people are more afraid of a "coalition" than of us, because they felt its weight; and the form in which invasion is more closely brought home to them is that of Russian and German soldiers of all denominations. It is, therefore, quite necessary for the Emperor not to appear to the mass of the people to provoke a coalition, but to be, on the contrary, threatened by it. With this purpose, he is having a six-act drama got up by the eternal M. Mocquard, the subject whereof is the campaign of 1814, and in which the other continental nations are represented somewhat in the light in which the Chinese "celestials" have been used to represent the "outer barbarians."

There is something wondrously comical in this way of the Emperor's of "getting up" an *imitation* public opinion by the agency of the stage and the *Boulevard du Crime*! Whether or not it "pays" is, I think, a question, but evidently his Majesty thinks so, or he would not continue adopting it as he does. The shades and springs of Vichy witnessed the commencement of M. Mocquard's dramatic toil, and the "fall of the leaf" will be probably marked by the production of what was elaborated under the patronage of the Goddess Hygeia and his Majesty Napoleon III.

Perhaps at a moment when the London journals are full of discussions on the Austro-Hungarian question, and when the *Times* devotes to it a "leader" three days running, it may not be without interest to your readers to see some of the opinions expressed thereupon by persons writing from, or belonging to, the country. The following is from the letter of a decided Conservative, nay, perhaps more, a liberal Federalist:—"I had hoped another form for Austrian liberalism. I did not want the French systematic centralizing, narrow-minded democracy—I wanted something quite *apart* from Austria—a species of unity in confederation that should be unlike anything else in Europe—original, therefore stable. I am perfectly certain of the Emperor's sincerity, but I am not at all certain that he is on the right road." The writer of the other letter is a Hungarian, one of those honest and really political-minded men who in good or evil fortune stand by the unity of the Empire, well aware that for the interests of Hungary *nothing* else offers the slightest chance of durability or practical benefit.

"I am grieved," writes this gentleman, "that people abroad should know so little of what has heretofore been the juxtaposition of Austria to Hungary. There is no danger, as some English journals seem to apprehend, of any absorption of Hungarian independence in the governing system of Austria. The Hungarian Diet would, on the contrary, enjoy all the privileges it ever enjoyed before 1848; its mode, only, of exercising them would be changed. And as to the two knotty points of the levies and the taxes, the Diet would not in reality lose on either, for practically its attributions on these heads were, before 1848, by no means so extensive as a certain party choose to make it seem. Practically the power of governing the

kingdom of Hungary was, until 1848, always made to concur and combine with the possibility of governing the empire; the only difference was that up to the above date the "constitutionalism" of Hungary was that of the middle ages, whereas what is sought for now is that of a "modern parliamentary form." The sentiments set forth in this letter are worth noticing, for they emanate from a man whose whole life has been passed in serving the Austro-Hungarian cause.

There is no small annoyance excited here by the announcement that Lord Clyde is about to be sent by the English Government as a kind of military inspector of the German armies. It is said he goes first to Bruhl, to see the *manœuvres* of the Prussian troops; that he will then proceed to Berlin and Vienna, and thence to the Quadrilateral and Lombardo-Venetia, to see the Austrian army assembled under Benedek, and judge of the state of the famous fortresses. This is the report here. You will know more of its authenticity than we can, but the spreading of it in Paris is attended by an immense amount of ill-humour. The Emperor (whose health has benefited by the waters of Vichy) will pass the winter at the *Elysée*, while the Tuilleries are being rebuilt.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SESSION.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

MR. DISRAELI.

THE session of 1861 has been one of considerable triumph to the Conservatives. It is true the Budget was carried against them. If the continuance of the Paper Duty may now be counted by days, those who pressed its abolition have not the Conservative benches to thank for the boon. On the other hand, Wednesday will evermore be marked with white chalk in the Derbyite calendar. The "battle of the Constitution" was hebdomadally fought between twelve o'clock and six p.m., until the Parliamentary Wednesday came to be considered a Conservative institution—a Court for purging the notice-paper of all rash and innovating measures and proposals. Our Noble Viscount retired into private life on these occasions. The Treasury Bench was almost deserted until towards division time, when a few spiritless Ministers occupied it for a few minutes, preparatory sometimes to going into different lobbies. The "lords of Parliament," the true "rulers of the spirits," the possessors of three-fourths of the animal life and energy of the crowded House, were the gentlemen on the left of the Speaker's chair. On the Derbyite benches perched "noble Chanticleer," whose shrill and cheerful note made the rafters ring again. The first triumph was on the Church-rate Bill, when the majority of twenty-nine which carried the second reading last year dwindled down to eighteen, on its way to a vanishing point. The defeat of Mr. Locke King's County Franchise Bill was a more decisive and exhilarating victory. It was rapidly followed up by the rejection of Mr. Baines's Borough Franchise Bill. The Ballot division was a Tuesday triumph, and has not strictly a right to a place in this enumeration, yet it was regarded as a Conservative triumph, as was the rejection of the Non-conformist Burial Bill. On the very day of the Mansion-house banquet, Mr. Locke King's Religious Worship Bill bit the dust, and sent the joyous Conservatives to Lord Mayor Cubitt's hospitable board, to hear Lord Derby praise their discipline and promise them the spoils of office. The Wednesday successes reached their culminating point in the defeat of the Church-rate Bill by the casting vote of the Speaker, when the triumph of the Opposition burst forth in uncontrollable exultation. They celebrated in the loudest and longest cheer of the session (save one) the defeat of the last of a series of measures "systematically assailing the Constitution in Church and State," every one of which (it was Mr. Disraeli's boast at the Mansion-house) had been supported by the Government, but in a manner peculiar and unusual. "Sometimes," he said, "the Government had voted for these measures and spoken against them; sometimes they had spoken for them and voted against them." The Opposition benches were naturally proud of the success with which they had defended the Government against the extreme Liberals, and had thrown out measures on which the Ministry have gone into the same lobby with Mr. Bright.

To these triumphs may be added the mutilation of the Appropriation of Seats Bill. The House refused to create a new borough of Chelsea and Kensington (dreading the possibility of another Ayrtton), and then rejected the proposal of Lord Enfield, supported by the entire weight of the Government, to give the vacant seat to the metropolitan county. Meekly, then, did our Noble Viscount announce that the Government were prepared to accept the proposal of Mr. Collins,—against which they had divided the House the week before—in favour of giving two additional members to the West Riding. He made still another concession, for he accepted the Opposition proposal to divide the West Riding, so as to give the Conservatives a fair chance of carrying off the two new seats. A minority cannot be said to have played its cards ill when it can look upon the four new seats as virtually its own. South Lancashire, the least hopeful, has turned up a trump card. Birkenhead is said to be safe. So is the West Riding. This was rather an untoward issue for the Ministry. It was hardly worth while, in the equally balanced state of parties, for Sir G. C. Lewis to bring in a bill for transferring four votes to his political opponents.

But although the Conservatives had no reason to be dissatisfied with the session as a whole, it was not, I fear, a season of uninterrupted enjoyment and congratulation to their leader. Mr. Disraeli "bears his faculties so meekly," so sincerely desires to be courteous to all, and to do what is best for his party,—which a party-leader, in a system of government by party, no doubt considers as tantamount to doing what is best for the country,—that even his opponents do not like to see him undergoing humiliations at the hands of his followers. There are, as we all know, moments in the lives of a public man when, disheartened by the lukewarmness and treachery of pretended friends, he is tempted to throw up his mission and retire from the field in despair. I shall be surprised if Mr. Disraeli has not two or three times this session passed through this phase of martyrdom. He accepts his rebuffs with great meekness and modesty. If he complains, it is "more in sorrow than in anger." No one is so ready to admit the slenderness of his claims to lead the great country party. They all know that if they could find a better leader, or one who possessed their entire and undivided confidence,

the right hon. gentleman would cheerfully resign the sceptre, and serve where he has so long led and commanded. The Conservatives did not require to be told by Lord Derby, in St. James's-square, that "a general who, at a critical moment, could not depend on his reserves, was very awkwardly placed," and that "combination and mutual confidence are as necessary in Parliamentary as in military tactics." These are self-evident truths; and Mr. Disraeli keenly felt the necessity of calling his followers together, and setting his chief to talk at the recalcitrants.

Mr. Disraeli's two hours' speech on the first night of the session—the greater portion being devoted to the Italian policy of the Government—was accused of being laboured and heavy. This, however, could not be said of his speech on the introduction of Mr. Locke King's bill for the reduction of the County Francise, when he made riotous and exaggerated fun of the repugnance manifested by some of the Liberals to the passing of the Reform Bill of last year. It was as laughable as a screaming Adelphi farce, to see how our Noble Viscount and the right hon. gentleman on the other side of the table played into each other's hands. It was as if Mr. Paul Bedford, in the character of a grave but satirical elder, had tipped the wink to Mr. Wright as an irreclaimable joker to banter and poke fun at some simple and unsuspecting third party. In such wise did our Noble Viscount direct the attention of the right hon. member for Bucks to the sort of persons who, under the patronage of Mr. L. King and Mr. Baines, were trying to get into the House. Mr. Disraeli fastened upon the idea, and convulsed the House with the description of the "hucksters," not to say costermongers, who were bawling their wares before West-end people; these latter having already refused to buy of the highly respectable greengrocers and market gardeners who had retired from business. In this "allegory on the banks of the Nile," the Locke Kings and other bit-by-bit reformers were of course the "hucksters," while the respectable tradesmen who had retired from business were our Noble Viscount and his colleagues, who had refused to bring in another Reform Bill. Mr. Disraeli's picture of the Blacks and Ellices of the Liberal party turning pale in the House in the previous session, when the order of the day for Lord John's Reform Bill was read, and shivering in their shoes in the lobby at the mention of a general election, raised shouts of laughter. We were in the humour to be pleased, and were not disinclined to admit that we were determined last year to have no general election. Our Noble Viscount hinted that this resolution was of undiminished force this session, and symptoms were not wanting, even at this early period, that the Government intended to trade upon this reluctance, and to rely upon it for pulling them through. At this early date also, indications were visible that the Opposition had no intention of ousting the Government. Two days after the session opened, Mr. Disraeli went out of the way to defend our Noble Viscount's conduct of the business of the House. On this occasion he again complimented the Premier; and, as our Noble Viscount had warned L. King and Baines that they brought in their bills with very slender chances of success, and that they must not expect to receive any facilities from the Government, Mr. Disraeli seemed justified thus early in turning round to his supporters, and inquiring in a whisper, "Could we have a better breakwater than Palmerston, gentlemen, against democratic innovation?"

The Opposition drew "first blood" against the Government in the division upon Mr. Hubbard's motion, to assess the income-tax in proportion as income is available for immediate expenditure. What Mr. Disraeli thought of Mr. Hubbard's proposal may be conjectured by his leaving the House before the division. He found it embarrassing, on the one hand, to vote against a political adherent and the bulk of his party; or, on the other, to vote for a motion which might tie his hands if he came into office. His lieutenant in matters financial, Sir S. Northcote, went into the lobby with the Government; yet the Chancellor of the Exchequer was beaten, thanks to the union of Conservatives and advanced Liberals, who thus worked off a little of the irritation which had been caused an hour or two before by our Noble Viscount's facetious speech on Locke King's bill.

It was a subject of congratulation on the Ministerial benches that Mr. Disraeli carefully abstained throughout the session from expressing any sympathy with Neapolitan and Papal despotism. He took no part in the debate on the Italian policy of the Government raised by Mr. Pope Hennessy. This debate indeed did much to strengthen the Government. "Our foreign affairs are in good hands," was a remark not seldom heard from Derbyite lips. It did not fail to be remarked as significant that during all the debates upon Italian affairs which took place in the months of February and March (after Lord John's Italian despatches had been laid on the table) the Derbyites were the only Parliamentary section that did not speak through its leaders. Some said the silence was not creditable, nor, on the balance of loss and gain, likely to be profitable. But when an Opposition leader does not criticise and oppose he may be taken to approve. With every wish to be candid and fair, he can't be always praising his opponents. They are generally quite content if they are "let alone," and place their supreme happiness and contentment in the silence of the front Opposition bench.

Mr. Disraeli replied to Mr. Bright in the debate on the second reading of the Church-rate Bill. Mr. Bright's speech was powerful and effective in the delivery, yet irrelevant in matter. The difference in the two speeches was characteristic of the men. Mr. Bright always attacks the Church, as an Establishment, with zest, and his *animus* was unmistakably shown in this debate. The sale of next presentations, the nomination of bishops, the divided state of the Church as shown by the "Essays and Reviews," were all brought in to justify the Nonconformist's hostility to a Church establishment. Mr. Disraeli's reply did not want for approving cheers; but there was a marked contrast between the speech of the man who really liked the subject, and the reply of the party leader who, in spite of his No-surrender speech of the recess, would gladly shirk the subject of Church-rates as an uncongenial topic, did not party interests summon him to the battle.

(To be continued.)

BLINDMAN'S BUFF.—"We are all" (observes the author of "Ashcombe Churchyard"), "playing at blindman's buff, more or less, in this world, and better would it be for two-thirds of us, if we knocked our brains out against the wall, than that we succeeded in possessing ourselves of the treasure that is endeavouring to elude our grasp."

MEN OF MARK.—No. XX.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

"I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud.
It is but for a time: I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendours soon or late
Will pierce the gloom."—ROBERT BROWNING.

If we reflect upon the huge and terrible cloud of vice, sin, and misery that hangs over our planet, we shall wonder that Christian men and women should believe they serve Heaven by shutting themselves up in religious houses to lead an inactive life. There are better things than even a state of ecstatic devotion and habits of pious solitude. The man who fights one long persistent battle with the crime, filth, ignorance, and irreligion of great communities, lives not only a nobler life, but one more in harmony with the doctrine of human responsibility as inculcated in Holy Writ than the speculative and melancholy Christian who seeks a religious retreat, where he may by turns sound the depths of a morbid self-examination, or rise to the heights of pious exaltation.

Man's a king, his throne is Duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Orare est laborare. Work is true devotion. "In all true work," says the sage, "there is something of divineness. There is sweat of the brow, sweat of the brain, and sweat of the heart, which last includes all acted heroisms." The life we have now to sketch has been one long act of heroism, of devotion, of Christian philanthropy, shining down into the dreariest recesses of the coal-mine, the factory, and the cellar. Of such men are the sacred band of the Immortals.

The name of Shaftesbury is intimately associated with the political history and literature of England. The first peer of the Shaftesbury family was Sir Ashley-Cooper. In early youth he became one of the most eminent of the parliamentary leaders in the Council, and not the least active in the field; yet, when his foresight enabled him to see that the Restoration was inevitable, he took so prominent a part in bringing back Charles II., that he was raised to the peerage as Baron Ashley, and became a member of the infamous "Cabal" Ministry. He was afterwards appointed to be Lord Chancellor, with the earldom of Shaftesbury. He suffered himself to be put forward as the champion of the Cabal and the advocate of their foreign policy; yet, when the question between the King and his Commons came to be one of absolute or limited monarchy, and of a Roman Catholic or Protestant Establishment, he deserted the court, and ranked himself among the friends of the Constitution. He was the Achitophel of Dryden—

"A name to all succeeding ages curst,"

according to the licence of the poet, but honoured to all time by men of English race as the author of England's second great charter of freedom, the Habeas Corpus Act. He also first introduced a bill rendering the judges independent of the Crown—a measure which afterwards purified our corrupted courts of justice. Rapin calls him one of the greatest geniuses England had produced for many years; and Smollett says of him that, notwithstanding all his party rage and ruinous ambition, he was one of the most able and upright judges that ever presided in the Court of Chancery. His grandson, the third earl, the friend of Pope and the other celebrities of the Augustan age, was the well known author of the "Characteristics," who obtained from Voltaire the questionable praise of being "the boldest of the English philosophers." Ralph relates an anecdote, which is entitled to a place among the historic services of this family, and may be cited in support of recent legislation in the same direction:—"In 1695, Lord Ashley (grandson of the great Earl of Shaftesbury), at present famous for his moral tracts entitled 'Characteristics,' being returned a member for Poole, in Dorsetshire (while the bill for regulating trials in cases of high treason was depending), and attempting to utter a premeditated speech in favour of that clause of the bill which allowed the prisoner the benefit of counsel, fell into such a disorder that he was not able to proceed; but having at length recovered his spirits, and together with them the command of his faculties, he drew such an argument from his own confusion, as more advantaged his own cause than all the powers of eloquence could have done. 'For (said he) if I, who had no personal concern in the question, was so overpowered with my own apprehensions that I could not find words or voice to express myself, what must be the case of one whose life depended on his own abilities to defend it?'" This happy turn did great service in promoting that excellent bill.

The sixth earl was for many years chairman of committees in the House of Lords, in the discharge of the duties of which office he earned the character of a first-rate man of business.

The subject of the present sketch, Anthony Ashley-Cooper, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, was born in Grosvenor-square, April 28, 1801. His father was the sixth earl; his mother was a daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough. From his earliest years he devoted himself to adorn, and in some sort to redeem, a great historical name. He was sent first to Harrow, and then to Christ Church, Oxford, where he obtained a first-class degree in classics in 1822. Five years afterwards, as Lord Ashley, he was returned for Woodstock, the family borough of the Marlboroughs, which he represented until 1830. His ability and family interest soon marked him out for office, and in 1828 he was invited by the Duke of Wellington to fill the subordinate post of Commissioner of the Board of Control, the duties of which he discharged until the resignation of the Wellington Administration in 1830. In 1831 he was elected for Dorsetshire on the Tory interest, and voted with his party against the Reform Bill of Earl Grey. The family estate being in this county, Lord Ashley continued to represent Dorsetshire for the long period of fifteen years, until the year 1846. During Sir R. Peel's short-lived administration of 1834-5 he was a Lord of the Admiralty. In the spring of 1835 he, with his colleagues, retired from office; and it was about this time that he began to devote himself to those philanthropic and self-denying labours to improve the social condition of the toiling masses, with which his name is honourably and indissolubly associated.

Lord Ashley's earlier attempts to inform himself and to instruct his fellow-countrymen upon the actual condition of the labouring poor, were not untinted with party spirit. He belonged to the Tory party. He represented an

agricultural county. And when he made the country ring with denunciations of the misery, the ignorance, and the long hours of labour of factory operatives, something of party triumph was felt by the class to which the young nobleman belonged. The manufacturers stoutly denied many of his allegations. They told him and his class to look at home, and affirmed that the wages of families engaged in factories amounted to twice and three times the sum paid to the Dorsetshire labourers. Yet Lord Ashley returned again and again to the charge. He was never weary of pointing to the hidden vices of the factory system—the squalid homes, the maimed, mutilated, and stunted children, the heathenish ignorance of the parents, and the terrible neglect and unconcern of the mill-owners, in regard to the moral, social, and spiritual condition of their operatives. For a series of years Lord Ashley was the most unpopular member of the House of Commons among the capitalists of the manufacturing districts and their organs of the press.

On the death of the lamented Michael Thomas Sadler, M.P., Lord Ashley took charge of the Ten Hours' Bill. Session after session he continued to adduce irrefragable testimony in proof of the necessity for legislating to protect women and children against excessive hours of labour unsuited to their tender frames. The manufacturers met the agitation by a formidable organization. They declared that any reduction in the hours of labour would be fatal to our manufacturing supremacy; that our capital would take to itself wings and flee to foreign countries; that our mills would be shut up, and the operatives turned into the streets. Successive Ministries believed these prophecies, and hesitated to incur the tremendous responsibility of assenting to the Ten Hours' Bill. Wellington, Peel, Graham, Russell, Sir G. Grey, and almost all the leading statesmen of the day opposed the bill. Those who survived the passing of the bill have lived to rejoice that public opinion was too strong for them, and have had the manliness to avow that they were mistaken in their opposition. The gratitude of hundreds of thousands of operatives to their untiring advocate was unbounded. He received several ovations and addresses when he visited the manufacturing districts. To the factory operatives of Lancashire, Yorkshire, &c., he had but one advice to give, namely, to apply to purposes of religious progress and intellectual improvement the leisure which the Legislature had enabled them to rescue from toil.

Lord Ashley's consistency and perseverance were worthy of the great cause he took in hand. He refused to join Sir Robert Peel's Administration in 1841, because that statesman refused to countenance the Ten Hours' Bill, although he accepted the post of one of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, which he held until 1847. His official independence probably sharpened his political insight. In 1846 he, with his father, supported Peel in the abolition of the Corn Laws, being influenced, it is believed, chiefly by the great authority of the Duke of Wellington, who affirmed the existence of a Conservative Ministry, such as Peel's, to be of greater importance than the Corn Law, or any other law. Lord Ashley's adherence to the Prime Minister cost him his seat, but it was the event which, above all others, convinced friends and foes alike that the knell of Protection had been rung. In February, 1846, Lord Ashley and his colleague, Mr. Sturt, accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and six months afterwards their Protectionist successors heard the royal assent given to the Corn Law Abolition Bill.

From February, 1846, until the general election in 1847, Lord Ashley was without a seat. When the opportunity offered, he was invited to contest Bath against Mr. Roebuck. He now appeared on the field as a "Liberal Conservative;" his religious bias, which has always leaned to the Evangelical party in the Church, gained him many partisans in that city, and by a very considerable majority he was returned at the head of the poll. The contest being one of the first and most memorable of this general election, made a great sensation throughout the country. Lord Ashley represented Bath until 1851, when he succeeded to the Earldom of Shaftesbury on the death of his father.

He now began to take a more prominent part in connection with various religious, social, and philanthropic societies. A mere list of the associations, religious and secular, with which he is in some way or other officially concerned, would fill a column. Almost every scheme having for its object the physical, moral, and spiritual improvement of society, has in him an influential patron, who is ready to advocate its claims on the platform or in Parliament. That valuable institution of modern times, the Ragged School, may be said to owe its prosperity, if not its origin, to Lord Shaftesbury's energetic and self-denying labours. He appears to have adopted the saying of Archbishop Tillotson, that "there are several ways of reforming men—by the laws of the civil magistrate, and by the preaching of ministers; but the most likely and hopeful reformation of the world must begin with children." He is also the kind and judicious patron of the Shoeblack Brigade, which has rescued hundreds of outcast and destitute boys from the paths of vice and crime. He has likewise, with characteristic zeal, taken an active part in the children's Reformatory movement. It cannot be denied that these labours have borne practical fruit in diminishing the number of juvenile offenders. How much spiritual good they have effected will never be known on this side the grave. His is the hopeful Christian sentiment:—

The darkest night that shrouds the sky,
Of beauty hath a share;
The blackest heart hath signs to tell
That God still lingers there.

Lord Shaftesbury has been one of the chief promoters of the Labourer's Friend Society, and the useful movement for providing Model Lodging Houses for the London poor owes much to his efforts. So, also, does the benevolent project of erecting Drinking Fountains, which has been attended with so much success, that about one hundred and fifty fountains, in various parts of the metropolis, now supply pure water to the public. The sanitary question and its influence upon morals and social progress could not have escaped the notice of one who is familiar with all the low dens, the pestilential haunts, and the fever districts of the metropolis. The Lodging-houses Act has already worked an immense improvement in this class of dwellings. The Cemetery Act, by which interments were prohibited within a certain radius from St. Paul's, likewise found in him an eloquent supporter, and the noble earl was indeed named a Commissioner for carrying the act into execution. He is one of the leading members of the recently-founded Social Science Association, for discussing reformatory, sanitary, and other cognate subjects. Lord Shaftesbury may be constantly seen in the most out-of-the-way and obscure districts of the metropolis. On one occasion he devoted a whole

week in visiting from house to house, with a city missionary, the most wretched homes, and the haunts of vice and crime, that abound in the modern Babylon. The noble earl became a *Quarterly Reviewer* on the occasion, and described, in a graphic and interesting article, the scenes he had witnessed. The publisher acknowledged the value of the article by a cheque for £20, which the writer gave to the city missionary by whom he had been accompanied.

The Earl of Shaftesbury's religious tenets and religious influence deserve separate mention. As has been mentioned already, he belongs to the Evangelical party within the Church of England. He is a prominent member of all those Church societies which are founded on a broad basis. He accepted without hesitation the presidency of the Church Pastoral-Aid Society, the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, and the British and Foreign Bible Society. His peculiar pleasure appears to be in bringing together, upon a common platform, Evangelical Churchmen and Evangelical Dissenters, to stem the tide of irreligion and infidelity. He attends the meetings of the Protestant Alliance. He has also taken the most prominent part in the special religious services in Exeter Hall, which led to the Sunday evening services in St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, &c. Believing that men who are quite inaccessible to reason and religion are easily led by the affections, he and other members of the Evangelical Alliance have invited the working classes to hear the Gospel preached in the minor theatres. Lord Shaftesbury defended the expediency of this step in the House of Lords in a masterly and unanswerable speech, and quoted the evidence both of the officiating ministers and the police to show the orderly behaviour of the audience, and the change of conduct evinced by many hardened characters whose hearts have been touched by these ministrations. A religious periodical, the *Christian Cabinet*, states that—"Two days after the delivery of his speech, his lordship took his family to one of the theatre services on the Sunday evening, and himself read the Scriptures preparatory to the preaching of the Rev. H. D. Northrop, the American Evangelist. On leaving the theatre after service, hundreds of the neglected poor of London pressed round his lordship to shake hands with him, and to thank him."

To the Earl of Shaftesbury's influence the principal ecclesiastical appointments since Lord Palmerston's return to office have been very generally attributed. The earl is the zealous opponent of all Romanizing tendencies, and Puseyite and High Church pretensions have been so steadily discountenanced by the Premier, acting, as is supposed, under his advice, that some little jealousy has been caused by the "bishop-making" of this religious counterpart of the English Warwick of the middle ages. The Earl of Derby has himself joined in these reclamations, and has protested against the practice of appointing bishops exclusively from one party, and that perhaps not the most learned, in the Church.

Carlyle says that "at all turns a man who will do faithfully needs to believe firmly." If Lord Shaftesbury were not a firm believer in the religious principles he professes, he would not at this moment wield an influence in England greater perhaps than that exercised by Wilberforce in his best days. His zealous labours have been powerfully seconded by oratorical gifts of no mean excellence. In person he is tall. His action is dignified, his voice impressive, and suited to the solemnity of the topics with which he mostly deals. He has great natural fluency, but the perorations of his more important Parliamentary and platform speeches betray marks of careful and thoughtful preparation. The richness and variety of the mere politician would seem out of place in his speeches. He is an orator who never unbends. He never seeks to raise a laugh, or to indulge in a jest. The solemn verities which occupy his thoughts and colour his whole being, give elevation to his sentiments, and a peculiar character to his parliamentary efforts. His head is large, his face being of unusual length. His features are strongly marked, and are of a grave though pleasing character. His place in the House of Lords is on the same bench above the gangway which is occupied by Lord Brougham and Lord Ellenborough. On the last day but one of the present session Lord Shaftesbury addressed the House upon his favourite topics—the terrible effects of too many hours of work, of defective workshops and factories, of nightwork, and of the treatment of children by their employers in trades and manufactures not already regulated by law. An address to her Majesty was agreed to on the motion of the noble earl, and with the consent of the Government, praying her Majesty to give directions that an inquiry be instituted into the employment of children and young persons in trades, &c., not already regulated by law.

Lord Shaftesbury's habits are methodical and business-like. Every morning the postman leaves at Grosvenor-square an enormous mass of correspondence of the most heterogeneous character. Dozens of reports of religious and charitable associations, applications for patronage and support for new philanthropic schemes; communications from benevolent persons, detailing the success or failure of particular institutions; a deluge of begging letters beseeching pecuniary aid, each morning cover Lord Shaftesbury's library table, and demand his attention. Not seldom among these letters is some ill-spelt, misshapen, clumsily-folded sheet, sweeter, perhaps, to the Christian philanthropist than all beside, from some reformed profligate. Some shepherd lad, or small farmer in Australia or New Zealand, once, perhaps, a shoe-black or the inmate of a reformatory, or some toiling factory operative has yielded to an irresistible impulse, and has sat down, with a heart full of gratitude, to thank the noble philanthropist for means and opportunities of grace and goodness which God has prospered, and of which the seeds have fallen in no ungrateful soil. There is, perhaps, no living social and religious reformer who has received a greater number of these epistles than Lord Shaftesbury; and certainly none who prizes them more, or has derived greater encouragement from them to persevere in the noble work to which he has been called.

Another class of letters show less consideration than the religious world might be expected to evince. Persons of rank and influence receive numerous applications for subscriptions to charitable and religious objects, but those which are showered upon Lord Shaftesbury's table would require an income little less than regal for their favourable consideration.

During his father's lifetime his means were very limited; and it was often matter for surprise that Lord Ashley was able to achieve so much with comparatively restricted means. His accession to the family estates brought him, of course, a very large increase of income, but the appeals to his private benevolence have ever been out of all proportion to his means. If a church is to be built or endowed in the remotest districts of the country, if a ragged-

school is to be founded, if a charitable bazaar, or dinner, or testimonial is in agitation, or if money is wanted for any religious or charitable purpose whatever, Lord Shaftesbury is usually one of the first to receive a circular and an appeal for pecuniary aid. A Cæsar might go distracted in the midst of so many urgent and bewildering calls upon his purse. A glance at the subscription lists of the various metropolitan charities will show that he devotes a large proportion of his income to benevolent and religious objects. But there is a limit to the pecuniary ability of any individual, and cases of private distress and misfortune, and applications for donations to building funds, &c., would often be made with more propriety to the charitable and wealthy residents of the neighbourhood in which the parties reside.

As soon as the day's correspondence is cleared off, or put in train for reply, the Earl is ready to receive the deputations or individuals who may have appointments with him. Frequently he has board or committee meetings to attend at the City or West-end, in connection with the associations under his patronage. During the "May meetings" he is frequently called upon to preside over large assemblies in Exeter Hall. When Parliament is sitting, he is punctual in his attendance; yet he often leaves their lordships in some less important deliberations in order to take the chair at the anniversary meeting of some benevolent or religious association held in some obscure church or chapel. During a great portion of the year there is, we understand, scarcely a night when his presence is not claimed for a moral or religious movement in some district or other of the metropolis. Last winter, when the Poor-Law broke down in the metropolis, and the police-offices were thronged with the starving and destitute poor, Lord Shaftesbury was foremost among the benevolent persons who sought to alleviate the misery of the houseless and indigent classes.

It must have been observed that, first among the Conservatives, and more recently among the Whigs, Lord Shaftesbury has had unusual opportunities of obtaining important political place and power. On the formation of Sir R. Peel's Cabinet, in 1841, he declined, as we have said, a high and lucrative Ministerial post, because his acceptance of office would have been incompatible with his advocacy of the Ten Hours' Bill. When Lord Palmerston formed his Cabinet, in March, 1855, the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster was offered to the subject of this memoir, and by him declined. It was stated that the wide difference of religious opinion existing between Lord Shaftesbury and the High Church section of the Cabinet, including Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Sidney Herbert, prevented this arrangement being carried out. We have, however, reason to believe that the cause alleged is not the correct one. Perhaps the noble Earl declined political office because he feared that some of his philanthropic and religious coadjutors would not be able to act with him with equal pleasure and confidence as if he were to remain unfettered by office.

Lord Shaftesbury was nominated by Lord Palmerston, in 1856, Lord-Lieutenant of Dorset. He is, and has been for some years, Chairman of the Lunacy Commission, in which capacity he has effected many useful amendments in the management and condition of the insane.

By his marriage with the Lady Emily Cowper, step-daughter of Viscount Palmerston, Lord Shaftesbury has four surviving sons and four daughters. His eldest son, Lord Ashley, M.P. for Cricklade (who previously had sat for Hull), was born in 1831, and married, 1857, the Lady Harriet, only daughter of the Marquis of Donegal. He entered the navy in 1848, and served in the Black Sea and the Baltic during the Russian war, but has since left the navy, and is now captain in his father-in-law's regiment, the London Irish Rifle Volunteers. Lord Ashley, it is scarcely necessary to observe, has had ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the condition and wants of the humbler classes, and his future career is regarded by the religious world as bright with promise and with the desire to follow in his father's footsteps. Sir James Graham, in the House of Commons, recently made a graceful allusion to Lord Ashley, in avowing that he had been mistaken in opposing his father's Ten Hours' Bill, the benefits of which he now fully acknowledges. The Christian philanthropist had been wiser than the statesman, and the political economist felt constrained to confess that there was something still wiser than political economy, as usually interpreted.

A career of practical and enlightened Christian philanthropy extending over so many years, involving so much that is self-sacrificing, self-denying, and repulsive, and so successfully directed to the improvement of the condition of the indigent, the helpless, and the miserable, cannot be paralleled in the annals of the British peerage. High Church may quarrel with Low Church, and Roman Catholics with both; but all must admire the constant care and patience, the earnest thought, and the zealous endeavours which Lord Shaftesbury has brought to his high and sacred aims. The habitual sacrifice of his own tastes and wishes on the altar of Christian duty will be manifest, when we remember the neglected and destitute classes, the erring and the fallen, among whom his ministrations have chiefly lain. The works of benevolence which he crowds into a single year of his existence, must lead every friend of his species to pray that a life so valuable may long be spared to alleviate the wants of suffering humanity. The monument and epitaph of such men has already been written by the poet in the noble lines:—

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."

MEETING OF THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION AT EXETER.—(CONTINUED.)

PREVIOUS to the meeting of the Association, the local committee had exerted themselves successfully in collecting together a temporary Museum of Antiquities, which were arranged in the large room at the Royal Public Rooms,—the room, in fact, at which the evening meetings were held. It consisted of Roman antiquities, such as bronze statuettes, pottery, &c., found in Exeter; of a considerable quantity of coins and medals of various periods; of numerous interesting mediæval art and manufacture; of rubbings of brasses; of a variety of miscellaneous objects; and of a collection of paintings and drawings of ancient buildings in Exeter and its neighbourhood which have been altered or destroyed. Perhaps the most interesting, cer-

tainly the most remarkable, of the objects thus exhibited, were two moulds, apparently of granite, for casting the leaf-shaped bronze swords, which antiquaries have supposed to be British, but which, as well as the so-called bronze celts, and other similar objects, we have no doubt are Roman. The moulds for the celts are not uncommon; but we do not recollect having ever before seen an example of a mould for a sword found in this country, and we think that these deserve more particular mention. The largest of the two—there is a little difference in their size—is represented in our cut, where we

Fig. 1.

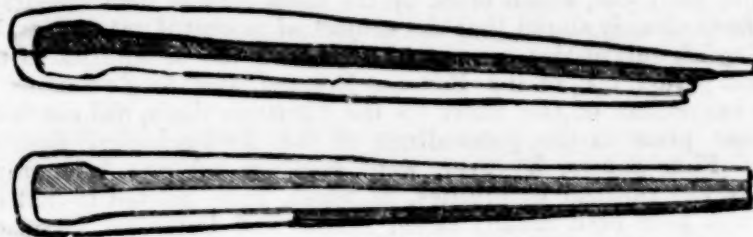
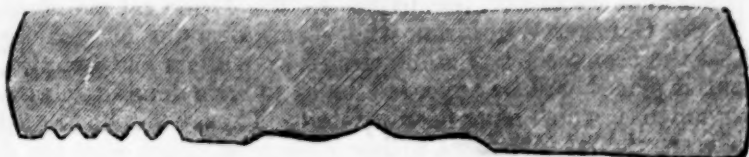


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



have, in fig. 1, the two parts of the mould, open; in 2, a section of the mould when put together; and in 3, a section of one side of the mould of the size of the original. The dimensions are:—Length, 24½ inches; breadth at the butt end, 2½ inches; greatest diameter, 3 inches, at 5 inches from the butt end. At the side of the mould of the sword are five long parallel grooves, the object of which is not very clear, for they are not found in the other mould. These sword moulds, which were exhibited by Mr. W. Buckingham, of Exeter, were found at Chudleigh Knighton, Devon, about ten feet under the present surface of the ground, and are now in the possession of Mr. J. R. Davy, of that place.

Among the Roman antiquities in the temporary Museum may also be noticed the five Roman statuettes, or Penates, in bronze, exhibited by Mr. Pettigrew, and described by him in a short paper. They consist of a Ceres, two Mercuries, a Mars, and a figure supposed to be Apollo; and are said to have been found, among a quantity of Roman pottery, in an excavation at the corner of Broadgate, in Exeter, many years ago, and an account of them was given, in 1779, to the Society of Antiquaries of London, and printed in the "Archæologia," by Jeremiah Mills, then Dean of Exeter. They were purchased in London some years ago by Mr. Pettigrew, and are now in his possession.

It is in this manner that the antiquities, which have been found in abundance in the city of Exeter and its neighbourhood in past years, have nearly all been scattered abroad and lost; and it was generally remarked by the antiquarian and other visitors on this occasion, as a subject much to be regretted, that so important a city as Exeter should have no Museum of its own in which objects like these, now temporarily brought together, might be permanently deposited. It appears that some of the more enlightened of the citizens have recently made some exertions to promote the formation of a Museum which shall put their city on a level with the other cities and towns of England, many of which,—such as York, Shrewsbury, Liverpool, Leeds, Saffron Walden, &c.,—possess large Museums of the most interesting character; and it is to be hoped that the remarks made by Sir Stafford Northcote on this subject, in his opening address, will help to promote this desirable object.

Sir Stafford's address was one of the remarkable features of the week, and has provoked criticism from more than one of the London papers. It was effective, and told extremely well upon the audience; but in archaeological character, which is all we have to consider, it was not of a very high degree of excellence. Somehow or other, he occupied himself almost entirely with the primeval monuments of the county, which were those least prominently brought forward in the archaeological proceedings of the week, and he contrived to revive a rather considerable number of notions about Phœnicians and Celts which have been exploded over and over again, and are now held by no sound antiquaries. We can hardly seriously harbour the notion that we owe Devonshire clouted cream and cobwalls to the Phœnicians, as has recently been maintained by a writer on this subject. Sir Stafford made some neat and judicious remarks on the character of the true archaeologist. "There is," he said, "this that is peculiar in this kind of study; and it is, I really think, an indication that archaeology may be made a very fine and noble training for the intellectual powers and for the judgment of man,—that you have to combine such different qualities in order to make a perfect archaeologist. You require not only a great amount of knowledge,—that, I am aware, is essential, with a great amount of industry, necessary in all studies,—but require a combination of imagination and of judgment, of enthusiasm and of scepticism. You want two kinds of archaeology, positive and negative. You want poets and you want critics." After some allusions to the theories of the county historian, Polwhele, Sir Stafford went on to say, "If you had criticism only, you never would discover anything. Invention and discovery, after all, are very closely related; but you want to discover, you don't want to invent,—and the great danger is no doubt lead persons run into to the other. We must take great care that we neither repress and chill the discoverer by throwing cold water and looking with a smile upon his extravagances; nor, on the other hand, allow ourselves to be led away by those extravagances. That is the great use of such societies as the present. They come down with a large accumulation of experience; they are able, in the first place, to do much service in the district by exciting an interest. They cannot themselves—it is utterly impossible in the short time they have—make any great amount of discoveries. But what they can do is this: they can excite in the minds of a large number who live on the spot an interest in the subject which they themselves take an interest in. They can set these people on the track of discovery, and then, when discoveries or

supposed discoveries are made, the Association come from time to time to see how their disciples in the provinces are going on, reviewing the work, and ascertaining whether there is anything in all this matter collected, taking up the heap of sand and sifting it to see if there are a few grains of gold in it." The president of the Archaeological Association closed his address with some very strong remarks on the backwardness of the citizens of Exeter in preserving their antiquities and in promoting science, and pointed out the advantage, and even the necessity, of establishing a local Museum of antiquities. To this we may add another complaint, which was frequently repeated by the visitors, that the authorities allow a mass of unsightly buildings to remain in the Close, which block up the finest view of the Cathedral.

We have already stated that the subject of primeval antiquities, by which term English antiquaries generally understand the antiquities of the Ante-Christian period, i. e., of the Britons, Romans, and Anglo-Saxons, previous to the conversion of the latter to the Christian faith, did not hold a very prominent place in the proceedings of the Archaeological Association at Exeter. Four papers, however, were read on subjects belonging to this branch of our national antiquities, of which three related to that indefinite class which have been usually called British and Druidical, because nothing is known about them which would enable us to ascribe them to any particular period or object. We notice first of these, on account of the high scientific position of its author, the paper on the Druidical monuments on Dartmoor, by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who seems desirous of reviving the old notion that the cromlechs and stone circles were altars and temples, instead of being burial places, and he appeared to us to have done little more than revive old arguments, which have been refuted. Thus, when he argued that the finding of a sepulchral interment within a circle of stones does not show the inclosure not to have been a temple, alleging that it is known that people did bury in holy places, he appears to have overlooked the real circumstances on which antiquaries have now decided they are tombs, not merely that remains of an interment have been found within a circle, but that sepulchral mounds, or barrows, have been repeatedly excavated, and found to cover a so-called cromlech and circle, the cromlech forming the sepulchral chamber and containing the deposit, and the circle serving to define and perhaps to support the mound. The best of the papers of this class was that of a local investigator, Mr. P. O. Hutchinson, "on the hill-fortresses, tumuli, and some other antiquities of Eastern Devon;" the author of which at least gave very correct and minute descriptions of the remaining monuments of this description in that part of the country, with full information on all the circumstances connected with them, and this from personal surveys and from long acquaintance with the neighbourhood. Mr. Vere Irving's paper on the ancient camps, earthworks, and fortifications in Devon, was not made from personal inspection, but his remarks were judicious and implied a more general study of the subject. We have already alluded to Mr. Pettigrew's remarks on the bronze statuettes of the Roman period and on some other Roman antiquities found in Exeter. The subject was treated briefly, but judiciously. Lieutenant-Colonel Harding's paper on the coinage of Exeter also treated at some length on the Exeter antiquities of the earlier period, although he discussed chiefly the coinage of the city at a later date.

As the papers on primeval antiquities formed no very important part of the business of the Association, neither did monuments of the primeval period attract any of their attention during the excursions of the week. In fact, there are few of these in the immediate neighbourhood of Exeter, and it was only on the Monday which followed the meeting that they joined the Teign Natural History Club to explore the "Druidical" monuments on Dartmoor. The weather proved most favourable, and above thirty members of the Association and their party left Exeter early in the morning, in two carriages, each drawn by four horses. The route had been altered from the original programme, and it was after a long and rather tedious journey that they reached Teigncombe, where they were joined by a number of ladies and gentlemen, representing the Teign Naturalists' Field Club. They first examined the few stones which formed the remains of an ancient but small chapel in that neighbourhood, which had been taken down in the reign of Edward III. Thence they proceeded up a steep lane, bearing the aspect of a dried mountain torrent, and called Feather-bed-lane, which brought them out upon the bare common, not far from an interesting circle of stones. They went thence, under Kester, to the "Druidical" remains at Round Pound; thence to the Clam-bridge on North Teign; and thence, straight over the hill to the common above Fernworthy, where they dined in Fernworth circle, a monument of this class consisting of twenty-seven stones. The members of the Association and those of the Naturalists' Club then took their leave of each other, and the former walked to Fernworthy, where the carriages waited to take them back. A paper on the Druidical remains on Dartmoor was read by Mr. Ormerod.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

PASSENGERS along some of the quieter London streets, the houses in which are protected with a coat of paint over some portion of their exterior, cannot fail to be struck with a remarkable appearance, presented at irregular intervals by the painted surface. It seems as if some gigantic brush, dipped in thick brown mud, had been roughly passed over the modest drab or stone coloured walls, and had left a dirty stain wherever it touched. Further notice shows that this disfiguring stain is applied with no apparent order. Some houses have the parlour windows surrounded by two or three daubs of brown, whilst for a hundred yards on either side no trace of stain can be observed; the only approach to "method in its madness" being, that the ghostly painter, although wielding a brush of the most formidable size, and being apparently in no lack of paint, seldom or never exercises his skill above the parlour windows, and that, although very lavish of colour when he does settle upon a house, he generally leaves gaps of ten or a dozen houses between each exercise of his craft: the contiguity to an air hole of a sewer is also a predisposing cause of disfigurement to the houses. The scientific observer will have no difficulty in pronouncing the name of this invisible painter to be *sulphuretted hydrogen*, and the colour which he applies sulphide of lead. The almost universal basis of paint for house work is white lead, a compound of lead with oxygen and carbonic acid in varying proportions; this, when freshly put on, is of a beautiful white colour, and communicates considerable "body" to any other colour with which it may be mixed. Unfortunately, however, for house-

holders this fair, white carbonate of lead has a natural enemy, sulphuretted hydrogen, which is always lurking in the London atmosphere, to mar its beauty. The slightest breath of this gas causes the fixation of the sulphur to the lead in the paint, forming the sulphide of lead, which, being of a black colour, and being always in process of formation on the surface of metropolitan lead-paint, causes its gradual darkening until it is so black that a fresh application of paint becomes imperatively necessary.

This is the whole secret of the dingy, dirty appearance of almost all painted surfaces in the metropolis. If it were mere dirt—smoke and soot—a few pailfuls of water and a good scrubbing, once a year, would remove it, and restore the paint to its original freshness; it would last year after year until fairly worn out; but as it is, a painted surface has little chance of lasting in decent cleanliness for more than a year or two. It has been calculated by an eminent authority that more than a quarter of a million sterling is annually expended in London alone on paint for outward protection of wood, iron, and other perishable materials. At least one-half this could be saved if this baneful sulphuretted hydrogen could be prevented from destroying it. To exorcise the demon is no easy matter, but we have it in our power to use paint upon which it will have no injurious action, and so reap all the benefits, as far as architectural appearance is concerned, of the absence of this gas from our atmosphere. This substitute for white lead has, for some time past, been introduced into commerce under the name of *zinc-white*. It is a brilliant white powder, formed by distilling the metal zinc from clay retorts into chambers, through which a current of air is maintained. The volatilised metals burn with a most brilliant green light, forming a white oxide which is received into condensing chambers. This product of the combustion of zinc was called by the alchemists "philosophers' wool," or *nihil album*—white nothing—on account of its extreme lightness. When the combustion is over, the oxide is removed, and may be ground up with oil, and used for every purpose for which white lead is now applicable.

The great advantage of employing this paint, is its absolute unalterability under the influence of sulphuretted hydrogen, even in its most concentrated form. Exposed even to the pure gas itself, which would be instantly fatal to human beings, and would at once blacken a white-lead surface, a piece of wood painted with zinc-white is absolutely untouched, and is just as white on its removal from the ordeal as when first painted.

An equally valuable application of zinc-white is for painting purposes when exercised on a less extensive scale than the fronts of houses. Portrait and miniature painters were formerly in the habit of using white-lead very extensively in their lighter tints, on account of its brilliancy and opacity; and many have been the complaints of the blackening of their flesh tints,—the pearly hues of a fair girl's face becoming, in a few years' time, darker than a mulatto. This is now very generally obviated by the employment of zinc-white, the lead compound being banished from the studios of most artists.

Another most valuable result which will follow the general introduction of zinc-white instead of white-lead in house painting, &c., will be the prevention of the dreadful system of slow poisoning to which painters are now subject, and which is known by the name of the "painters' colic." The constant handling of the white-lead causes the metal to be absorbed into the system; the unfortunate painter is at first seized with pains in the abdomen, loss of appetite, and thirst; this is followed by a blueness round the edges of the gums, trembling of the hands, with loss of all power over the extensor muscles; the hands hang powerless to the wrists, the body becomes emaciated, and unless prompt remedies are taken, the unhappy victim dies exhausted.

This is not an isolated case. There are thousands of painters at this present time suffering from lead-palsy, and although the resources of men of science have been taxed to the utmost to devise a specific against it, nothing is effectual, so long as the sufferer remains in contact with lead paint. Practical men say that zinc-white has not quite so much "body" as white-lead; that it takes three coats of the former to equal two of the latter, and that although, weight for weight, there may not be much difference in price, yet this circumstance makes the zinc-paint rather the dearer of the two. We think, however, we have said enough to prove that the fact of its resisting sulphuretted hydrogen so perfectly, would make this paint much cheaper in the end than white-lead, even were the difference in price to be greater than at present; whilst the knowledge that the dreadful "painters' colic" does not attack those who work with zinc-white, should be in itself a strong argument in its favour.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IMPROVEMENTS IN MAKING GUN-COTTON.

A CHEMIST has published an account of a series of experiments which he has made on the preparation of gun-cotton. The results he has arrived at may be summed up as follows:—The smaller the quantity of cotton-wool operated upon the more easy it is to prepare a good gun-cotton. An ounce of cotton-wool he found was as much as could be manipulated with safety. The proportions found to give the best results were 1 ounce of cotton-wool, 16 ounces of nitre, 12 ounces of English oil of vitrol, and 12 ounces of Nordhausen acid. Five minutes in this mixture was found to effect the change in the cotton perfectly. A longer exposure was not only useless but mischievous. The temperature at which the action of the mixture goes on best is from 154° to 160° Fahrenheit. The large quantities of gun-cotton which are now employed, both in amateur and professional pyrotechnic displays, as well as its probable employment in warfare, render a really good process for making this explosive compound, such as we have found the above to be, very valuable.

SPHERICAL PORTHOLES AND EMBRASURES.

If there are no practical difficulties in its execution, a plan recently proposed by Mr. G. M. Hart for diminishing the dangers arising from the vacant space hitherto surrounding the guns when directed from the portholes in a vessel's side will prove of considerable value. He proposes to make the embrasures or openings for cannon of a circular form, and introduce into each an iron sphere, so arranged as to move freely within the opening, thus producing a facsimile on the large scale of a ball and socket joint. An opening is left in the centre of the iron sphere for running the fore part of the gun into.

AN ABSURD SIMILE.—In the new novel of "Ashcombe Churchyard" is to be found the following simile:—"The verandah drooped over the upper part of the parlour windows like the half-closed eyelids of a dead infant!"

ASTRONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.

NEW PLANET.

SIR,—A new minor planet, No. 71 of the series, was discovered on August 13, by M. Luther, at Bilk, who has obtained the following positions:—

Bilk mean time.			R.A.			Decl.		
	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.	
Aug. 13	11	—	—	22	19	28	—	0 7.0
14	13	12	38	22	18	20	—	0 4.6

The following positions are by M. Wolff, of Bonn:—

Bonn mean time.			R.A.			Decl.		
	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.	
Aug. 15	11	51	22	22	17	21	—	0 2.5
16	12	37	2	22	17	18	—	0 2.37

And the following position is by M. Schönfeld, of Mannheim:—

Mannheim mean time.			R.A.			Decl.		
	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.	
Aug. 17	10	50	59	22	15	15	—	+ 0 1

THE COMET.

The following ephemeris has been calculated by M. Seeling for the Berlin mean midnight of the undermentioned dates:—

	R.A.			Decl.			Distance from Earth.			Brightness, July 27 = 1.0		
	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	Miles.					
Aug. 31	15	33	29	+ 43	34.8	—	155,040,000	—	—	—	—	0.12
Sept. 1	15	34	38	—	43	29.2	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	15	35	47	—	43	23.7	—	—	—	—	—	—
3	15	36	57	—	43	18.2	162,735,000	—	—	—	—	0.11
4	15	38	7	—	43	12.8	—	—	—	—	—	—
5	15	39	17	—	43	7.4	—	—	—	—	—	—
6	15	40	28	+ 43	2.1	—	170,000,000	—	—	—	—	0.10

The brilliancy of the comet, we find, does not diminish now in the same rapid ratio which it did; it will probably, therefore, remain visible longer than we anticipated last week.

August 28th, 1861.

X. Y. Z.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE POTATO DISEASE.

To the Editor of "The London Review."

SIR,—I have read your article on "The Potato Disease—its Causes and Remedies," in your supplement of Saturday last, with considerable interest; but I think that you have not dwelt at sufficient length on the "quality of the seed." The proper seed or crabs of the potato are now seldom seen; the plant seldom produces them, and it is propagated from the tubers. What is the cause of this? No doubt, over-cultivation. When the potato is found growing wild, spontaneously, or in a state of nature, in America—whence it was originally brought to this country—its tubers are not larger than a hazel-nut. Every one knows the size they attain in the fields and gardens of this country.

What is the effect of cultivation on other plants? Take the common rose with a single row of petals, which grows wild in our hedges, for example. The effect of cultivation and rich soil on it is to produce the many-leaved rose of our gardens, which is propagated by slips. How are the additional petals produced? By transformation of the stamens or male part of the flower into petals, thus destroying the fecundity of the plant in the natural way. Over-feeding also injures the fecundity of animals, as breeders of stock are well aware. Now, what living creature is in health, when its power of reproduction is spoiled?

What, on the contrary, is the effect of transplanting an over-grown vegetable to poor soil? It does not flourish, but "runs to seed." What is the result of two or three generations of a gouty, over-fed human family? A consumptive or scrofulous family. What can be more striking than the picture you have drawn of a diseased or consumptive potato,—than its resemblance to the state of a scrofulous or consumptive human being? And if a man wants to grow sound potatoes, able to stand the vicissitudes of a variable climate, let him grow his seed potatoes in a poor soil. The history of the "flake" potato proves this. When a man wants to grow any particular variety of potato, he plants tubers of that particular variety, and always finds what he wants at the roots when he digs them up; but when a man plants a crab or proper seed of any variety, he may dip up several different ones at the root of his plant. A man planted a crab, and found at its root a long flat variety of potato, which he called, from its shape, a "flake." This variety has proved very sound, comparatively; and it has been much vaunted of, as if its cultivation would abolish the disease entirely; but it has only done so in a measure.

Now this, according to my views, was an instance of breeding from a sound stock, as its production from a crab proved. But, how is it that this variety has not become diseased by cultivation to such an extent as other varieties? It is the custom to plant it not in cuttings of tubers; but the small ones, or, according to my notions, the soundest or least bloated are planted whole; these being reserved as seed for that purpose.

I think that what I have written is about no trifling matter, and that what I have said will, if attended to and carried out, be of no little benefit to the producers and consumers of this important article of food.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Butterworth Hall, Rochdale, 27th Aug., 1861.

JOHN CHADWICK, M.D.

MILTON AND MOSAIC COSMOGONY.

SIR,—May I be allowed to place before your readers the following seeming incongruity of Milton with the Mosaic Cosmogony? In the morning hymn of Adam and Eve ("Paradise Lost," Book 5) are the following lines:—

"Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour of the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers."

Now in Genesis, Chap. ii, verses 5 and 6, we read, "For the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth" * * * * "but there went up a thick mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground." I do not point this out either as a blemish in that unrivalled composition, or as a defect in the theological knowledge of its author; but having seen no comment upon it in any edition of Milton's Works, place it before your readers not as a discovery, but as an oversight of himself or his commentators.—Your most obedient Servant,

E. B.

TRIFLES.—"They are the infinitesimal parts into which a mighty affliction is subdivided, and by which we are consumed slowly."

NECROLOGY.

J. QUEKETT, ESQ., F.R.S.

On Tuesday, the 20th instant, at Pangbourne, Berks, aged 46, John Quekett, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S., Professor of Histology at the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and Conservator of the Hunterian Museum. According to the *Times* the deceased gentleman was the fourth son of the late Mr. Quekett, Head-master of the Langport Grammar School, at which institution he received his elementary education. At the early age of sixteen he gave a course of lectures on microscopic science, illustrated by diagrams and a microscope of his own making, and, truly, if anything was wanting to show the ingenuity of the boy, nothing could exhibit it so much as this instrument, made up of materials furnished by a common roasting-jack, a lady's old-fashioned parasol, and pieces of brass purchased at a neighbouring marine store dealer's and hammered out by himself. With this instrument, now in the possession of the writer of this imperfect sketch, Mr. Quekett made some important discoveries. On the completion of the above-mentioned course he repaired to London, and was apprenticed to his brother, the late Edwin Quekett, the Lecturer on Botany to the London Hospital, at which institution he was entered as a student. He at once obtained the favourable notice of the medical officers of that charity. On the completion of his studies he became a Licentiate of the Apothecaries' Company, and a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. This institution having just then established a Studentship in Human and Comparative Anatomy, Mr. Quekett competed for the appointment and was unanimously elected, immediately after which he set to work and formed an elaborate and most valuable collection of microscopic preparations, injected by himself with so much skill as to excite the admiration of all able to form any opinion of their value. This collection the Council of the College of Surgeons purchased. At the conclusion of the period for which the studentship was tenable—viz., three years, he was appointed Assistant Conservator of the Hunterian Museum. On the retirement of Professor Owen, Mr. Quekett was elected his successor, as also Professor of Histology, an appointment which he held at the time of his death. Professor Quekett leaves a widow and four children to deplore the loss of an amiable husband and most indulgent parent.

GENERAL MOORE.

On Thursday, the 22nd instant, at his residence, Bath, aged 93, Francis Moore, Esq., the senior general of the British army. He entered the army in September, 1787, and was gazetted to a lieutenancy in 1791. He attained the rank of Captain in 1793, and of Major and Lieutenant-Colonel in the following year. He became a full Colonel in 1801, and a Major-General in the year 1808, the year that Sir Arthur Wellesley proceeded to the Peninsula to take the command of the British army. He was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General in 1813, and to that of full General in 1830.

CAPTAIN GLANVILLE.

On Monday, the 12th inst., at 4, Hoe-park-terrace, Plymouth, aged 52, Captain William Fanshawe Glanville, R.N. He was a son of Francis Glanville, Esq., of Catchfrench, Cornwall, a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for that county, and formerly M.P. for Malmesbury, by Elizabeth, second daughter of Robert Fanshawe, Esq., and nephew of Admiral Sir Arthur Fanshawe, K.C.B. He was born in 1809, and entered the navy in 1821, and obtained his first commission in 1827. In the following year he was appointed to the *Pallas* (42) employed on particular service; and in 1832 to the *Spartiate* (76) on the South American station. In 1836 he was transferred to the *Dido* (18) in the Mediterranean; and in 1839 to the *Castor* (36); and in 1840 again to the *Princess Charlotte*. For his services as flag-lieutenant of the latter ship at the capture of St. Jean d'Acre (where he particularly distinguished himself, and was recommended to the favourable notice of the Admiralty in consequence), he was promoted to the rank of commander. He afterwards served, in 1843-5, as second captain of the *St. Vincent* (120), flag-ship of Sir Charles Rowley at Portsmouth, and was advanced to the rank of captain in 1846; since which time he had been on half pay. He married, July 7, 1841, his cousin, Mary Anne, youngest daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Bedford, of Stonehall.

J. KAYE, ESQ.

On Monday, the 12th inst., aged 82, John Kaye, Esq., of the Grove, Fulmer, Bucks. He was the second son of the late Joseph Kaye, Esq., of Yorkshire, and was born in 1778. He was for many years an active Justice of the Peace for the counties of Middlesex and Bucks, and a Deputy Lieutenant for Bucks; and served as High Sheriff of the latter county in 1849.

C. INGLIS, ESQ.

On Wednesday, the 24th July, at Aylesford, Nova Scotia, Charles Inglis, Esq. He was the eldest son of the late Right Rev. John Inglis, D.D., Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, by his wife, Eliza, daughter of Thomas Cochrane, Esq., formerly Member of Council at Nova Scotia. He was born about the year 1812; and he was the elder brother of Major-General Sir John Eardley Wilmot Inglis, K.C.B., the hero of Lucknow, who is married to a daughter of Lord Chelmsford.

W. F. PALMER-MOREWOOD, ESQ.

On Thursday, the 15th instant, at Inverness, aged 40, William Frederick Palmer-Morewood, Esq. He was the second son of William Palmer-Morewood, Esq., of Alfreton, Derbyshire (who assumed the additional name of Morewood, by royal licence, in 1823), by Clara, second daughter of the late Sir Charles Blois, Bart., of Cockfield Hall, Suffolk. He was born in 1820, and was called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1847. His father is a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Warwickshire and Derbyshire, and served as High Sheriff of the latter county in 1835; he was also for many years Lieutenant-Colonel of the King's Own Staffordshire Militia. The deceased gentleman's eldest brother, Charles Rowland, who was born in 1817, is married to the Hon. Georgina Byron, daughter of the present Lord Byron. The Palmer family was formerly of Old Warden, Bedfordshire, now the property of Lord Ongley.

E. MONTGOMERIE, ESQ.

On Monday, the 19th instant, at 11, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, aged 61, Edmund Montgomerie, Esq., late of the Hon. E.I. Co.'s Civil Service, Bombay. He was the younger son of the late Archibald Montgomerie, Esq., of Belmont, Ayrshire, third son of the Hon. James Seton Montgomerie, sixth Earl of Eglinton,

and of his countess, Anne, daughter of the first Earl of Linlithgow. He was born in 1799, and at the usual age entered the East-Indian Civil Service at Bombay, in which he had held several high appointments. He married, in 1829, a daughter of General Sullivan.

F. J. FORD, ESQ.

On Wednesday, the 14th instant, at Llwyngwern, Montgomeryshire, aged 62, Francis Johnson Ford, Esq. He was the second son of the late John Ford, Esq., of Abbeyfield, co. Chester, by Elizabeth, daughter of Francis Ingram, Esq., of Wakefield. He was born in 1798, and married Caroline, third daughter of William Minshall, Esq., of Kentish Town, by whom he has issue; he was a Magistrate for the counties of Chester, Montgomery, and Merioneth. His elder brother is Mr. Charles Ingram Ford, of Abbeyfield, a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Cheshire. The Ford family were settled at Ford Green, in Norton-le-Moors, near the borders of Cheshire, as far back as the twelfth century.

A. LAMONT, ESQ.

On Wednesday, the 21st instant, at Knockdow, Argyleshire, aged 77, Alexander Lamont, Esq., of Knockdow. He was the eldest son of the late James Lamont, Esq., of Knockdow, by Elizabeth, daughter of John Robertson, Esq., of Edinburgh, and was born in 1784. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and succeeded to his father's property in 1830. Mr. Lamont, who was a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant of his native county, and formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the Buteshire Militia, married, in 1827, Jane, daughter of A. Chrystie, Esq., of Balchrystie, co. Fife, by whom he has left issue. He is succeeded by his son James, who was born in 1828. This family is a branch of the old Scottish house of Lamont of Lamont, in the same county, who have held lands in Argyleshire since the eleventh century, and of whom some very interesting details will be found in Skene's "Account of the Highland Clans."

LIEUT.-COLONEL J. M. DRAKE.

On the 6th July, at Dinapore, aged 54, Lieut.-Colonel John Minshall Drake, commanding her Majesty's 46th regiment of Bengal Native Infantry. He was the eldest son of Commissary-General John Drake, and was born in 1806 or early in the following year. He entered the Indian army, as Ensign, in August, 1825, and became Brevet Captain in 1840, and Brevet Major in 1851, and attained the rank of Lieut.-Colonel only a year or two since. He served with the army of the Punjab, and was present at the affairs at Ramnuggar, and the actions of Sadoolapore, Chilianwallah, and Goojerat, for which he had received the medals.

H. J. CATHCART, ESQ.

On Sunday, the 18th instant, at Fleury, near Paris, aged 20, Henry John Cathcart, Esq. He was the third son of Sir John Andrew Cathcart, Bart., of Carleton, co. Ayr, by his wife, Lady Eleanor Kennedy, only daughter of the late Earl of Cassilis, and sister of the present Marquis of Ailsa. He was born in 1842. Sir John Cathcart represents a younger branch of the house of Earl Cathcart, being descended from the Hon. Robert Cathcart, second son of John, second Lord Cathcart in the Peerage of Scotland, who married Margaret, daughter and heiress of Alan Cathcart, of Carleton, and afterwards fell fighting on the field of Flodden.

MARCHIONESS OF BREADALBANE.

On Wednesday, the 28th inst., at the residence of the Marquis in Park-lane, aged 58, the Most Noble the Marchioness of Breadalbane. Her ladyship was Eliza, eldest daughter of the late George Baillie, Esq., of Jerviswood and Mellerstaine, by Mary, youngest daughter of Sir James Pringle, Bart., of Stichell and New Hall. She was born in June, 1803, and married, in November, 1821, John Lord Glenorchy, eldest son of the late Marquis of Breadalbane, who succeeded to the marquise on his father's death in 1834, and is now K.T., Lord-Lieutenant of Argyleshire, and President of the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland. By his lordship, the Marchioness has had no issue. The eldest brother of the Marchioness has lately succeeded, by the death of his cousin, to the Earldom of Haddington; her next brother is Lord Jerviswood, a Scottish Judge of Session; the third is a major in the army; the fourth is a canon of York; and the fifth a captain in the navy. Her eldest sister is the Countess of Aberdeen; the second married Lord Polwarth, and died in 1859; the third is the present Countess of Ashburnham; and the youngest is Lady Grissell Baillie-Hamilton.

PRINCESS DE MONTLEART.

On Wednesday, the 7th inst., at Paris, Louisa Catherine, wife of Jules Maximilien Thiebault, Prince de Montleart. She was a daughter of the late General Sir William Keir Grant, K.C.B., an old Indian officer of distinction, Baron of the Austrian empire, &c. (who died at the age of eighty, in 1852) by Miss Jackson, daughter of the late Captain Jackson, of the Royal Navy.

LADY SMIRKE.

On Tuesday, the 24th inst., at Cheltenham, aged 72, Lady Smirke. Her ladyship was Laura, daughter of the late Rev. Anthony Freston, Rector of Edgworth, Gloucestershire, and married, in 1819, Sir Robert Smirke, R.A., the eminent painter, and formerly one of the architects to the Board of Works and Public Buildings, and the author of "Specimens of Continental Architecture."

DOWAGER LADY MUSGRAVE.

On Wednesday, the 21st instant, in Albemarle-street, aged 66, the Dowager Lady Musgrave. She was Elizabeth, third daughter of George Fludyer, Esq., of Ayston, by the Lady Mary Fane, daughter of John, 9th Earl of Westmoreland. She was born in 1795, and married, in October, 1824, Sir Philip Musgrave, Bart., of Edenhall, Cumberland, some time M.P. for Carlisle, by whom (who died in 1827) she had an only daughter, who died unmarried, and the title consequently passed to his next brother, the late Rev. Sir Christopher J. Musgrave, Bart.

MRS. STRUTH.

On Sunday, the 11th instant, at Paris, aged 56, Emma Louisa, widow of the late Charles Struth, Esq. She was the second daughter of the late Sir Josias H. Stracey, Bart., of Rackheath Hall, Norfolk (who died in 1855), by Diana, eldest daughter of David Scott, Esq., of Dunninald, co. Montrose, and sister of the present Sir Henry J. Stracey, Bart., late M.P. for East Norfolk, and now M.P. for Great Yarmouth.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Hon. and Rev. Henry Cockayne Cust, M.A., Canon of Windsor, Rural Dean, Rector of Cockayne Hatley, Bedfordshire; Sywell, Northamptonshire; and Willoughby Scott, Lincolnshire, who died on the 19th of May last, at his residence in the cloisters, Windsor, at the age of 80, had executed his will in 1855, and added a codicil thereto in 1857. Probate was granted, on the 23rd of August, to the three executors nominated: the Hon. and Rev. Richard Cust, M.A., Prebendary of Lincoln, Rector of Belton and of Shelland, Lincolnshire; the Hon. Peregrine Francis Cust (the testator's brothers), and Henry Francis Cust, Esq. (the son). The personal property was sworn under £12,000. This rev. gentleman was highly connected, being the second son of the first Earl Brownlow. The testator derived a considerable income from various benefices and clerical appointments, having held three church livings, together with the Rural Deanery and Canonry of Windsor. Canon Cust has died possessed of real property as well as personal, which he has bequeathed entirely amongst his family. To his wife, Lady Anna Maria Cust, eldest daughter of the first Earl of Kilmorey, he bequeathed a life interest in a certain portion of his property, her ladyship being amply provided for under deeds of settlement, as also some of his children. The testator devises to his son, Henry F. Cust, Esq., his estates in Beds and Cambridgeshire, and has appointed him residuary legatee. Legacies of various amounts are also left to all his children. To his brother, the Hon. and Rev. Richard Cust, the Canon has left his unbound books and MSS. on theological subjects, and has bestowed legacies on his servants, and there are bequests to the poor of two parishes.

Commander John Oldershaw Bathurst, R.N., residing at Portland-terrace, Southsea, where he died on the 27th of July last, had executed his will in 1858, therein nominating his brothers, the Rev. Walter Apsley Bathurst, M.A., chaplain of Wadham College, and Henry Thomas Dundas Bathurst, Esq., together with the testator's brother-in-law, the Rev. Richard King, executors and trustees, who proved the same in the principal registry on the 22nd of August, the personal property being sworn under £7,000. This gallant naval officer, who is very respectably connected, died possessed of real as well as personal property, which he has left entirely amongst his family. The testator has bequeathed to his wife a life interest in his property, real and personal, leaving her an immediate legacy of £100. The jewellery, watches, books, and nautical instruments, on her decease, are to be divided amongst their children, who also, at her decease, take the residue of the entire estate equally amongst them.

Miss Mary Leveson-Gower, late of Down Hall, near Harlow, Essex, formerly of Alverstone, Southampton, and afterwards of Pontefract, Yorkshire, died at Down Hall on the 20th of July last, having executed her will in November, 1856, appointing her brother, John Leveson-Gower, Esq., sole executor, to whom probate was granted by the London Court on the 8th of August, and the personal property sworn under £12,000. The testatrix has bequeathed all her property, with the exception of some small pecuniary legacies and specific bequests of jewellery, pictures, books, and other effects, to her brother and executor, John Leveson-Gower, Esq., absolutely.

Samuel Bell, M.A., Doctor of Philosophy, Principal of the Collegiate School, Stockwell, died on the 22nd July last. He executed his will on the 4th October, 1855, which is entirely in his own hand-writing, to which a codicil is appended, bearing date the 6th of July, 1859, the executors nominated being his son, Edward Samuel Bell, Esq., solicitor, together with Mr. W. M. Smith, of Brixton, and Mr. G. H. Ward, of Leeds. The will and codicil were proved in London on the 15th of this month, and the personalty sworn under £4,000. This gentleman, who had acquired some eminence in scholastic attainments, was also a Congregational Minister. He has died possessed of realty as well as personal property, which he has bequeathed to his relict and his family. There is a peculiarity in the wording of the commencement of the will, which we give:—"I always considered myself to be only entitled to a life interest in the patrimony I inherited, and I have struggled hard to maintain it undiminished to my children." The testator bequeaths annuities, varying in amount, to his relict and daughters, and appoints his widow residuary legatee for life, subject to certain contingencies. The ultimate residue of the estate is to devolve to the testator's two sons, to whom he leaves his library of books, with other effects, in certain proportions. Dr. Bell possessed some shares in the South Market, Leeds, also in the Leeds Banking Company, and in the Lancaster and Preston Junction Railway Company. All these shares are directed to be retained as heir-looms in the family.

Edward Hobson, Esq., of Stoke Park, Stapleton, Gloucestershire, but who died at Fenton's Hotel, St. James's, Westminster, on the 8th of last month, had executed his will in April, 1859, and, in the month of October following, added a codicil thereto, which were proved in the London Court, on the 9th instant, by his relict, the sole executrix. The personal property was sworn under £9,000. This gentleman has died possessed of a handsome property, both real and personal, which he has bequeathed entirely to his widow, for her sole and absolute use and disposition, subject merely to the payment of a legacy of £200 to the testator's house steward, £100 to his wife's maid, Mrs. Richards, and £100 to his stud-groom, John Green.

Oswald William Ketterer, Esq., formerly of Bombay, in the East Indies, but lately residing at Nutley Villa, Torquay, Devon, where he died on the 12th of July last, had executed his will whilst in India, which bears date 6th of December, 1859, and was attested by S. Compton, Ecclesiastical Registrar of the Supreme Court, Bombay, and Trimbuch Ragemuth, Head Clerk of the Ecclesiastical Register Office. The executors nominated are the testator's uncle, Thomas Walter Perry, Esq., and his cousins (William Robert Perry and John Perry), and his adopted daughter, Mary Jane Flower, to whom probate was granted by the London Court, on the 13th of August, and the personal property sworn under £8,000. Mr. Ketterer has disposed of his property in the following manner—making provision for his two adopted daughters: to the eldest he has bequeathed, besides other legacies, the sum of £2,000, and to the youngest an annuity of £200, with power of disposition over £2,000. To each of his god-children he leaves a legacy of £100, and to his four sisters the testator has left pecuniary legacies, and has directed that the residue of his entire property shall be equally divided amongst them.

"NO MORE," AND "TOO LATE."—In the new novel of "Ashcombe Churchyard" is to be found the following remark: "No more" is a weeping angel, "Too late" is a mocking fiend: sorrow is the concomitant of the one, remorse that of the other.

FISH AND FISHERIES.

Articles relating to fish and fisheries will be found under the following titles in the volumes of THE LONDON REVIEW already published:—"Scotch Salmon and Fisheries," Vol. I., p. 566; "Propagation of Fish," Vol. II., pp. 88, 114, 286; "About Lobsters and other Crustacea," Vol. III., pp. 105, 135; "Sea-fishing as an Amusement," Vol. III., p. 200; "The Salmon Question," Vol. III., p. 235.

Other articles bearing upon the same important subject are in preparation, and will appear in early numbers of THE LONDON REVIEW.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GRAND CONCERT, SATURDAY NEXT, SEPTEMBER 7th.

Vocalists:—Mlle. TIETJENS, Signor BOSSO, Signor DELLE SEDIE, and Signor GIUGLINI. Pianoforte, Signor BIANCHI.

A full Chorus. The Programme will be duly announced. Open at Ten; Concert at Three. Admission Half-a-crown; children, One Shilling; reserved seats Half-a-crown extra. The new Half-guinea Season Tickets will admit to this Concert, and till 30th April, 1862.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GREAT SHOW OF FLOWERS AND FRUIT.—DAHLIAS, ASTERS, ROSES, HOLLYHOCKS, VERBENAS, GLADIOLAS, PHLOXES, and FRUIT, will be held on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY NEXT, September 4th and 5th.

On WEDNESDAY there will be a display of the GREAT FOUNTAINS and entire series of WATERWORKS. Military Band in the Centre Transept.

Admission:—Wednesday, Half-a-crown; Thursday, One Shilling. Children under twelve, half-price.

Notice.—The new Half-guinea Season Tickets will admit to this Show, and till April 30th, 1862.

May be had at the Crystal Palace; at 2, Exeter Hall; and the usual agents.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—HALF-GUINEA SEASON TICKETS, admitting until the 1st of May, 1862, may now be had at the entrances to the Palace, at Exeter Hall, or of the usual Agents.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

Monday, September 2, and during the week, to commence at Seven, with BACCHUS AND ARIADNE. After which, at a Quarter to Eight, second time, the new Comedy of THE SOFT SEX—characters by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Compton, Mr. E. Villiers, Mrs. Wilkins, Mrs. Poynter, Misses Henrade and Lindley, Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam, &c. After which, PATER VERSUS CLATTER—Captain Patter, Mr. Charles Mathews. Concluding with MY HUSBAND'S GHOST. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, after the new Comedy, USED UP—Sir Charles Coldstream, Mr. Charles Mathews.

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During the Session, 1861-2, which will commence on the 7th of October, the following COURSES of LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:—

1. Chemistry—By A. W. Hofmann, LL.D., F.R.S., &c.
2. Metallurgy—By John Percy, M.A., F.R.S.
3. Natural History—By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S.
4. Mineralogy } By Warrington W. Smyth, M.A., F.R.S.
5. Mining }
6. Geology—By A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S.
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Officers in the Queen's Service, Her Majesty's Consuls, acting Mining Agents and Managers, may obtain tickets at reduced prices.

Certificated Schoolmasters, Pupil Teachers, and others engaged in Education, are also admitted to the lectures at reduced fees.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has granted two Exhibitions, and others have also been established.

For a prospectus and information, apply at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn-street, London.

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GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

Wednesday, 4th September.—OPENING MEETING and PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS, at eight p.m., in the Free-trade Hall.

SECTIONAL MEETINGS daily, as usual, from the 5th to the 10th inclusive.

Wednesday, 11th September.—CONCLUDING GENERAL MEETING, in the Free-trade Hall.

Thursday, 5th September.—SOIREE (Microscopes) in the Free-trade Hall.

Friday, 6th September.—EVENING DISCOURSE.

Saturday, 7th September.—SOIREE (Telegraphs), in the Free-trade Hall.

Monday, 9th September.—EVENING DISCOURSE.

Tuesday, 10th September.—SOIREE (Field Naturalists' Society), in the Free-trade Hall.

On Thursday, 12th September.—Important EXCURSIONS.

RAILWAY PASSES.

The Executive Committee have arranged with the under-mentioned Railway and Steam Packet Companies to issue to gentlemen and ladies attending the meeting in September, as members or associates, PASSES entitling the bearer to a ticket

to Manchester and back for one fare, between the 2nd and 14th of September.

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Charles Osborn, Esq., 2, St. Stephen's-road, Westbourne-park, W.
Cornwall St. John, Esq., Uddens, Wimborne, Hants.
Grenville G. Wells, Esq., Ashdown House, East Grinstead.

BANKERS—The Union Bank of London, 4, Pall-mall East.

AUDITORS.

H. D. Davenport, Esq., 48, St. James-street, S.W.
W. H. Grey, Esq., 48, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.
CONSULTING ENGINEER—D. K. Clark, Esq., C.E., 11, Adam-street, Adelphi, W.C.

SECRETARY—S. H. Louttit, Esq.

OFFICES—12, Pall-mall East, London, S.W.

The act for reducing and regulating the tolls to be demanded for the use of traction engines having now received the royal assent, the Directors feel that the period has arrived when the business of the Company may be extended with advantage to the shareholders and the public.

The Company was formed with the object of working the Patent for Traction Engines granted to Mr. Bray. These engines are so well known, by their having been of late identified with several works of great magnitude, that it is unnecessary to state here the nature of their construction. The great merit of the invention lies in the principle of the driving-wheels, which combine perfect simplicity with the greatest efficiency, and a capacity of adapting themselves by a simple method to all varieties of roads. The Company is also possessed of several subsequent patents for improvements in traction engines of considerable importance and value.

The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty having had an engine of the earliest construction on trial in Woolwich Dock-yard, found its use to be attended with great economy and advantage as compared with horse labour, and they have accordingly given an order for a new one, to be built for permanent service in the yard, which is to be fitted with the improvements referred to, as well as with various appliances for driving machinery, hoisting weights, &c.

The Company at present have engines profitably engaged in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, while business operations are open to it in all parts of the kingdom, and indeed in nearly every part of the world. Inquiries are constantly coming from contractors, merchants, mine and colliery proprietors, manufacturers, agriculturists, and other persons whose operations call for a large employment of horse labour, who see the vast importance of taking advantage of this means of land transport as a substitute for the expensive and uncertain mode of horse conveyance.

The case of India may be cited as a special instance: at present only the districts in the neighbourhood of the great rivers and their tributaries are well cultivated, whilst districts of unlimited extent, and capable of producing cotton, grain, and other produce in abundance, are almost altogether neglected, solely for want of some effectual means of transport.

As was to have been expected, difficulties were at first encountered from want of experience in the arrangement and construction of the engines, but this led the Directors, after much consideration, to establish a small factory, for the purpose of having built under their own supervision, on the most approved principle, an engine which could be relied upon for doing the heaviest work.

This engine has lately been completed, and the Directors are glad to be able to state, that the trials it has undergone, and the admirable manner in which it has executed various works, prove that a very important step in advance has been made.

The Company's operations will secure a large return for the capital invested, from the following sources of income:—

1. From the manufacture and sale of engines and waggons.
2. From the royalties due from manufacturers who may construct and sell engines on their own account.
3. From working contracts, and letting out engines and waggons to the public on hire.

Full prospectuses and forms of applications for shares, as well as any information respecting the affairs of the Company, will be afforded on application to Mr. S. H. LOUITT, Secretary, at the Company's Offices, 12, Pall-mall East, London, S.W.

GOVERNMENT SECURITY LIFE POLICIES.

THE CONSOLS ASSOCIATION, 429, STRAND, LONDON.

1. Provides the Security of Consols for its Policies.
2. It lends, or returns to Insurers ON DEMAND at any time, about One-Half of all Premiums Paid.

Undoubted Security for Money, with a liberal Rate of Interest.

The Association possesses a Large Capital, subscribed by several Hundreds of Shareholders.

Full information may be obtained on application to THOMAS H. BAYLIS, Managing Director.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

Head Offices: 29, Lombard-street, London; and
Royal Insurance-buildings, Liverpool.

Branch Offices: Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, Dublin, Glasgow, and Edinburgh.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1860.

"The success of the Company, even in its earliest years, received the marked attention, and elicited the surprised comments of writers best acquainted with the history of Insurance Companies.

"Fire Premiums for 1860 equal the Total Fire Premiums for the Seven Years 1845 to 1851.

"Life Premiums for 1860 exceed the Entire Life Premiums for the Eight Years ending 1852.

"Purchase of Annuities in 1860 largely exceeds the similar receipts for the first Ten Years, 1845 to 1854.

"This progress, it is believed, is unsurpassed, considering that it applies to each of the three branches of the business.

FIRE BRANCH.

"The Fire Branch has certainly shown no exhaustion during the year 1860 of that impetus which had previously brought it to a position of the first magnitude among the Insurance Companies of the United Kingdom. The Fire Premiums in 1860 had advanced to the sum of £228,314 7s. 3d. In 1860, the amount of Fire Premiums has arrived at a sum of £262,977 19s. 11d., showing an increase of £34,663 12s. 8d., exceeding the large advance of the preceding year, so that in two years the Fire Revenue of the Company has been enhanced by the enormous sum of £96,829 17s. 5d.

"The Parliamentary Report of Returns of Duty paid to Government for the year 1860 exhibits the augmentation of the business in a more prominent way, as it affords the means of comparison with other Companies. The Proprietors will be gratified to learn that the increase of Duty paid by the Royal in the last year is more than double that of any other Company, either London or Provincial, whilst only one of those Companies even approaches to 50 per cent. of the advance of this Company. Our increase actually equals 30 per cent. of the entire increase of the whole of the Metropolitan Offices combined, whilst of the Provincial Offices it forms upwards of 30 per cent. of the total advance of the other 28 offices established out of London.

LIFE BRANCH.

"The Reports of the Company for several years have had invariably to announce a constant periodical expansion of Life Business, the new Policies of each succeeding year showing an advance over the one that had immediately preceded it. A similar result is shown in the year 1860, the Premiums on New Policies, after deducting Guarantees, being £15,079 17s. 10d., which is an increase in that item of £1,993 17s. 5d. above the amount received for the year 1859.

"But even this advance is small when compared with the sudden and remarkable momentum which has been given to this branch of the business in the present year (1861).

"It was not until the commencement of the year that the public seemed to have become fully acquainted with the fact that the Royal Insurance Company had published, late in the last year, an account of the investigation into the assets and liabilities of its Life Department, under a novel form, and in as plain and intelligible a manner as the abstruseness of the subject admitted, together with the entire statements and valuations necessary for that purpose.

"It is conjectured, from the extensive notices of this Pamphlet and its accompanying Diagrams, which have appeared in the periodicals of the day, that it has largely attracted the attention of vast numbers of persons in all parts of the United Kingdom, as well as in other parts of the world. Indeed, a most satisfactory and conclusive evidence that such is the case is afforded by the fact that the sum assured on New Policies in the six months to the 3rd June of the present year, is actually 50 per cent. in excess of the Sum Assured in the corresponding months of the year 1860, although the latter amount in itself exceeded the Sum Assured in any like previous period of time.

"If this success be continued, the Royal Insurance Company would, with respect to the amount of its new business, be at once placed (at least with one or two exceptions) at the head of all the Insurance Companies doing business in this country, and the anticipations of the last Report, to the effect that the details of the Life Business then to be published would form an epoch of the Establishment, will have a speedy and very happy realization."

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES OF THE LIFE BRANCH.

PROFITS.—Large Proportion returned every Five Years to Policies then in existence Two entire Years.

Expenses chiefly borne by the Fire Branch, in order to increase the Bonus to be returned.

LIFE BONUSES DECLARED.

Two per Cent. per Annum on the Sum Assured; the greatest Bonus ever continuously declared by any Company.

SECURITY FOR BOTH FIRE AND LIFE BRANCHES.

Capital Two Millions Sterling.

Accumulated Funds in hand exceed £800,000.

PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.

JOHN B. JOHNSTON, Secretary.

ESTABLISHED 1838.

ALBERT MEDICAL AND FAMILY ENDOWMENT LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Principal Offices—7, Waterloo-place, and 42, New Bridge-street, London.

Branch Offices—At Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Agra, and Hong-Kong, with agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

POSITION, INCOME, AND PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

The accumulated assets exceed £650,000

The subscribed capital 500,000

The annual income from life premiums exceeds 250,000

The policy claims and bonuses paid to claimants about 1,000,000

The new business is progressing at the rate of about £30,000 per annum.

The Company transacts the following description of business:—Life Assurance on Healthy and Diseased Lives, Annuities and Endowments of all kinds, India Risk Assurances, and Guarantee business; and confers upon Insurers great facilities and advantages, secured with perfect security.

Special and peculiar features have been adopted, in order to render the Company's Policies additionally valuable as securities, and to offer to the insured means whereby their Policies may be saved from forfeiture.

Prospectuses, forms of proposal for Assurances, and every information, may be obtained on application to any of the Society's Agents; or to the Secretary, at 7, Waterloo-place, London, S.W., to whom applications for agencies in places not efficiently represented may be addressed.

C. DOUGLAS SINGER, Secretary.

SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, 48, St. James's-street, London, S.W.**TRUSTEES.**

The Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.
Sir Claude Scott, Bart.
Henry Pownall, Esq.

DIRECTORS.

Chairman—The Lord Arthur Lennox.
Deputy Chairman—Sir James Carmichael, Bart.
John Ashburner, Esq., M.D.

T. M. B. Batard, Esq.

Lieut.-Col. Bathurst.

John Gardiner, Esq.

J. W. Huddleston, Esq., Q.C.

Charles Osborne, Esq.

BANKERS.

Sir Claude Scott, Bart., & Co.

Founded in 1845.

To ample security, this Office adds the advantages of moderate rates and liberal management.

The Bonuses hitherto declared have been unusually large, and amount in some cases to a return of four-fifths of the premium paid.

No charges are made beyond the premium.

Medical Fees are paid by the Office, in connection with Policies effected with the Company.

For those who desire to provide for themselves in old age, sums may be assured payable on attaining a given age, as 50, 55, or 60, or at death, if it occur previously.

ENDOWMENTS FOR CHILDREN are made payable on attaining the ages of 14, 18, or 21, so as to meet the demands which education or settlement in life may create. By the payment of a slightly increased rate, the premiums are returned in the event of previous death.

Every information will be readily afforded on application to the Secretary or Agents.

EXTRACT FROM DIRECTORS' REPORT, MAY, 1861.

"The Directors are enabled, in rendering their Annual Account, to announce that the year 1860 exhibited a continuance of the same healthy advance on which they last year had to congratulate the Proprietors, and so far as can be foreseen, presents the elements of future prosperity.

"Proposals for the Assurance of £254,033 were made to the Office during the past year, of which amount £167,259 were assured, producing in New Premiums, £5,619 0s. 8d. The Income of the Office on the 31st December last had reached £46,562 9s., being an increase over 1859 of £9,700.

"The Accounts, having reference to the last three years, show that the Cash Assets have exceeded the liabilities in a gradually increasing ratio, thus:—

	In 1859 the Excess was	£8,269 7 4
1859	"	12,086 9 11
1860	"	18,557 0 6

"It will be seen that the amount added to the Funds of the Company during the past year shows a surplus of a very satisfactory character, notwithstanding the payment of £14,184 14s. 5d. for claims consequent on the Death of Members.

"Since the Directors last had the pleasure of meeting the Proprietors, the Royal Assent has been given to a Special Act of Parliament, conferring additional powers on the Company.

"As the close of the present year will bring us to the period prescribed for the Valuation of the Business, with a view to the declaration of a Bonus, the Directors very earnestly invite the co-operation of the Proprietors, and all others connected with, or interested in the Office, to assist their efforts in making the present the most successful year of the Company's existence, in order that, individually and collectively, all interests may be advanced."

HENRY D. DAVENPORT, Secretary.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

TOURISTS' TICKETS, at Cheap Fares, available for One Calendar Month, are issued from KING'S-CROSS STATION, as under:—

	Fares for the Double Journey.		
	1st Class.	2nd Class.	Carriages Closed
To Edinburgh and back.....	110 6	79 6	40 0
To Glasgow and back.....	113 0	82 0	42 0
To Stirling and back.....	118 6	87 0	44 0
To Dundee or Perth and back.....	120 0	90 0	44 0
To Dundee, Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, Arbroath, or Aberdeen and back.....	120 0	90 0	46 0
To Scarborough, Whitby, Redcar, Filey, Bridlington, or Scarborough and back.....	51 0	35 0	0
To Harrogate and back.....	43 0	32 6	0
To Isle of Man and back.....	70 0	50 0	0

Passengers wishing to stay longer than one calendar month at Scarborough, Whitby, Redcar, Filey, Bridlington, Withernsea, or Harrogate, can do so on payment of a small additional percentage.

For further particulars, see Programmes, to be obtained at King's-cross Station, and all the Receiving Offices in London, and at the Stations in the Country.

SEYMOUR CLARKE, General Manager.

London, King's-cross Station, June 24th, 1861.

PARIS IN TWELVE HOURS and a HALF,

via Dieppe, by the new DAILY TIDAL SERVICE, with Special Express Tidal Trains, both on the English and French Railways: 20s. Second Class, 28s. First Class. Return Tickets issued. Two departures daily (except Sundays).—For hours of departure from London Bridge and Victoria, see the "Times" daily.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

—RETURN TICKETS every SATURDAY AFTERNOON at low fares, by the BRIGHTON RAILWAY, from Victoria and London Bridge to BRIGHTON, Hastings, Portsmouth, Worthing, Eastbourne, &c.—See Time Tables.

FAMILY TICKETS TO HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, and EASTBOURNE,

for one or more Persons, available for one month, or for extended periods, from Victoria, London Bridge, and Norwood Junction Stations, at reduced Fares, by the BRIGHTON and SOUTH COAST LINE, on application at the Booking-offices, at the above Stations, or at 43, Regent-circus, Piccadilly.—Fares there and back:—to Hastings and St. Leonards: First Class by express trains 25s., by ordinary trains 21s.; Second Class by express trains 20s., by ordinary trains 16s.; to Eastbourne, by both ordinary and express trains: First Class, 20s., Second Class, 14s.

EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.**A MONTH AT THE SEA-SIDE.**

FAMILY TICKETS (for not less than three persons), from LONDON to LOWESTOFT or Yarmouth and back: First-class, 32s.; second-class, 25s. each person. From London to Aldborough and back: First-class, 26s.; second-class, 21s. each person. From London to Harwich or Dovercourt and back: First-class, 20s.; second-class, 16s. each person. Extra tickets are issued at half these rates to enable one member of the family to travel to London and back. The Family Ticket may be extended on payment of a small per centage.

By order, J. B. OWEN, Secretary.

FIRE ANNIHILATOR, OR VAPOUR FIRE-ENGINE,

is an instrument by which Carbonic Acid and Nitrogen Gases and Steam are generated at the moment and in large quantities. The vapour, so produced, being thrown upon or about an ignited body stifles the fire, by cutting off the supply of oxygen. The effect of the operation is instantaneous to annihilate the flames, reduce the temperature, absorb or dissipate the smoke, and render the atmosphere perfectly respirable, so that any person may enter a room that has been on fire immediately after the machine has been used. The machine is simple—complete in itself—cannot get out of order—is ready for immediate use—and operative almost instantaneously. The vapour given out may be breathed with impunity. The practical value of the instrument has been proved beyond question by numerous cases of use at real fires in dwellings, factories, and ships, and by the practice of the Leeds Fire Brigade and Gravesend Fire Police. Price £3 and upwards.

Office of the Fire Annihilator Company, 105, Leadenhall-street, E.C., London.

ORNAMENTS for the DRAWING-ROOM, LIBRARY, &c.

An extensive assortment of ALABASTER, MARBLE, BRONZE, and DERBYSHIRE SPAR ORNAMENTS. Manufactured and Imported by J. TENNANT, 140, Strand, London, W.C.

FOR CLEANING PLATE and JEWELLERY.

BRADLEY'S ALBATUM, or White Rouge, free from Mercury and soft, gives readily a natural, brilliant, and lasting Polish, without wearing the Articles, and is the only thing fit for Plated Goods. Sold by BRADLEY & BOURDAS, Chemists, Belgrave, London, and by Chemists, Silversmiths, Oilmen, and Ironmongers, in boxes at 1s. and 2s. See that "Bradley's Albatum" is on the box.

WHITE AND SOUND TEETH are indispensable to personal attraction, and to health and longevity by the proper mastication of food,

ROWLAND'S ODONTO, or Pearl Dentifrice,

preserves and imparts a pearl-like whiteness to the Teeth, eradicates Tartar and Spots of Incipient Decay, strengthens the Gums, and gives a delicate fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 9d. per box. Sold at 20, Hatton-garden, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

* Ask for "ROWLAND'S ODONTO."

91, GREAT RUSSELL-STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON. (Three doors West of the British Museum.)

A & F. PEAR'S GENUINE TRANSPARENT SOAP

undergoes a process in its manufacture which entirely removes all the corrosive alkali (so injurious), and introduces an ingredient of a soothing nature, which renders its cleansing properties most effectual—its colour being acquired by age only. Its perfume has also been studied so as to make it most agreeable. This fact, with the peculiar properties of the soap and the care bestowed on its manufacture, has induced many Physicians to recommend it in Skin Diseases.

Another excellence of this Soap is, that it may be used with either hard or soft water, a quality which renders it extremely agreeable to gentlemen of the Navy and Army, or families travelling to other countries, change of climate never in the least diminishing its properties.

Sold in Square Cakes, prices 1s. and 1s. 6d. each; and Tablets. To be had of most respectable Perfumers and Chemists in Town and Country, or of the Inventors, A. & F. PEAR'S, 91, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

DU BARRY'S HEALTH-RESTORING

REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD, we find the safest remedy for habitual constipation, indigestion (dyspepsia), coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, consumption, diarrhoea, nervousness, biliousness, torpidity of the liver, acidity, flatulency, distension, hæmorrhoid, debility, noises in the head or ears.—Andrew Ure, M.D., F.R.S.; Dr. Harvey, Dr. Shorland, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Wurzer.—1 lb. 2s. 9d.; 2 lb. 4s. 6d.; 5 lb. 11s.; 12 lb. 22s.; 24 lb. free of carriage, 40s.—BARRY DU BARRY & Co., 77, Regent-street, London; also, FORTNUM & MASON, and all Grocers and Chemists.

The Best Remedy for Diminishing Nervous Excitement, Allaying Pain, Procuring Tranquillity and Repose, especially efficacious in Diarrhoea, Cholera, Dysentery, Cholice, Fever, &c.

THE CELEBRATED SEDATIVE AND ANTISPASMODIC,

introduced to the use of the Medical Profession and the Public, with extraordinary success, by Captain JEREMIE, H.M. Army, and Opium Department, Bengal. Prepared only by

SAVORY & MOORE,

Chemists to the Queen and Her Majesty's Army. Opinions and official Reports of Eminent Physicians and Surgeons, Officers of the Army, Professors of Chemistry and Medicine, Merchants, and Families, accompany each Bottle.

N.B.—A Novel and Important Feature to distinguish the Genuine from Fictitious Preparations consists in the use of Patent Safety Bottles, with an ingenious contrivance, which checks the flow, and prevents an overdose being accidentally taken.

143, NEW BOND-STREET; 29, CHAPEL-STREET, BELGRAVE-SQUARE; 230, REGENT-STREET, LONDON.

DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA

has been, during twenty-five years, emphatically sanctioned by the medical profession, and universally accepted by the public, as the best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heartburn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and as a mild aperient for delicate constitutions, more especially for ladies and children. Combined with the Acidulated Lemon Syrup, it forms an agreeable Effervescent Draught, in which its aperient qualities are much increased. During hot seasons, and in hot climates, the regular use of this simple and elegant remedy has been found highly beneficial.—Manufactured (with the utmost attention to strength and purity) by DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond-street, London; and sold by all respectable Chemists throughout the empire.

MR. CLAUDET'S CARTES DE VISITE.

MR. CLAUDET, Photographer to the Queen, cautions the public that some shops are selling spurious imitations of his Carte de Visite Portraits. Although the imperfection of them is manifest, these counterfeit productions are capable of deceiving persons who do not examine the photographs attentively. To prevent this deception Mr. Claudet begs leave to observe that all the Cartes de Visite which come from his establishment are stamped with his name on the back.

107, REGENT STREET,
THREE DOORS FROM VIGO STREET, IN THE QUADRANT.

GUSH AND FERGUSON'S
CELEBRATED

CARTES DE VISITE, OR ALBUM PORTRAITS.
TWENTY-FOUR FOR ONE GUINEA.
GALLERY, 179, REGENT-STREET, W.

THE LATEST PRODUCTIONS FROM THE HIGHLAND HAND LOOMS.

SCOTT ADIE

Begs to inform his numerous patrons that he has now on view a most varied selection of LINSEY WOOLSEYS, SCOTCH LINENS, and SPUN SILKS for Dresses and Petticoats; Ladies visiting the Seaside or the Continent will find these articles most desirable, both in appearance and durability.

SCOTCH MAUDS and TWEEDS for Gentlemen's Shooting Suits in great choice.
BLACK and OXFORD MIXED TWEEDS for Gentlemen's wear in all substances; patterns furnished free.

SCOTT ADIE,

THE ROYAL CLAN TARTAN WAREHOUSE,
115 & 115A, REGENT-STREET. ENTRANCE AT THE CORNER OF VIGO-STREET.

TO GENTLEMEN.

Excellent Garments of Newest and Best Style, at a Most Reasonable Price.

W. COOPER & CO.,

"TAILORS' ASSOCIATION,"

34, CASTLE-STREET EAST, OXFORD-STREET, W.

(Patterns Free by Post.)

FAMILY MOURNING.

MESSRS. JAY respectfully announce that GREAT SAVING may be made by PURCHASING MOURNING at their Establishment. The Stock of Family Mourning is the largest in Europe. Mourning Costume of every description is kept Ready Made, and can be forwarded in Town or Country at a moment's notice. The most Reasonable Prices are charged, and the Wear of every Article guaranteed.

LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,

Nos. 247, 249, and 251, REGENT STREET.

JAY'S.

FAMILY MOURNING.

PETER ROBINSON'S

FAMILY AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE

Is now (since its extensive alterations) the LARGEST IN LONDON. Families will effect a great saving by forwarding their orders to this ESTABLISHMENT, where the BEST MOURNING may be purchased at the most reasonable prices, and the wear of the article is guaranteed.

DRESSES, MANTLES, BONNETS, and MOURNING COSTUME of every description, is kept ready-made, and can be forwarded, in town or country, immediately on receipt of order.

DRESS-MAKING TO ANY EXTENT ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

PETER ROBINSON'S GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,

103 to 108, OXFORD STREET, W.

TO TOURISTS AND TRAVELLERS.—PASSPORTS AND VISES PROCURED, without personal attendance, expense, and trouble saved, by applying to C. GOODMAN, Agent (Successor to LEIGH & Co.), 407, Strand, London, W.C., three doors east of the Adelphi Theatre.—N.B. Circular of Instructions Post Free.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH, used in the Royal Laundry, and pronounced by Her Majesty's Laundress to be the finest Starch she ever used.—Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c. &c.
WOTHERSPOON & CO., Glasgow and London.

INCORUSTATION OF STEAM BOILERS.

EASTON'S PATENT BOILER FLUID effectually removes and prevents Incrustation in Steam Boilers, without injury to the metal, with great saving in fuel, and with less liability to accident from explosion. It is used by H.M. Steam Storeships, Woolwich Arsenal, Honourable Corporation of Trinity House, Tower of London, by the principal Steam Packet Companies of London, Liverpool, Southampton, Hull, &c., and by Engineers and Manufacturers throughout the country. Testimonials from eminent Engineers, Boiler Makers, and Manufacturers, with full particulars, will be forwarded on application to P. S. EASTON, and G. SPRINGFIELD, Sole Manufacturers and Patentees, 37, 38, and 39, Wapping-wall, London, E.

"Mr. Easton has rendered steam navigation a decided service. If his fluid only effects a part of what is said of it in his testimonials, then it is worth a trial by every steamship owner in the world."—*Mitchell's Steam Shipping Journal* of 23rd Dec. 1860.
"Messrs. Easton & Springfield have patented and are now manufacturing a fluid which, although it has been subjected to the severest tests, appears to give universal satisfaction."—*Mining Journal* of 22nd Dec., 1860.
"The most effectual, economical, and simple preventive of incrustation known."—*Commercial Daily List*.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION!

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS

are confidently recommended as a simple but certain remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject; being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengtheners of the Human Stomach."

Norton's PILLS act as a powerful tonic and general aperient; are mild in their operation; safe under any circumstances; and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, in every town in the kingdom.

Caution.—Be sure to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase the various imitations.

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, &c. are instantly relieved by Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. In consequence of the extraordinary efficacy of this remedy, several unprincipled parties have been induced to vend imitations. Never purchase Chlorodyne except in sealed bottles having the Government stamp, with the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" engraved thereon. A whole sheet of medical testimonials accompany each bottle.

Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London.

Price in bottles, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d., carriage free.

LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES,

MANUFACTURED BY THE

WHEELER AND WILSON

MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

WITH RECENT IMPROVEMENTS.

Crystal Cloth Presser, new style Hemmer, Binder, Corder, &c.
OFFICES AND SALE ROOMS,

432, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON.

INSTRUCTIONS GRATIS TO EVERY PURCHASER.

THE LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE will Gather, Hem, Fell, Bind, or Stitch with great rapidity, answers well for ALL descriptions of work, is simple, compact, and elegant in design, the work will not ravel, and is the same on both sides, the speed is from 1,000 to 2,000 stitches per minute; a child twelve years old can work it, and the Machine is suitable alike for the Family or the Manufacturer.

Illustrated Prospectus, with Testimonials, Gratis and Post free.

REMOVAL.—On or about the 20th of September, the business of the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company will be removed to 139, Regent-street, W.

BEDSTEADS, BATHS, and LAMPS.—WILLIAM S. BURTON has SIX LARGE SHOW-ROOMS devoted exclusively to the SEPARATE DISPLAY of Lamps, Baths, and Metallic Bedsteads. The stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his establishment the most distinguished in this country.

Bedsteads, from 12s. 6d. to £20 0s. each.

Shower Baths, from 8s. 6d. to £6 0s. each.

Lamps (Moderate), from 6s. 6d. to £8 10s. each.

(All other kinds at the same rate.)

Pure Colza Oil 4s. per gallon.

THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.—The REAL NICKEL SILVER, introduced more than twenty-five years ago by WILLIAM S. BURTON, when PLATED by the patent process of Messrs. Elkington and Co., is beyond all comparison the very best article next to sterling silver that can be employed as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.

A small useful set, guaranteed of first quality for finish and durability, as follows:—

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When we speak of the history of the criminal classes of society, we do not mean the history of individual crime. Every period of society with which we are acquainted, after civilisation and population have reached a certain point in their progress, has contained such a criminal class distinct in itself. The idle, the dissipated, and the depraved, seemed to have a natural tendency to separate themselves from the rest of society, and to unite together in preying upon it, when it is numerous enough and rich enough to be preyed upon. Under different conditions of society, this exceptional class (if we may call it so), has found different sorts of encouragement, and the feudalism of the middle ages was especially favourable to it. The "mob" of the followers of a feudal lord was a troop of unprincipled rogues and vagabonds, the scum of society, who had no tie even to the lord they followed, but remained with him only for food and protection, and under shelter of his power preyed upon the society which treated them with contempt. They were the camp followers of a feudal army, who, as they had a sort of brutal recklessness of life, were employed in desperate assaults, and then were the first to plunder, while they excited horror by the greatness of their atrocities. They were useful to those to whose household they attached themselves, because, relieved from all moral obligations towards society, they were ready for any base employment, and a feudal lord was constantly in want of such base agency. Neither were they confined to the feudal lord, but they crowded to the monastery as well as to the castle, and in old histories we often read of the ribalds (for that was their most general name) of a religious house. In fact it was that class which (mistakenly supposed to be the meritorious objects of monastic charity), was thrown, by the decline of feudalism and the dissolution of monasteries, upon the general body of society, and very considerably embarrassed the legislature of the sixteenth century, which sought every means, but in vain, of suppressing them, under the title, which the statutes gave them, of rogues and vagabonds.

This class soon disappeared from the rural districts, because it there became more and more difficult to carry on their depredations without detection; and they collected together in towns, and more especially in the metropolis. Many causes during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries tended to recruit and strengthen them; and in London they formed an united body, which had its different classes, its peculiarities of language (which has received the name of cant, or slang), and had its own particular laws or regulations, while it set all other laws at defiance. We will not attempt here to trace the history, even in modern times, of this extra-social and anti-social class; but we will merely give a few notices of it at a particular period, taken from two or three pamphlets which we happen to have before us. The period we take is the latter half of the seventeenth century, from a hundred and fifty to two hundred years ago, when the injuries which London society endured from this class were almost intolerable.

Three of these pamphlets, all professing to be written by convicted thieves, give pictures of this criminal class at three different dates within the limits of the period just mentioned. The first is entitled, "The Caterpillars of this Nation Anatomized," published in London in 1659, and stated to have been written by a penitent highwayman; the second "A Warning for Housekeepers. . . . Written by one who was a Prisoner in Newgate;" and a third, without date, but shown by internal evidence to have been published early in the reign of Queen Anne, entitled, "Street-Robberies consider'd; the reason of their being so frequent, with probable means to prevent 'em," written by a reclaimed thief and highwayman. From these pamphlets we glean some curious particulars of the character and manners of what may truly be called the banditti of London from a hundred and fifty to two hundred years ago.

As we have stated, the criminal class itself was divided into a number of sub-classes, according to the particular occupations each followed, and these sub-classes were distinguished by names in the canting, or slang, language, and appear to have varied from time to time both in number and in names. Thus, in "The Caterpillars of this Nation Anatomized," they are enumerated as follows:—the "*ken-miller*," or housebreaker; the *filer*, or *cloyer*, or, in plain words, the common thief; the *bung-nibber*, or cut-purse; the *hector*, or knight of the blade, with his *rum-mort*, or female accomplice; and the *cafe-pad*, or highwayman. In the "Warning for Housekeepers," published seventeen years later, the subdivisions of this banditti are enumerated as follows:—the *gilter*, the *mill*, the *glazier*, *budge* and *snudge*, the *file-lifter*, the *tongue-padder*, and the *private thief*. Each of these sub-classes was independent of the others, and had a sort of constitution of its own, but they were always ready to associate or help one another when required. The highest in rank of these offenders was the *ken-miller*, or *mill*. The *filer*

lowing account of the *ken-miller* is given in the earliest of the pamphlets before us:—

"These rogues have a society among themselves, over which they have a principal, or president, which placeth and ordereth every one in his several function, every one according to his ability, either of wit or strength. When they enterprize any robbery, they consider the difficulty thereof, or facility, and do so accordingly go more or less in company. The first thing they do is an oath they take to be faithful one to the other, to assist each other being in prison, and, if any one be taken, not to reveal the rest. The next thing they take into consideration is the strength of the house, what bolts, what locks, what doores, what weak windows; if they can force non of these, and they know there's a rich prize in the house, then they endeavour to seduce some servant of that house into their party; if that fail they often convey an *hobgoblin* (as they call him) in some cask or trunk, who (when there's a fit occasion) lets them all in, to perpetrate their work: they usually carry about little boys with them, which being able to creep into a small hole, do often facilitate their way. When they rob a house they usually are disguised, and, for fear of a surprise, they gag the mouths of all the household, tying them in such manner as they may neither stir nor cry out. Now, since I can give you no certain note by which you may know these rogues, for they know not one the other any otherwise than by acquaintance (though some suppose the contrary), I say, all the advice I shall give you is, trust not too much *lowre* or *mint* (wealth) in your own house, but if you do, let not your servants know of it, for there are few *kens mild* (houses broken open) wherein some servant of that house is not an actor. In the next place see the *gigers-jack'd* (doores at night lockt), yourself keeping the keys, which will not only in part prevent theeves from coming in, but hinder your servants from gadding out."

The business of the *ken-miller* was termed "going to mill," and the "Warning for Housekeepers," in 1676, gives the following character of him under the name of the mill:—

"They are the most dangerous of all sorts, they have an instrument made about half a yard long, and almost as long over, which they call a *betty*, which, being chopt under a door, with a little help, it will make it fly off the hinges. There seldome goes less than three or four in a gang of these, and very seldome but where they are informed by the private thieves; when they enter, they carry in one hand a dark *glim*, and in the other a *poller*, which is a dark lantern and a pistol, so they *truck up the dancers*, which is run up stairs and bind all in the house, and some they gag, which they call *fuget and storm*; so having made all sure, they rifle the house for *yellow-boys* and *pieces of white*, which is gold and silver, and if they find none, they take the best *bulleroyes* or *lurries* they can find, and pike off with them."

The *filer*, whose business it was to rob shops, seems to have stood next in rank after the housebreaker. The writer of the first of these pamphlets tells us that,—

"Some of them are so ventrous as in a goldsmith's shop to swallow a gold ring, or anything else that will but slip down, to prevent the severest search, in case they are suspected; and indeed they seldome enter a shop in which they make not their markets before they depart. In the night they stand in some by-place, and snatch off hats from the heads of those that passe by, sometimes cloaks; at other times they will (when they see but a silly boy in a goldsmith's shop) blow out the candle, and so catch what they can. If he chance to espy a *Joseph* (cloak) hang in a shop, or anything like to be *fil'd*, it will go hard if it escape him; neither shall anything else that they can but touch with their birdlime fingers."

The *bung-nibber* was the common cutpurse, whose talent consisted chiefly in his cunning. Prostitutes entered largely into this class, which frequented fairs, and any localities where a number of people were assembled together; and the extravagant fashions of that age, when men wore diamonds and other gems, with gold buttons to their coats, gave them great encouragement,—

"Their exchange is Tyburne, or any great show, but especially Bartholomew-fair; in this last, to tell how many pockets were pickt, I doubt 'twill almost out-passe arithmetic, my reason is, by reason that pickpockets of late are so much increased; these of late have enlarg'd their trade since gold buttons on cloaks have been in fashion, which they will cut off from behind, nay they will cut off even the very tassels of silver hatbands, thus they play at small games rather than sit out."

The additional sub-classes of the pamphlet of 1676, are rather subdivisions of the others than new ones. Thus the *gilter* was a house-robber, who entered solely by his skill at picking locks and by stealth, and not boldly and by force like the *ken-miller*. He carried about him instruments for picking locks of all kinds, and he was in sworn league with the *budge*, the *lifter*, and the *private thief*, the latter of whom gave notice to the *gilter* of the existence of valuables in the house, and how and where he would find them without the risk of giving an alarm. The *glaziers*, we are told, were "a sort of cowardly thieves;" they carried with them instruments for taking out a pane of glass, and having thus entered a house, usually through the parlour window, they seized whatever they found near at hand, and gave it through the window to their accomplice, who stood outside. These thieves did their work as quickly as possible, and hurried off with their plunder to the *fencing-ken*, or receiving house. The *budge* and *snudge* formed together another class of house robbers.

"A *budge* and *snudge* commonly go together; a *budge* is one that goes loytering up and down the street till he can find somebodies door open, then he runs in boldly, and if he be seen by anybody, he craves pardon for being so bold, and says that he is mistaken in the house, and asks for somebody that lives next door, or somebody that did live there before; but if there be nobody in the house, then they are so bold to take what stands next them, and gives it to his *snudge*, who snudges away with it to his *fencing-cins*, who buyes it for a small matter, so



they sit down and never stir till they have spent it, according to the old proverb, 'Easily come, easily go.'

This class seems to have contained the idlest and the merriest of all the thieves of this period, and our writer gives an example of their songs, of which we may venture to reproduce the first lines, merely remarking that the sequel is chiefly remarkable for the light manner in which the thieves spoke of the punishments to which they were liable:—

"The budge it is a delicate trade,
And a delicate trade of fame,
For when that we have bit the bloe,
We carry away the game.
But if the cully nap us,
And the lasses from us take,
O then they rub us to the whitt,
And it is hardly worth a make (a halfpenny)."

A file was the pickpocket, and the bulk was his accomplice, without whom he could do little, though the latter was entirely dependent on the other, and was made to do the rough work; for instance, his superior employed him to quarrel with somebody in the street and get up a fight, while he picked the pockets of those who assembled to witness it, and then made off, leaving his bulk to get off how he could. The lifter was the common shop-robber. The tongue-padder, called also the setter, was a man selected because he had a smooth tongue and possessed more education than the others, and it was his business to get into conversation with people, discover what money they had and where they were going, and betray them to the town thieves or to the highwaymen, for which service he received a certain share of the booty. The private thieves were confederates of either sex, who were introduced into families as servants, in order to betray their masters or mistresses; they informed the thieves where the rich booty was, and let them into the house by some means or other, and when these had made their way into the house, they bound and gagged all the inmates, and the false servant along with the others, to remove suspicion from the domestic traitor.

The authors of these pamphlets seek to give reasons for the increase of these offenders, and to caution people against them. They ascribe their increase in some measure to the great number of disbanded soldiers thrown on the world, who were mostly vicious characters; and still more to the prevalence of gambling. They received encouragement from two quarters—from the inefficiency of the night police, which consisted usually of a few old and weak men, who went their rounds through the streets at stated intervals, and left the rest of the night to the thieves; and from the professional thief-takers, who had generally been thieves themselves, and had quitted the profession for the prospect of greater gain, but remained in league with the other thieves, and received a share of their plunder. The author of the pamphlet entitled "Street Robberies Consider'd," remarks on the character of the watchmen of the end of the seventeenth century:—

"Another reason of the frequency of street robberies is the remissness or corruption of the watch, and as often want of vigour and youth; for you shall seldom see a man under fifty among them. One trick of the street robbers has been to send one of their gang, seemingly drunk, to make a slight quarrel with the watch, who, upon the wave of a lantern, come to each other's assistance, especially where they perceive but little danger. The gentleman-thief, to make up the quarrel, is resolved to treat them. So to some night-house they go (which is another evil that should be cur'd), where the watchmen are made drunk, their business neglected, and an opportunity given to the thieves to prosecute their trade with less danger. Therefore, I think it ought to be the business of the heads of the parish to choose out young, stout, honest fellows for watchmen, who, for a little better allowance, would no doubt accept such an employment."

A rather curious tract appeared in 1718, under the title of "A New Discovery of the Conduct of Receivers and Thief-takers in and about the City of London," written by Charles Hitchin, who is described as one of the marshals of the city. He gives rather a strange picture of the resorts of the thieves, and traces the history of the thief-taker, from his first start in the world, through all the successive grades of roguery. In illustration of their modes of acting, he relates the following anecdote:—

"A gentlewoman, as she was passing along in the evening, in a coach, on the south side of St. Paul's Churchyard, was there, in the most audacious and barbarous manner, attacked and robbed to a considerable value, by three of the most notorious rogues that ever this kingdom were plagued with. Which being discover'd, and sought after, in order to bring them to justice for so doing, the thief-taker hearing of the same, and fearing that he might by this means lose three of the most profitable customers which belonged to his felonious shop, immediately summoned the three aforesaid offenders to a friendly conference, when it was unanimously agreed that the only way to save them, at this critical juncture, was for one of them to make himself an evidence, &c. 'Well, then,' saith the thief-taker, 'in order to blind the justice, and that he may take the information, is to induce him to believe that we are doing something for the good of the public; therefore, you must put into the information a numerous train of offenders, which have been concern'd with you, either in robberies, or buying or receiving of your stolen goods; and at the same time you must be sure to promise him, the said justice, that you will convict them all; and, that there may be a perfect harmony between us, you shall hear me, your counsellor, promise as faithfully that I will apprehend, take, and bring them to justice for the same. But, by the bye, I must give you this caution, that you do not put such and such robberies into the information, because I was employed by the persons you robbed to get them their goods again; and they not bidding money enough for the same, they were not returned to the right owner, therefore you know such must be left out, otherwise I shall bring my own neck into the noose, and put it in the power of every little prigg, as well as others, to pull the cord at their pleasure, and upon such terms, who the devil will be your factor?' And now let us see what is the consequence of this skittish and felonious information, but deceiving the magistrate, and letting the three aforesaid notorious offenders escape the hand of justice, and to give the thief-taker a reward of fourscore pounds, to hang up a couple of their sham thieves, which he got little or nothing by, in the room thereof; and likewise to give the thief-taker an opportunity to rob or extort a sum of money out of all the rest in the information, by making up and compounding the felonies with them, which, by a modest computation, cannot amount to less than a hundred pounds, or more."

The advice volunteered in these pamphlets to householders and others liable to depredation, and the cautions suggested, are generally commonplace—such as taking care to shut their doors and fasten their windows at

night, and to keep the keys all night in their own possession. The remarks on the taking of servants are more curious. We know that at that time the call for servants in London was supplied by the arrival of country girls by the various stage-waggons; that people went to meet them on their arrival to make their choice before they could be otherwise engaged. It is here intimated that the thieves sent girls with whom they were in league, who proceeded some distance into the country, where they got into the waggon, and so on their arrival were taken for unsophisticated country lasses, by which means they were enabled to betray people's houses to the London thieves. Besides this plan of proceeding, the thieves watched the servant girls newly arrived in town, made their acquaintance, pretended love, and offered marriage, and in many instances even went through the forms of marriage in order to effect their purpose. "Nay," says the writer of "Street Robberies Consider'd," himself a reclaimed thief, "I knew a fellow hang'd for robbing a house that had secretly marry'd three-and-twenty maid servants in five years, and robb'd every respective house; though this last wife prov'd that hanging and marriage went by destiny!"

In such a state of things, many were the anxious inquiries if no remedy could be devised for the evil, and various suggestions were made, but with no success. Most of these proposals, however, were prompted less by any judicious appreciation of the real causes of the disease, than by a revengeful sentiment arising out of the irritation which it naturally caused. The writer of the pamphlet entitled "Street Robberies Consider'd" takes this view of the case, though he expresses his belief that it would be opposed by the humane part of the community. He says:—

"I know I shall be tax'd with barbarity, when I say, in my opinion, our punishments are too mild. Hanging is the only execution for crimes of the blackest dye for male criminals, which are certainly the greatest number. Traytors, it is true, are quarter'd, and women are burnt for coining and murder; but they are strangled first, which is but reasonable in the first crime, tho' a very pernicious one. But, in the case of murder, both male and female should be burnt alive. The fear of such dreadful punishments would correct the vicious minds, and make them less criminal in spite of themselves."

In 1701 a pamphlet was published under the title of "Hanging not Punishment enough for Murderers, Highway Men, and House-Breakers, offered to the Consideration of the Two Houses of Parliament," in which he discusses the question, to say the least, very learnedly, calling to his support the doctrines and practice of antiquity. Even this writer, in spite of his learning, felt that he was writing against the force of public opinions, for he enters upon his argument with the following remark:—

"I am sensible that the English clemency and mildness appear eminently in our laws and constitutions; but since it is found that *ill* men are grown so much more incorrigible than in our forefathers' days, is it not fit that *good* men should grow less merciful to them, since gentler methods are ineffectual?"

He accordingly expatiates especially on the great cruelties and barbarities perpetrated by the thieves and highwaymen on their victims, and goes on to say:—

"So that I must beg leave to say, that they who show no mercy should find none; and if hanging will not restrain them, hanging them in chains and starving them, or (if murderers and robbers at the same trial, or night incendiaries) breaking them on the wheel, or whipping them to death—a Roman punishment—should."

All these doctrines have long become obsolete, and time and experience have shown us that crime increases with the cruelty with which it is punished, and decreases with leniency; but we must ascribe these results to other causes which have been at work—better government, a more intelligent attention to social wants, and a superior system of police; and perhaps, more than all, the march of civilization and intelligence. The feeling which suggested flogging and starving to death was in too irritable a mood to conceive or understand a wiser or more beneficial policy.

Reviews of Books.

LIFE OF RIGHT REV. DR. DOYLE.*

THERE are some subjects in which it is impossible to enlist public sympathy, because their nature is intrinsically and essentially disagreeable; and on which it is, therefore, a mere waste of words, money, and time, to write books. Other subjects are equally unpopular and hopeless, because the world has been wearied to death with them, and will have nothing more to say to them. The emancipation of the Roman Catholics, the repeal of the Irish Union, and the abolition of Irish Tithes, are pre-eminently subjects of which the present generation of men have had enough, and more than enough; they have been surfeited, disgusted, nauseated with them. Nothing could be imagined more desperate—we had almost said, more cruel—than the attempt to restore these veteran subjects to their former place of consideration in the public mind. It required the hardihood at least of an Irishman, and unshaken confidence in his own powers of persuasion and entertainment, to justify an author in his resolution to dig up these matters from the grave of temporary and fortunate oblivion in which they were buried. Yet this is exactly what Mr. Fitzpatrick has attempted to do in his life of Bishop Doyle. The result is just what might have been expected. We have two heavy and large volumes filled with extracts from Dr. Doyle's evidence before Parliament, on the subjects of emancipation and tithes; together with fragments of O'Connell's speeches; accounts of his disputes, intrigues, and seditious blusterings; things with which we were even better acquainted before we read Mr. Fitzpatrick's book than we desired to be. The list of those who have contributed to his book by furnishing him with letters, is indeed imposing and amazing; but at the same time we feel that we never waded through a heavier mass of correspondence. Sir H. Parnell was a very upright, honourable man, but he was not an able man; and anything less vivacious than his letters we have seldom perused. Lord Cloncurry, whose life Mr. Fitzpatrick has already attempted in a narrative which is mercifully confined to one volume, was, no doubt, an honest, but a very absurd man; a man of inordinate vanity, which he managed to gratify at last at the expense of a residence in Newgate. His letters have very little in them that requires or justifies preservation in print.

* The Life, Times, and Correspondence of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. By W. F. Fitzpatrick. Dublin: Duffy.

We learn little or nothing more about O'Connell from these volumes than we knew before. His conduct towards Bishop Doyle was, perhaps, the worst part of his public career. O'Connell was, in truth, a vulgar bully, whose head was turned by extraordinary success; and if any one, however pure in character, eminent in station, or distinguished by ability, presumed to differ from him, he did not hesitate to let loose the full tide of his own special powers of abuse on the head of his opponent. When he outraged all decency, and alarmed all reasonable men, by his advocacy and uncompromising justification of the conspiracies formed by the Whitefeet, in 1831, he did not scruple to assail Dr. Doyle, the wisest and best man amongst the Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland, and to denounce him, because he earnestly opposed a sanguinary and ferocious combination organized against life and property. It was at the very time when O'Connell was, to all intents and purposes, the aider and abettor of these conspiracies, and was goading his unhappy countrymen on to almost undisguised rebellion; at the time when he was living in defiance of law; that he received the offer of the office of Attorney-General from Lord Grey! In a private letter to Richard Barrett, he says, "Strictly private and most confidential—I could be Attorney-General in one hour." Mr. Fitzpatrick, with remarkable candour, observes:—

"It is a singular fact that a man who had spent his entire life, but especially the previous year, in dexterously evading the law, should be entrusted with the direction and conduct of state prosecutions! Yet such would seem to be the fact" (Vol. II., p. 335).

On the subject of this offer, Bishop Doyle was consulted by one of the Ministry; his answer is singularly sensible, and shows his knowledge of O'Connell's character, and an exact appreciation of his position:—

"I think it will be hard," says the Bishop, "to gain O'Connell, for he is more popular now in Ireland than he ever was, and he can, if he pleases, get twenty or thirty thousand pounds from the country, on his return [from England]. This popularity and emolument is more than Ministers can offer to him; but," he adds, "I believe the man to be honest! and will not be disposed to plunge the country into utter confusion, if your views towards him be acted upon" (Vol. II., p. 334).

Plainly enough, in the Bishop's estimation, O'Connell had his price, but fortunately the figure was too high for Lord Grey's Government.

Mr. Fitzpatrick is in all respects, whether as man, politician, or author, "ipsis Hibernis Hibernior." As for moderation, the word and idea are unknown to him. The result is, that, whether he is speaking in praise or disparagement of anyone, his portrait is certain to be a caricature. Take, for instance, his account of Lord Norbury:—

"Long before Lord Norbury's usual hour for coming into court, it was daily crowded to excess by the laughter-loving portion of the unemployed public. The very outward man of the Chief was enough to set what he called his 'racket-court' in a roar. With cheeks red as Bacchus, and inflated like those of Æolus, with a waddle not unsuggestive of a corpulent drake, Lord Norbury, at eleven o'clock precisely, would enter the Common Pleas, and bow histrionically to the assembled auditory. In less than half an hour a deafening uproar, which continued uninterrupted until evening, filled the Court. The drollest prologue that ever inaugurated a comedy was nothing to his Lordship's charge" (Vol. I. 259).

And Mr. Fitzpatrick describes his lordship's mode of delivering a charge, in the burlesque language of Mr. Sheil—language, if possible, more ridiculous and exaggerated than that employed by Mr. Fitzpatrick himself.

Our author, in his universal search after letters, applied to Lord Derby for two which Bishop Doyle had addressed to him when he was Secretary for Ireland. "Lord Derby kindly placed at our disposal these letters," says Mr. Fitzpatrick (Vol. II., p. 253). Yet in the preceding page we find Lord Derby described in these words:—

"Popularity was not the idol of Edward Geoffrey Smith Stanley, and he scorned to employ the diplomatic arts of conciliation. A knitted forehead generally gave place to the theatrical smile and plastic posture" (what can this mean?) "of his predecessors. For the ordinary recreations of men he had an austere contempt; he gave few dinners, and the freaks and foibles of fashion were sternly condemned in his careless dress" (We certainly did not know, nor do we yet clearly understand, how carelessness can be stern!). "Amongst the gentry he acquired a reputation for eccentricity! He lived and walked alone! Sheil tells us that he has often known him to walk fifteen miles along the high road, with a staff in his hand" (wonderful!), "and a slouched hat on his head" (still more so!), "and that he was designated as 'the odd gentleman from England'" (Vol. II. p. 252).

Mr. Fitzpatrick is perfectly welcome to his opinions about Lord Derby; but we must tell him that it is neither honourable nor manly to apply to a man for a favour, and in the same breath that you acknowledge his courteous kindness, and willingness to oblige, to hold him up to unmerited obloquy and contempt. No modern statesman has done more for Ireland, or has braved more unpopularity with his party, for the sake of Ireland, than Lord Derby; his reward has been, uniform abuse and malicious hate at the hands of the Irish liberals. The secret of all this is, Lord Derby was not only not afraid of O'Connell, but collared him and defeated him in the House of Commons. And the curs of the Liberator's pack have revenged his discomfiture by incessant yelping at the author of it.

Mr. Fitzpatrick has certainly not entitled himself to any extraordinary amount of forbearance on the part of the critical world, by the spirit which he has displayed towards others. Generosity towards an antagonist seems totally unknown to him. Yet we have seldom perused the work of an author who seemed to us to stand in greater need of consideration and compassion. His blunders are incessant. We are informed (Vol. I., p. 48), that "Louvaine is in France!" He tells us that at the monastery of Alcobaco, in Portugal, there are books received from "Pitt, and other eminent statesmen, in memoriam magnificentiissimi hospitii, which they received from the monks" (Vol. I., p. 36). Now, Mr. Pitt was never out of England but once, and then his travels extended no farther than Paris and Rheims!

In speaking of Protestant and Roman Catholic children, Mr. Fitzpatrick says, "both have been baptized, no matter whether by Paul or Apollo!" (Vol. I., p. 74). Apollo was certainly *πολλώρμπος*, and presided over many things; and his sister Diana had a famous bath; but we were not previously aware that he availed himself of it to baptize his own, or Christian, worshippers in it.

Our author's style is much disfigured by that love of bombast, which so commonly marks the productions of half-educated Irishmen. He seems unable to speak of ordinary things in ordinary phraseology. Some of his expressions are very funny; he says (Vol. I., p. 57), that Bishop Doyle, in the earlier part of his life, "suffered from frequent and serious attacks of delicacy!" What the nature of these attacks was it is impossible for the uninitiated to say. Sometimes our author is guilty of what looks a good deal like a bull, e.g. (Vol. I., p. 82) he tells us that a relative of the Bishop's "returned to Ireland (from France) with sentiments not far akin from infidelity!" This is a phrase, to say the least of it, "twisted to some obscurity."

His English is not always correct nor intelligible. He tells us (Vol. I., p. 463), "The Bishop was not yet done." The reader may fancy that he meant to say that the Bishop "was not yet done up." Nothing of the sort; he meant to say that "the Bishop had not yet finished!"

Mr. Fitzpatrick's historical blunders are curious and amusing. He tells us (Vol. II., p. 288), "Dr. Doyle flung all his energies into this great constitutional struggle" (for Reform). "Like Caesar on the plains of Maida!" he hitherto fought for victory; but now he fought for life." Whether Mr. Fitzpatrick believes in the *metempsychosis*—(he believes in many things quite as absurd)—and fancies

that the soul of Julius Caesar had passed into the body of General Stuart, which would, of course, account for the defeat of the French at Maida; or whether he was thinking of the battle of Munda, we cannot say; the objection to the latter most favourable hypothesis is, that Mr. Fitzpatrick states, that Caesar "did not fight for victory" in that battle: what he *did* fight for, he has not thought fit to inform us. As for "fighting for his life," every one who engages in battle *must* fight for that. Altogether this is really a very queer burst of rhetoric on the part of Mr. Fitzpatrick!

He tells us that on the 15th of November, 1830, the Duke of Wellington "was beaten by a majority of 29" on Sir H. Parnell's motion respecting the Civil List. (Vol. II., p. 229). The fact was just the other way, the Duke *won* by 29; but as he did not consider that majority to be sufficient to give him the command of the House of Commons, he resigned. The fact is a remarkable proof of the effect that the Reform Bill has had on Governments. How Lord Palmerston would jump at the bare hope of a working majority of 29!

We are informed that Lord Brougham, as well as O'Connell, had been complimented "with a patent of presidency at the Bar" (Vol. II., p. 335); by which we suppose he means "*precedence*." But Mr. Fitzpatrick's evil genius, *καὶ ἔσχατον*, is the Latin tongue! He has printed a good many Latin quotations; and the number of blunders into which he has fallen is really remarkable. We give some specimens—"Haud ignara malis" (Vol. I. p. 62), "*quis studet orat*" (p. 21.). "I could say to you, as Paul said to Junius!" (Bishop Doyle is the speaker), "*consensus es meam doctrinam propositum institutionem*" (Vol. I., p. 114). What this quotation means, or what it could mean, if it were correctly printed, we can form no manner of conjecture—"Non invidio quidem miror mages" (Vol. I., p. 206). Poor Virgil! At p. 279, Vol. I., we read of "the MS. of Publius Lentulus" (and which MS. Mr. Fitzpatrick appears to believe is both authentic and genuine), "which gives a minute description of Christ's appearance and manner." At p. 363, Vol. I., we find "*septrum*" for "sceptrum." At p. 456, Vol. I., "*verae voces ab inspectore*," probably for "*imo pectore*." At p. 485, Vol. I., "*destructor mors*." We have "*ostentim*" twice over—that we may be quite sure he meant it. He appears still to cling to a prejudice which we had fancied was exploded, viz., that "ut" governs an indicative mood; for we read (Vol. II., p. 100), "*ut veneratur ecclesiam*." Horace cuts but a bad figure under the transforming hands of Mr. Fitzpatrick. We read "*equam mi animum ipse parabo*" (Vol. II., p. 144). We read "*siquentur*" (Vol. II., p. 186), and "*tymphana*" (Vol. II., p. 362), as rather remarkable varieties of the ordinary forms. At p. 451, Vol. I., we have "*Quid decedum—anima requi-vendæ*," for "*dicendum animæ requirendæ*." "*Ne quid republica detrimentum patiat*" (Vol. I., p. 339) is certainly *not* (as Mr. Fitzpatrick states) the form of words "which the senate used to employ to the consul or dictator in times of peril."

But if the Latin tongue fares badly at the hands of our author, the French is not much better off. "*Que je suis hereux!*" (Vol. i., p. 364); "*tres-courieuse*" (id. p. 396); and "*je ne suis quoi*" (id. p. 435), are singular specimens of French. Our author uniformly uses "*sprung*" as the past tense of *spring*; but he is inconsistent in ignorance, for in the same page (Vol. i., p. 143), which has, "In 1794, a strong seditious spirit *sprung* up;" we also read, "No wonder that the heart of the Catholic body should have sank within it. *Their hopes hung like wet osiers!*" What particular sort of hope is intended by this last curious image, it really is not an easy matter to determine. At p. 362, vol. II., we read of "numbers of ragged children who dropped a *courtesy* to the bishop." This is remarkable—for it does not appear that the children were all girls—though the late census has informed us that there is an appalling predominance of females over males in our population.

We have given sufficient proof of our author's somewhat eccentric ideas about orthography in such languages as he appears to have heard of in the course of his studies. We must say, then, we have a just right to express our surprise that he should venture (p. 246, vol. II.) to direct attention to the circumstance that Lord Plunket, in a letter which he quotes, spelt the word "style" with an i, "style;" and the word "Paley" with an i, "Pailey." That so very able a man should have mis-spelt the name of so well known a writer as Paley, is certainly curious; but as for "style," the only reason for spelling it with a "y," is that the Latin form is supposed to have been "*stylus*." But we apprehend that the true form was "*stilus*." If it was "*stylus*," it must have been the Latin form of the Greek word *στυλος*; but this could not be; for the first syllable of the Latin word was always short, whereas the first syllable of the Greek word was invariably long. We believe that the Latin word is properly written "*stilus*," and that Lord Plunket is right in his spelling. But what should Mr. Fitzpatrick know about the matter, a man who cannot print three words in Latin without making two blunders?

To make the matter perfectly ludicrous, Mr. Fitzpatrick—with fatal love of a language which he does not understand—ends his book by a Latin quotation, in which he prints "*aureo stilo exeratis*," in which quotation he also has, "The learned Josephum Lanteri Lieur Sodanensem eloquently pronounces!" &c. (Vol. II., p. ult.). Mr. Fitzpatrick's ignorance of anything, particularly of himself, is indeed extraordinary. What are we to think of a man who explains the circumstance that Bishop Bathurst "left a sick bed" to go to the House of Lords, and vote in favour of Roman Catholic Emancipation, by the fact that "*prelates cannot vote by proxy*" (Vol. I., p. 162).

Gladly do we turn from the conceit, ignorance, and rhodomontade of Mr. Fitzpatrick, to the distinguished and remarkable man whose life forms the ostensible subject of his book. James Warren Doyle was born at New Ross, in 1786. He studied for orders in his church at the College and University of Coimbra, in Portugal. He derived immense advantage from his foreign education, which was infinitely better than any that Ireland could have given him. We believe that the Papal priesthood of Ireland has greatly deteriorated in consequence of the establishment of Maynooth. Students there have but little chance of being well instructed in any branch of knowledge, and have no chance at all of receiving liberal ideas on any subject, whether religious, social, or intellectual.

Doyle took the vows of monasticism, and became a member of the order of Augustinians; subsequently he was consecrated Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; in which capacity he was well known for many years in England. He took, indeed, prominent and important part in all the leading political questions which agitated Ireland during the whole period of his eventful episcopacy. He was several times examined by parliamentary committees; and his evidence was always remarkable for intelligence, clearness, and vigour. The evidence which he gave before both Houses in 1825, on the Roman Catholic Bill, was masterly, and had probably more effect than any other circumstance in reconciling the Legislature to the concession of those claims which he put forth for his Church. At the same time, it is undeniable that his positive and repeated assurances that the Papists in Ireland neither coveted nor would receive, even if they could get, the endowments of the Protestant establishment; his equally positive declarations that Papists would not use any political powers which they might obtain, for the weakening or injury of the Protestant Church; these and the like assurances have been wofully belied in the result. So presumptuous, indeed, and offensive

the attitude of assault now assumed by Papists, under the guidance of Cardinal Wiseman, against many of our institutions, that we fear a reaction of public feeling against them, which, when once aroused, will probably vent itself in illiberal—though we cannot say, unprovoked—violence. Dr. Doyle was furious against Irish tithes; and it would be unjust to refuse him the merit of perfect sincerity and honesty; he conscientiously felt that tithe was an oppression; but he ventured on questionable and dangerous ground, when he in fact sanctioned resistance to tithe, because it was demanded of those who did not belong to the communion of the clergy who demanded it. Roman Catholic Churches and Governments would certainly not allow the validity of such an argument as this in the mouth of heretics. Dr. Doyle, to his great honour, desired to establish a poor law in Ireland, and on this point had a serious misunderstanding with O'Connell. In all his political writings the Bishop is remarkably clear-headed; and these writings are in general very able productions—by far the ablest productions of the sort written by an Irish Papal ecclesiastic. He was influenced by a profound love of justice, and very often wrote and spoke nobly in defence of law. The "Twelve Letters" on the state of Ireland, which he published in February, 1825, do great credit to his understanding and heart. When we pass from such a production to the ferocious rubbish of MacHale and Cullen, we feel that we have passed from light to darkness. Dr. Doyle "entertained no doubt that there was considerably more than seven millions of inhabitants in Ireland [in 1825]. But the Catholics had ever been unwilling to make known their numbers to any agent of the Government" (Vol. I., p. 379). This modest unwillingness was subsequently overcome; for in the census of 1851 the Papists appeared in prodigious numbers. And when, in the present year, a fresh census was taken, and the numbers of the population were found to have decreased by more than a million, an explanation of so startling a fact was sought in the circumstance that many had died of famine, and many had emigrated. And, no doubt, it was the case, that many had died and many had emigrated; but by no means in sufficient numbers to account for so portentous and alarming a diminution of the population. Much of the real explanation is to be found in the fact that the census of 1851 was inaccurate and worthless. That census was not taken on one day, but on various days, according to the convenience or contrivance of the enumerators. What happened? The Papists had received the hint to exaggerate their numbers as much as possible, so as to make it out that their preponderance over the Protestant population was not only excessive, but increasing. The consequence was, that vast multitudes of Papists were numbered several times over!—the same persons figuring on one day as part of the inhabitants of—say Drogheda—and two days after as part of the population of a place some ten miles off! This was really the trick played. It was such a trick as could not well have been played anywhere but in Ireland; but its very singularity renders it probable that it was played in that land of paradox and comicality.

Dr. Doyle was undoubtedly a man very superior to all his contemporary bishops; but still he had weaknesses. His belief in miracles was childish and irrational. There is a nonsensical story told of the pretended miraculous cure of a Miss Lalor (Vol. I., p. 241), which it really is surprising that a man of common sagacity could have believed. Equally extraordinary was his occasional fasting; in writing to his niece, he says: "I am sorry you abstained from meat, and I beg that you may never attempt it again. I did so last Lent, and the consequence was, I was obliged to eat it in Holy Week, and am actually at death's door with an inflammation of my liver" (Vol. I., p. 231). What a miserable confession for a man to make!—that he had well nigh killed himself by a senseless adherence to as senseless a rule!

The Bishop, though eminently devout and thoroughly Christian in disposition and temper, had nevertheless some of St. Patrick's blood in him. On one occasion he thus addressed a congregation:—"I regret there cannot be Mass here to-day. I have repeatedly impressed on your pastor the necessity and duty of providing himself with vestments befitting the dignity of the Holy Sacrifice. He has not only neglected to do so, but he has thought fit to omit to call on you for that trifling aid which would at once have obtained the amount needed: saying which, he destroyed the vestments which had been so long a cause of general dissatisfaction" (Vol. I., p. 277). Clean linen, indeed, seems to have been a scarce luxury with the bishop's clergy; for we read of his telling another priest that his clerical habiliments "were disgraceful and degrading" (*ibid.*). Strange irregularities appear to exist in the Irish Papal Church, for we hear of "young men being hastily ordained" (Vol. I., p. 360). To one of these the Bishop said—"Who ordained you?" "The Right Rev. Dr. —." "Then," replied Dr. Doyle sonorously, "may God forgive him! for the Church of Ireland never can" (*ibid.*). So vehement was the Bishop when administering rebuke, that we hear of persons "swooning away while undergoing his reproof." We are also acquainted with the details of a suicide! which has been popularly attributed to some expressions of reproach uttered by Dr. Doyle! "The name of the unhappy man was Ryan, but we will" (Anglicæ, shall) "be readily excused from entering into the particulars of that very painful incident" (Vol. I., p. 419).

We are not much surprised at these specimens of angry and tyrannical violence. Power of any sort is a sore trial for the minds of men of low birth; ecclesiastical power is almost certain to be an overwhelming trial. We should be glad to believe that Mr. Fitzpatrick has drawn on his own imagination, or has been misled by false information, when he tells us (Vol. I., p. 399) that Dr. Doyle, after having been examined by both Houses of Parliament, said of his examiners, "I think in all my life I never encountered such a parcel of old fools!" Mr. Fitzpatrick repeatedly assures us that the Bishop held the Bible in the highest reverence; yet we find him saying, "I deem the reading of the Sacred Scriptures by the weak and ignorant, such as children are, whether with or without comments, and abuse always to be deprecated;" but he thought this abuse at that particular time, 1824, "filled with danger; not only an evil, but an evil of great magnitude" (Vol. I., p. 352). Let us compare this monstrous sentiment with the language of St. Paul to Timothy:—"Continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them, and that from a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation" (2 Tim. iii. 14). And great as was the Bishop's reverence for the Bible, he certainly falls into a considerable number of inaccuracies in quoting it; as, e.g., he talks of "Magdalen in the house of the publican" (Vol. I., p. 459); "Pharisees, who, St. Paul says, went about, in his time, 'praying long prayers, and devouring the houses of widows'" (Vol. I., p. 478). In another passage he talks of the "five righteous persons, who would have saved Sodom."

In 1826 a famine appeared imminent, and some of Dr. Doyle's ragged flock "joined the ranks of the evangelical missionaries." But they soon learnt the abominable nature of the sin they had committed, in holding any intercourse with men who "dispensed food and Bibles liberally." "On a certain Sunday, Dr. Doyle, after Mass, addressed these sinners. Raising his eyes to heaven, and in a voice which struck terror in every heart, he exclaimed, "I excommunicate you." A long, deep groan of wildness and despair swept through the chapel. Tears fell

thick and fast. Some fled panic-stricken, others fell prostrate before the altar, sobbing and imploring forgiveness of God and of his faithful Vicar. "Pardon them, my Lord," interposed the parish priest, "they repent." "No," said Dr. Doyle, "the crime is too great to be immediately forgiven" (Vol. I., p. 500).

Now, considering that this unpardonable crime consisted in the fact that some "starving peasantry" had received alms at the hands of Protestants, and Bibles, anything more brutal or wicked than Dr. Doyle's conduct we cannot easily imagine. The fact is, Dr. Doyle, with all his virtues, and he had many, had the intolerance of a Papal bishop; the natural goodness of his heart was embittered and envenomed by the unfeeling, relentless cruelty of the Church to which he belonged. He was too firm a friend and too stern a champion of his Church to be kind-hearted and amiable in anything that concerned its supremacy and dignity. We may grant that he was compelled to be a politician, from the necessities of his position as an Irish bishop at that period; but his intolerance and violence are not to be justified, except by the admission that the Papal Church is tyrannical on principle.

He died in the forty-eighth year of his age, having worn out a body which, it appears, was never robust, by incessant and excessive fatigue, in the discharge of his parochial and episcopal duties. He was a man of great and disinterested generosity, of kind domestic affections, with abundant charity towards everybody and everything, except towards those who resisted the authority, or dissented from the doctrines of his Church.

ANNE BOLEYN: A TRAGEDY.

THE German press frequently produces a kind of work Charles Lamb would have classed among the "books that are no books." They have the outward form of volumes and pamphlets, but an inscription on the title-page mercifully warns off a possible reader, by announcing that the matter therein contained is "printed as manuscript." As the said matter is pretty certain to be what no publisher, even at Leipzig, will touch in the way of business, the unit of the public into whose hands the production may fall is not beguiled of his time or money; he drops the manuscript put into type, at once, knowing that it is as unreadable as a prize poem, a table of statistics, or any of the numerous impositions that take the form of books, and are deficient in all the qualities a true book should possess. The "printed manuscript" ought to be more known in England; the qualification is grievously wanted. If we throw into the shape only of "fair copies" the amazing mass of rubbish a man may inflict on his friends, the warning it would carry on its face would be as useful as the self-betraying rattle the snake bears at its tail. The friend of the author knows what he has to expect by other means, but the unsuspecting general reader would be saved from a peril and an infliction.

This honest title-page says openly, "Put me down! I am only a book in appearance; really I am a manuscript; virtually I am still in the desk of my author, and it is my internal conviction that I ought to have staid there!" This candour we warmly approve. It is worthy of the German character; all praise to the land of the first printers, for devising a means of compensating some of the evils of the invention of type, among the greatest of which is the facility of publishing what is unreadable in the guise of actual books that were written for money, that when published are sold, and when purchased are read. Your true book fulfils all three of these conditions. We admit—with the grief that cometh of experience—that the world may be possessed of a real book in respect of which the important first condition of money-gain to the writer (*Eheu!*) hath been passed over; but we contend that what the public will neither buy nor read, is not a book, but a "production," a virtual "manuscript," however distinct in type and expansive in margin.

There ought to be some distinguishing mark put upon these impostors, these MSS. in the garb of volumes; well printed for the most part, and even ostentatiously bound, they are perfect in all that is external, yet they are but pitiful paupers, masquerading in robes worthy of the peers of thought! They are thus gorgeously arrayed by the vanity of the authors of their existence, who, unfortunately, can "pay for their glory." Not by the shrewd publisher is this expense incurred. No man in "the Row," or in his senses, would put such matter into print with the hope of remunerative sale. In nine cases out of ten a thoroughly stupid book is a private speculation. The grievance is that they are not announced to be so. They are sent out to the world as regularly "published" works; there is an evident expectation that they will find readers; there is a still more sanguine hope that they will meet purchasers, for prices are affixed, and piles of such printed trash are forwarded to the newspapers, inviting or challenging criticism. We generally "let expressive silence muse their praise." But this good-natured reticence is not possible in all cases. Some offender descends below the point to which mediocrity may be endured, and rises, in assumption, to the degree at which vanity is offensive. He purchases the assistance of the printing-press, thus multiplying his sins of ignorance, and thrusts them all upon the public, nothing doubting that they will buy and read. And, if left unwarned, they might buy, though to read is impossible, for these pretenders are well got-up, and might pass, as to externals, for the true princes of literature. It is on these impostors that the detective police of criticism is morally bound to perform its harsh but wholesome duty.

This preface would be out of all proportion, if it applied to a single work; but unhappily it describes whole classes of books on every conceivable variety of subject. The process of writing them may have been more or less useful to the authors; but the next stage of printing them is an offence, unless, in the German manner, they are printed as "manuscripts" for distribution among a small circle of friends, or victims, who may read and praise, or praise without reading, which is more likely. But the evil of indiscriminate publication is, that the literary journals of the country are expected both to read and praise, and advise the public to buy and read also!

These generalities require a special illustration; we could not find one better, or worse, than the terrible example of what busy self-complacency can do, in the production called "Anne Boleyn," that has been published as a "Tragedy." It is one of that hybrid class of works known as "dramas for the closet." Assuming all the forms of the real drama, it is generally announced with a kind of flourish that they are "not intended for the stage," as if the unfitness were a merit. Yet with absurd inconsistency they preserve all the machinery of the theatre. There are the acts, in which nothing is done, the scenes in which nothing is made visible, the "stage directions," that by no mechanism could be complied with. The writers of the unactable drama often direct their heroines to "blush timidly," and their heroes to "grow suddenly pale." Of passion, character, and poetry, there is here no trace, not even that minor "accomplishment of verse" that raises the broken lines of prose into smooth common-place with at least the practical form.

* Anne Boleyn: a Tragedy. London: Kent & Co., Paternoster-row.

Of this mongrel species of drama "Anne Boleyn" is one of the worst specimens we ever encountered. It is intended as a refutation of Mr. Froude's theory or statements as to that unhappy queen; and the author announces, with some ostentation, that it was "the amusement of a vacation." We hope it was the long vacation; the easily-pleased facility that could produce such a mass of dulness in an ordinary recess leaves no hope of amendment. Amateurs constantly mistake this facility for power; it is, really, one of the most fatal indications of weakness. "Anne Boleyn" is in five acts, of course; this division, being quite unnecessary to a reader, is always strictly observed by the writers of the "unactable" drama. Some thirty characters are employed, and the story covers a period of nine years. The subject matter would have made a good historical tract or pamphlet, in which Mr. Froude's conclusions might have been fairly assailed or demolished. But a religious controversy cannot be successfully worked into a drama till the struggle comes to fighting. Learned arguments are the most that could be got out of the Westminster Assembly of Divines; but there was real tragedy at Naseby, and Marston Moor, and at Tyburn subsequently, when the nation swung round again to the old point. In "Anne Boleyn" the abstract arguments preponderate over everything else; and the poor queen is not only made a kind of Royal Desdemona, accused of intriguing with a plurality of lovers (not one of whom appears), but talks, in her own defence, much sound doctrine, in very bad blank verse. In her short period of prosperity she is much given to pose the bishops with arguments and texts, and the only scene in which she appears with Henry, while an unsuspected wife, is a long dispute between them upon episcopal authority and the government of the Church!

We fear the King was, in some sort, driven to take refuge in the society of the maids of honour, who were less pertinacious theologians, for the next glimpse we catch of his Majesty, Jane Seymour is "sitting on his knee"! The sight throws the Queen into fits, and the consequence is the premature birth of a girl, whereas it seems that Anne had rather imprudently promised the king a boy! To have been beaten in an argument on episcopacy, and then disappointed in this manner, is a double offence, that fills up the measure of his Majesty's wrath, and he vents his rage in language more befitting a costermonger than a king; indeed, the Defender of the Faith swears very profanely and profusely throughout the book. In this mood he is found by the female Iago of the plot, Lady Rochford, Anne's sister-in-law, who feeds the royal ear with food for the jealousy that produces the Queen speedy trial and execution. Lady Rochford is intended to be a strong bit of character, as will be seen by this fragment of one of her self-communings:—

"Were I a man, I'd fight and conquer fate,
Kicking obstructions from the wide world's rim.
Hot in the spirit, I would whiz around,
Hissing as Gorgon to a frighten'd world;
Bottling up storm within my private pouch,
To blast the face of any mortal thing!
For bodkins, I'd have dagger; for pearls, shot;
And pocket sleepy poison for foe's veins.
How my hand shakes! But 'tis not fear within;
'Tis but the mountain's quaver till it rend,
With hot volcano from its pent-up womb."

A most tempestuous dame this,—who would kick obstructions from the rim of the world, bottle up storms in her pocket, and still leave room there for a little quiet poison for her enemies' behoof! This is the true forcibly feeble style; weakness trying to be strength, and only reaching absurdity. It requires some reflection not to mistake it for burlesque; but if it is meant for dramatic poetry, it is a frightful example of what may be produced by serious gentlemen who make tragic writing "the amusement of a vacation." But we must add a specimen of the language given to the king,—evidently sore from his defeat in the controversy about the bishops, nothing but the little incident with Jane Seymour having occurred in the interval:—

"I curse the day I made this woman queen,
Lying by night and day across my way.
Whilst she lives, I'm a netted king, fast in
A knot of hate! There's scarce a culprit, but
He apprehends her ears; then she stands plaguing me
For pardon, filling the law with eyeholes.
I may as well dismiss my judges, jailers,
And the hangman too! There's not a heretic
But she takes up his case against the Church,
As if her own: and I have promis'd her
No Englishman shall burn while she is queen.
Then she's a boundless spendthrift. I will call
Her almoner to account for her outgoings.
There's a conspiracy for alms against me;
Yet all the credit's hers! I'll make such begging
Vagrancy, and choke this wasting sluice of wealth.
I was six travelling years in catching her,
And within half that time my folly peeps.
Yet sure she has some worthiness;—for I
Could not have been—I never was—a fool!"

What with theological disputes, almsgiving, and applications for pardons and reprieves, the court, he complains, is quite changed, and would have no life left in it, but

"For that little nymph, Jane Seymour. Oh, how
She dances! And how light she rests upon
My knee, and revels in my royal smiles!"

With these qualities, and the additional merit that Lady Jane, as he says, has no "religious twists," it will be seen that poor Anne has a dangerous rival, and that her fate is sealed even without the aid of Lady Rochford's slanders. The trial, which provokes inevitable comparisons with that of Queen Catherine, and the execution, close this "amusement of a vacation," that would have been better spent in playing croquet, or stocking an Aquarium!

We would suggest to the prosaic intellects who may feel tempted by what they call the "dramatic form" of composition, that it is the very worst they can choose in which to write history.

By giving speech to historical characters, the writer becomes a "medium" between the reader and the "spirits" that are called up to give their utterances. And to the disgust of that reader, if not his surprise, he finds that statesmen, wits, poets, sages, warriors, all sink to the level of the gentleman who is "amusing his vacation" by a poor trifling with names that are linked with the greatness of the past. The trading "spirit medium" is a sheer knave; and though, probably, a fool also, finds "circles" of folly even denser than his own. He may reduce Shakespeare to talk like an idiot; turn Washington into a driveller; and make of Franklin the very reverse of what Franklin is known to have been. The "medium" may urge the impostor's plea of need for doing so. But gentlemen who can afford to spend "vacations," have no excuse for rendering them, by their unhappy industry, an ultimate infliction on the public, in the shape of a book, that, pretending to combine history, poetry, and the drama, does not contain one attribute of either, but degrades them all.

MARKET HARBOROUGH.*

THE death of Walter Scott left a gap in the literature of fiction, which a whole host of writers has since endeavoured to supply; and though no one singly, nor even the whole company united, have proved equal to fill the space which the mighty magician left void, their efforts have been, on the whole, very creditable evidences of English fertility of invention, English industry, and English taste. Perhaps the least successful have been those who have sought to walk in his steps as an historical novelist, though even in their volumes a large amount of historical knowledge is often visible, so that they are not without their use as vehicles of instruction; and where they fail, is in those higher attributes of genius which, when possessed in an eminent degree, place the novelist on a level with the poet, but which have never been displayed by any writers in such perfection as by Shakespeare and Scott. They fail, that is, in the correct appreciation of the real character of the age of which they are writing, and of the feelings and manners of the different classes of society at the time, and likewise of the delicate shades of character distinguishing individuals; and also in embodying their perceptions in a manner so lively and so faithful, that every action and expression is in keeping with the idea they design to give every person from whom it proceeds. Other writers seem to have proposed to themselves to found new schools of novel writing, if we may so say. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has aspired to found a philosophical school; Marryat, a writer of great humour and originality, recalled our recollections of "Roderick Random," with his admirable naval tales; while Mr. Thackeray, with a genius unequalled since the time of Scott, has restored the natural style of writing, setting before us pictures of real life with such fidelity, that every reader recognizes many of his personages as existing among his own acquaintances. Though forced to pass over many writers of great merit, we must not omit Mr. Lever, whose novels form a class by themselves, which, indeed, it is hard to describe by any single epithet, though the Irish element which pervades them, we suppose, must be taken to be their predominant feature. His chief characteristics may perhaps be described as untiring action and unceasing fun, and the main principle which he designs to inculcate seems to be that neither action nor fun worth speaking of proceed from any other source but whisky.

There have been also fashionable novels in great numbers; among the writers of which the late Mrs. Gore was incomparably the first; domestic novels, and religious novels, both of which kinds of composition have proceeded chiefly from female pens. A later school than any of these—though "Charles O'Malley" and his brethren may, in some degree, be said to have belonged to it—is the sporting novel, written, of course, or professing to be written, by gentlemen sportsmen; though one or two of the sportsmen, we fear, have hardly been gentlemen, and one or two of the gentlemen have certainly not been sportsmen. By far the ablest of these writers, one who undeniably is both gentleman and sportsman, is the well-known author of the book before us; and the book itself we look upon as the best of his works.

His hero, Mr. Sawyer, who, as we shall see, distinguishes himself not only in the same field as Adonis, but also in that in which Adonis failed, the field of love, little resembles that ancient hero in his outward man. He is a plain country gentleman, with sturdy legs, and feet which have been spoilt by an over-indulgence in after-dinner slippers; hands only light when holding the reins, whose short thick fingers perplex Grant, and would drive Jouvain mad; a square body, which, though only five feet eight, he has some difficulty in keeping down to twelve stone, which he fixes on as the legitimate weight for a follower of Diana; thin sandy hair, and stiff red whiskers; but withal an "honest English face," imperturbable good humour, and resolute courage.

He can ride, too, and what is more and more rare, he can ride to hounds; and he is first introduced to us soliloquising, like Fitzjames, over his "gallant grey," though, more fortunate than the Scottish monarch, he has cause for no tone but that of self-gratulation, having had a real good thing, and had the best of it himself from end to end; in fact, having earned the high praise of a sporting fishmonger of the hunt, who had sold him the identical grey that had so delighted him, of having "always been a hound and houter, and having gone owdacious." Of the county in which he had gained this glory we are left in ignorance. It may have been Essex, where the deep clay and high banks make the pace slow; it may have been Devonshire, where the still higher banks make the pace still slower, though both counties have turned out many a good sportsman and many a resolute and fast rider. At all events it was some county which failed to come up to Mr. Sawyer's estimate of his own and his steed's capabilities. And, full of elation at the prowess he had shown in the run to which we have alluded, and of disgust at having had no more discerning witness of it than the fishmonger aforesaid, one, too, whose praise was not wholly disinterested, he resolved on migrating to Leicestershire for the rest of the season, and on fixing his quarters at Market Harborough, to the horror of his old groom, Isaac, whose stable labours at home were not sufficiently onerous to prevent him from having a sort of mixed menagerie of cows, pigs, and Cochins Chinas also committed to his care; and who openly expressed his disapprobation of "Market Harborough, five days a week—bullock fences, and a wet country! Thorns, stubs, cracked heels, and awful wear and tear of 'orses!"

Still to Market Harborough it was settled that they should go. An additional horse was laid in, as also some boots and breeches fit for "The Shires;" the performances of the provincial artists who had hitherto had the adorning of Mr. Sawyer's nether man being justly judged by him not capable of undergoing the aristocratic criticism of the "customers" of the Quorn and Pytchley.

In the train that was conveying him to his destination, the timely offer of a cigar procured him the acquaintance of a fellow-Nimrod, who, except in the *dénouement*, is nearly as much the hero of the book as Mr. Sawyer himself. His style is the Honourable Crasher, the christian name being alike ignored by the author, and by his groom, Mr. Tiptop. His character is somewhat mixed; or, perhaps, we should rather say that, though he has no bad qualities, that is, none that are mentioned, his good ones have each some alloy which greatly detracts from their merit. He is extremely good-natured; but he is also so sleepy and indifferent, that it is plain he would never be at the trouble of being ill-natured. He is a bold, and, barring a slight fondness for a slack rein, a skilful horseman, determined to be always with the hounds; at the same time he does not profess to be a sportsman; and if the pace could be made good enough without them, it is evident that he would willingly dispense with them altogether. Such as he is, however, he cements a firm friendship with Mr. Sawyer by the time he has finished his cigar; pilots him to covert, and introduces him to his friends, among whom a Parson Dove is especially prominent. Sporting parsons are now somewhat out of fashion, but it is not many years since most hunts could count one or two of "the Cloth" among their members; and at least one or two more among their secret supporters, though these last, partaking of the amusement on the sly, sought as much as possible to veil their indulgence of their ruling passion under some plausible excuse, and to conceal rather than to parade their prowess.

We have heard that, not many years ago, a bishop, who, although he abominated

* Market Harborough; or, How Mr. Sawyer went to the Shires. Chapman & Hall. 1861.

a hunting-field, had no objection to a ball-room, reproved one of his clergy, Mr. Smith we will call him, for allowing himself to be seen at the covert side. Mr. Smith pleaded that, if he did not neglect his parochial duties to hunt, a hunting-field was as innocent a place for the curate as the ball-room for his bishop. His lordship drew a distinction, "he went as a father to look after his daughters;" moreover, "he never was in the same room with the dancers." "Then, my lord," replied the curate, "my case is exactly parallel to your lordship's, I am never in the same field with the hounds." We believe that Mr. Smith's fellow-Nimrods would have given a different account of his performance from that thus sanctioned by his own humility. At all events Parson Dove was not inclined to hide his light under a similar bushel. His whole turnout was perfect, and he knew it himself and meant others to know it; his horses were perfect, his seat was perfect, his claret, 41, was more than perfect, and his daughter Cissy, of all his belongings, was the most perfect.

Mr. Sawyer had fallen on his legs. His first day's sport, indeed, was spoilt by a fog, but there was light enough to show the Honourable Crasher that his new friend could ride even in cold blood, and go straight to covert over a line of locked gates. A day or two afterwards he has better luck. While Parson Dove is watching the hounds in Glen Gorse, a sudden glow of pleasure lights up his clean-shaven face:—

"There's a fox, Charles, I'll lay a bishopric," says he, and a whimper from Truelove confirms the parson's opinion on the spot. "Not a doubt on it, sir, not a doubt on it,—one if not a brace," replies that functionary with immense rapidity. He loses very little time, indeed, at his phrases, or his fences, or anything else. In another moment he is up to his girths in the gorse, cheering on the beauties (he has the *lady pack* out to-day), who are working up the scent with musical energy. The master casts an uneasy glance at the crowd; countless anxieties and apprehensions cross his mind. One way the fox will be headed; another the hounds will be cut off; a third leads up to the village, and we know how fatal are houses and pigsties at the commencement of a run; but the fourth side is clear; happily the hounds are even now bustling eagerly towards it."

To that fourth side Mr. Sawyer had stolen quietly, and his sagacity was rewarded. Round a friendly corner, close to him, the fox steals away unseen by anyone but the first whip; the whip telegraphs mutely to the huntsman, "who has the *ladies* out of covert and dashing to the front with three blasts of his horn." A few seconds and "the pack are settled to the scent, and racing away a clear field ahead of everyone but the huntsman and whip." But Mr. Sawyer, too, has lost no time. Numerous as the field attracted by such a crack meet is, only two of them are as well placed as himself; up races Crasher on his right, "The master, with a backward glance at the crowd, is alongside of him; and Mr. Sawyer, sailing over the first fence in such good company, with a tight hold of his horse's head, and an undeniable start, thinks he is really in for it at last."

It is a real good thing, and he shows that he can keep a good place as well as get one. To be sure he nearly rides over his friend, Crasher, who comes to grief at a brook; but the pace is too good to mind such a trifle, and as Crasher thinks so too, he pronounces him in his heart the best fellow he ever met. And on the three go. In a mile or two the hounds run "harder than ever, then throw their heads up and come to an untoward check."

"What a pity," exclaims Mr. Sawyer,—not that he thinks so exactly, for Hotspur wants a puff of wind sadly.

"Turned by them sheep," says Charles, and casts his hounds rapidly forward and downward. "No, he has not been turned by the sheep, he has been coured by a dog," Charles wishes every dog in the county was with Cerberus, except the nineteen couple now at fault.

"Pliant has it," observes the master, as Pliant, pattering down the side of a hedge, makes sure she is right, and then flings a note or two off her silvery tongue to apprise her gossips of the fact. They corroborate her forthwith, and the chorus of female voices could scarce be outdone at a christening. Nevertheless they are brought to hunting now, and must feel for it every yard they go."

They feel, however, to some purpose. After another quarter of an hour "the Rev. Dove, with an exceedingly red face, a broken stirrup leather, and a dirty coat, views him crawling slowly down the side of a hedge-row. In an instant his hat is in the air;" in another Charles is there with his hounds,—Who-whoop!

But even in Leicestershire other animals are hunted besides foxes, and there are other lady packs besides those under the care of Charles Payne. Miss Cissy Dove, who is no mean horsewoman, is not less inclined for this other sport, but there has been a difference between her and mamma on the subject whether the animal in view is worth the pursuit. Lean ill-fed beasts have at times stolen into those grassy pastures, so that, before hallooing on the hounds, it becomes important to discover whether the intended game is a real plump dog-fox, with an ear of his own, or a mere interloping impostor. And this Cissy undertakes to find out for herself. We have seen Mr. Payne find and kill his fox; let us now see how Miss Dove manages hers. After so glorious a run, the horses are too tired to go more than a foot's pace home, and the evening is dark and inclined to be wet. But the lady has no fears.

"I do so like being out at night. Do you know, though I am so fond of riding, I am rather romantic, Mr. Sawyer?"

"Oh, indeed! Yes, of course," rejoined our friend, seeing an opening, but not getting at it quite as readily as if it had been in a bullfinch. "It's very pleasant sometimes, particularly in the summer, and horses always go best at night. But there's no moon now," he added, looking wistfully first at the heavens, and then, as far as the darkness would permit, in his companion's face.

"I'm certain you're a great quizz," answered Miss Dove. "I told mamma I was quite afraid of you the day you came to luncheon at the rectory. I dare say you think us wild all savages here, compared with what people are in your own country. Your country-place is somewhere near London, I think you said?"

"Mr. Sawyer did not remember saying anything of the kind, but he looked insinuating, which he need not have done, as it was so dark, and replied,

"Forty minutes by rail. I can run up, do my shopping, and back again between lunch and dinner. I'm only half a mile from a station."

"Then he had a country place—so far so good. In discussing him with mamma, the latter had inclined to think *not*; but Miss Dove held strongly to her own opinion. She knew the country gentleman's cut, she said—and in this instance she was right.

"Do you farm much?" was her next inquiry, putting the unconscious Sawyer through his facings, as only a woman can.

"Not much," replied our friend. "I let most of my land, but I keep enough in my own hands to supply the house. One must have a few cows, you know, for milk and fresh butter."

"It was evidently all right. A man who had land to let and land to keep, and a place of his own, was clearly none of your penniless interlopers such as visit the grass at intervals, like the locust, and eat it bare, and fly off and are seen no more. Here was a bee worth catching, with a hive, and honey, and flowers of its own—a good, honest, humble bee, with plenty of buzz, and no sting."

It is to be presumed that Miss Cissy did not keep to herself her triumph in having formed an accurate estimate of Mr. Sawyer's position, but divulged it to her mamma; since that lady speedily manoeuvred Rev. Dove into giving a dinner, at which we need not say Mr. Sawyer was one of the guests. The dinner was good, the claret better; aided by such favouring circumstances, all that Cissy's small talk and glances had left undone, her singing completed. In vain they made up a whist-table; Mr. Sawyer's heart was hovering, not round the whist-table, but round a circular stool covered with morocco in a distant corner; till he revoked, trumped his partner's best trick, and got set down as "decidedly drunk" by that ill-used gentleman.

He made his escape to ascertain Miss Dove's favourite colour, promised to ride a steeple-chase in a jacket of it, and returned to Market Harborough in so

ecstatic a frame of mind, that he hardly regarded being run away with on his road home in the Honourable Crasher's phaeton, and chucked out, it was too dark to see how far, on his head, because the two "free-going" hunters, who had been put in harness as an experiment, could not jump a gate with two pair of wheels behind them.

Let this should not have been sufficient sign of the state of Mr. Sawyer's ideas, there were others behind. He discarded the rough-and-ready style of costume which had provoked sundry criticisms on his first arrival in Leicester-shire; his boots became thinner and tighter; he adopted "turn-down collars, anointed his head till it shone again, affected gloves on all occasions, and set up a ring;" he even began to quote poetry; bought a picture of a Highland Lassie, in which he fancied a resemblance to the object of his affections; in short, his whole exterior and demeanour became as symptomatic of his condition as those of Benedick. It need hardly be added that he was determined to win the steeple-chase, in which his display of the lady's favourite colour was to stamp him as her cavalier in the eyes of the whole county. How dare we tell how so gallant a resolve was doomed to disappointment; how, though he gets safe over the brook which disposes of half the field, and leads almost to the last moment, Woodpigeon (that is his horse's name), in attempting to take the last fence, a huge double, in his stride, "lands with both fore-feet in the further ditch, chucks his rider into the field before him, and then rolls over the plum-coloured jacket in an extremely uncomfortable manner." He would have been amply consoled had he known a secret revealed to us somewhat ungallantly by the chronicler of his doings:—"As the plum-colour still lay motionless on the ground, poor Cissy turned very pale and sick, and then began to cry."

Luckily, beyond a fracture of the collar-bone, no harm was done. The hunting season was nearly over; but, for its brief remainder, Mr. Sawyer was reduced to sauntering about on foot with his arm in a sling; not always in entire solitude, if a rumour which reached the author be true, that on one occasion he was seen looking for violets in the garden of Dovecote Rectory, Miss Dove acting as his guide to the secluded spot in which they blossomed most abundantly. That his hunters, and hers too, went up to Tattersall's together in the spring, will surprise no one any more than that one morning, a little before twelve o'clock, the owners excited a strong desire to drink their healths in the breasts of the Dovecote bell-ringers. Yet the author thinks it possible that the happy pair may some day be heard of again in the vicinity of their old quarters; since one day, when he found a lady whom he remembered seeing in a very anxious state at the Market Harborough steeple-chase making inquiries at Sams' for an opera-box, he also perceived a thickset gentleman, very carefully got up, poring over Assheton Smith's Life at the further end of the counter. His comment on the *rencontre* is,— "I shall expect to hear of Sawyer's buying two or three hunters yet before November." Ours is,—

"When he next doth ride abroad
May we be there to see."

THE FRENCH WARS OF HENRY VI.*

THE contents of this volume are new and interesting documents, although they rather illustrate minute details of history than throw any important light on its greater questions. They have been procured from the libraries and archives of France; in fact, they are, properly speaking, French documents, and they relate almost entirely to the relations between England and France, or to the state of the latter country under English rule. They are, at the same time, very miscellaneous in their character, and partake largely in the disadvantage of such records, namely, that we often obtain a very small amount of information from a rather lengthy document. However, both in regard to themselves as historical records, and to the important period of our history to which they relate, they were well deserving of publication.

They commence with a commission addressed to the Count of Foix, who had been appointed, under the English Government, Governor of Languedoc and Bigorre, to receive the oath of fealty of the inhabitants of Languedoc to Henry VI., as King of France, immediately after his accession, and the unwillingness with which this oath was expected to be taken is sufficiently proved by the document next following, which is a commission to the Count of Longueville and some others, who are ordered to review certain troops which were to be employed, under the governor,—

"In our service, in order to recover, reduce, and bring into our obedience, our said country of Languedoc and county of Bigorre, and to resist him who calls himself Dauphin, or King of France, as others who are rebellious and disobedient to us, our enemies and adversaries."

Several of the documents which follow consist of pardons granted by the king to different individuals who, amid the turbulence created by the hostility of the two great parties in France, had committed outrages which exposed, or might expose them, to proceedings in the courts of the English king; and they give us evidence of the unsettled state of the country, which we otherwise know very well from the French contemporary chroniclers and historians, and furnish, at the same time, evidence of the impartial and strict manner in which justice was administered under the English rule.

One Enguerrand de Monstrelet (we presume the well-known historian of that name, but the editor has not told us so), who was captain of the Castle of Freneuch, had been led by false information to join in attacking and plundering a company of merchants, believing them to belong to the party of the Armagnacs. They took a rich booty; and Enguerrand de Monstrelet carried back his share of it to his Castle of Freneuch. A week after this outrage, Monstrelet was informed that he had been deceived, and that the men he had plundered were honest merchants of Abbeville, upon which he immediately, and with indignation against his accomplices, offered to make restitution of his share of the plunder, and declared that he would pursue and punish the others, whom, however, he had hitherto been unable to take. He, however, gave satisfaction to the merchants, and received their written quittance, and promise never to prosecute him for this offence. Nevertheless, the whole affair had been reported abroad, and Enguerrand de Monstrelet was in danger of a Crown prosecution for the robbery; and to prevent this, he had sought the king's pardon. The document is dated in the November of 1424, the robbery having occurred in the month of February, 1423.

Another man who sought and obtained a pardon is described as a working man, in fact, he was a tailor—a profession which used to have the reputation of producing few men of valour. His name was Jean de Bonval; he belonged to Royaut, near Soissons; and he had a wife and family. He had represented,—

"That in consequence of the wars and divisions which have been, and yet are, in our kingdom of France, and of the oppressions done to the labourers, of the captures, ransoms, and imprisonments by the enemies of our said kingdom, and especially in the district around Soissons, many good and honest men, seeing that every person had withdrawn himself from the open

* Letters and Papers Illustrative of the Wars of the English in France, during the reign of Henry VI., King of England. Edited by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, M.A. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. Vol. I. Royal Soc. Longmans. 1861.

country and gone to dwell within the good towns, or elsewhere in a foreign land, and that no one knew what to do, where to apply himself, or for whom to labour so as to obtain his livelihood, and that they had neither place nor retreat in castle or fortress, to which they could easily betake themselves, excepting only in woods, rocks, quarries, or caverns, in consequence of the places being occupied by our said enemies, this petitioner, through the pressure and urgency of hunger and many other necessities, and in order to provide for his life and his poor humanity, employed himself in making war upon our said enemies, always keeping on the side of our party and on that of our late very dear cousin the Duke of Burgundy, last deceased."

The petition goes on to state the various acts of violence in partizan warfare at which the petitioner assisted, and pleads that

"Because it happened that the said petitioner perceived about four years ago, or thereabouts, that it was possible to work, he has entirely discontinued and ceased to go any more to the war, and has devoted himself to his labour and craft, and nothing else. And although during the time when he was occupied in making war, it was a thing lawful and permitted so to do, to distress and subdue our said enemies, and although, moreover, he has done harm to no one, excepting in taking provisions, and that it is four years ago, or thereabouts, since he returned to his employment, as has been said, nevertheless certain provost farmers, and particularly our provost forain of Laon, of his own will, and contrary to reason, has endeavoured (and yet endeavours daily) to grieve, trouble, and damage the said petitioner, and threatens to seize him and put him as a prisoner in our prisons, on purpose to have and demand money of him, or otherwise to grieve and molest him, because he has waged war in the manner aforesaid, and he is in such fear that he dare not continue securely at his work, nor with his wife, children, and household, and is in such a way that he must abandon and leave the country, unless provision be hereupon made for him by us of our grace and mercy."

The date of this pardon is 1427. All these petitions for pardons are interesting and useful illustrations of the state of society amid, and at the close of, the great French intestine wars of the fifteenth century.

We next come upon a bundle of documents relating to the proposals for peace between France and England at Arras in 1435, and to the negotiations for a permanent treaty of peace in 1444 and 1445, after the truce of 1443; and the marriage of the king of England with Marguerite of Anjou, interspersed with some letters of the duke of York, relating to a projected marriage of his eldest son Edward (afterwards King Edward IV.) with a daughter of the king of France. During the treaty at Arras, the French king made three distinct offers, each adding to the concessions of territory proposed in the one which preceded it, and all showing the great anxiety of Charles VII. at that time to effect a peace with England, which would restore him to his throne even with humiliating conditions; but the English were too vain of their conquest of France to be willing to relinquish any part of it, though no really wise statesman could have believed in the possibility of retaining it permanently. The documents relating to the truce of 1444, and the negotiations which followed it, are of much greater length. The first, dated on the 30th of March in that year, consists of the instructions given by the French king and the duke of Orleans to the ambassadors, who were sent to meet the earl of Suffolk, who had gone over to Normandy as a sort of plenipotentiary on the part of the king of England, and the result of whose mission was the truce and the marriage with Marguerite. The most interesting of these papers, however, is the official report of the ambassadors sent to England in July, 1445, to negotiate a peace between the two kingdoms, which gives a very detailed account of their journey by way of Dover, Canterbury, and Rochester, to London, of their reception and doings there, of the manner in which they were lodged and treated, of their reception at court, and of their various interviews and conversations with the English ministers and great nobles. It shows how anxious the French still were for the establishment of peace, and how unpopular the very name of peace continued to be in England. This French embassy remained in London from the 13th of July to the end of that month, and their narrative, with some other shorter ones which accompany it, not only gives us a very minute and interesting account of the negotiation, which, as we know, had no immediate result, but furnishes us with a few curious traits of manners in London in the middle of the fifteenth century.

These documents are followed by a miscellaneous collection of papers relating to the negotiations between the two countries during successive years, some indicating the same desire for peace, among which are several letters from Queen Marguerite of England to the King of France, and others filled with complaints, on one side or the other, of partial aggressions and breaches of the truce. We have among them a full and very curious account of the attack upon the fortress of Fougères, and its surrender to the French by its captain, François du Surienne, called the Arragonese, written for his justification to the King of England, by Surienne himself; and a number of documents relating to negotiations which were carried on about this period between the kings of France and Scotland. We will not attempt even to glance at the still more miscellaneous papers, though all relating to international affairs, which occupy the latter part of the volume. Old soldiers, when no longer able to serve, were neglected then as now. In 1429 one Thomas Hostella, who had served in the wars of Henry IV. and Henry V., had been "smitten with a springolt through the head" at the siege of Harfleur, "losing his one eye, and his cheek-bone broken," and had also been wounded at Azincourt, and "at the taking of the carracks on the sea," where, "with a gad of iron, his plates (armour) were smitten into his body, and his hand smitten off," complains that "he being sore feeble and debused, now fallen into great age and poverty, greatly indebted, and may not help himself, having not wherewith to be sustained nor relieved, but of men's gracious alms, and being for his said service never yet recompensed nor rewarded," and petitions the king for relief; but we do not learn if his petition were successful.

The texts of these documents appear to be very carefully printed from the manuscripts, although the system of editing French texts, which we have before condemned, is followed, and which, in fact, can hardly be called editing at all. Its inconvenience is shown by the circumstance that it not unfrequently leads the editors themselves into mistranslations. One of these presents itself to our eye almost on the first opening of the book. At p. 441, we have a mandate from King Henry VI. to the treasurer and chamberlains of the exchequer, dated in December, 1443, for a gift of a cup to one Gilles of Britany, which is there described in the original, "ung hanappe dore de la value de cent marcs." It can hardly be doubted that the word *dore*, which Mr. Stevenson supposes to represent *d'ore*, really represents *doré*—the cup, which is particularized as a *hanap*, was no doubt to be of silver gilt—in fact, gold to the value of a hundred marks would have made but a small hanap. We have not compared, to any great extent, the translation with the text, but the latter seems to be often what may be called very loosely rendered, and we have noticed several mistranslations, some of which must have been mere oversights. Thus, in a letter from the Duke of York to the King of France, printed at p. 79, the words, "La matere du mariage de lune de mes tres honnores dames voz filles," i. e., "The matter of the marriage of one of my very honoured ladies your daughters," is translated here, "The matter of the marriage of one of my three honoured ladies your daughters."

There is, however, one document in this volume which is quite wrongly translated, and seems to be misunderstood altogether. It is a letter from the Dauphin Louis (afterwards Louis XI.), to the "seigneurs" of Bouschage and Soliers, relating, as the editor seems to suppose, to a wish on the part of the Earl of Suffolk, when in France in 1444, for an interview with the Dauphin, but it is not dated, and is expressed rather mysteriously. The first and most important part of this letter is as follows:—

"Messieurs, ce nest pas raison que len les preisse de besoigner, si non a leur plaisir; mais jay veu venir le Conte de Surfore, Anglois, devers le roy en ceste hostel. Mais jamais il ne parla a luy jusques ad ce que tout fust appointe, et y vinst le Grant Seneschal et Monsieur de Presigny."

"Je vous demande, comment viendront ilz devers moi? Car ilz ne bailleront point de lettres; et si les baillent, je ne les puis recevoir, car il est mon ennemy; et quant on besongne a son ennemy, cest par procureur, et non pas en personne. Et ne ce peut feir autrement" (p. 77).

Which Mr. Stevenson translates as follows:—

"Gentlemen, it is unreasonable that a man should be compelled to give heed to business if he does not please so to do; but I have noticed the arrival of the Earl of Surfore, an Englishman, who has come into this house to the King. But he shall never speak with him until all has been settled, and the Grand Seneschal and Monsieur de Presigny have arrived here."

"I ask you, how can they come to me? For they have no letters to present; and even if they had any to offer, I could not receive them, for he is my enemy; and when one transacts business with an enemy, this is done by proxy, and not personally. And this cannot be done otherwise."

On this translation we may remark, first, that the *les* and *leur* in the first line are neither indefinite nor refer to the dauphin; but they evidently relate to some persons who were pressed into a negotiation against their inclinations. Next, *parla* is not the future tense, but the preterite of the verb, and *y* means *there*, and not *here*. The Dauphin seems to be speaking on a point of etiquette, and is quoting the case of the Earl of Suffolk as a precedent, and the editor's marginal note is certainly wrong in explaining it—"Louis dislikes Suffolk, and will thwart his mission." *Viendront* and *bailleront* are verbs in the future tense, and do not convey the notion of *can* and *could*. The letter seems to allude to some attempt to promote a reconciliation between the dauphin and an individual whom he considered as an enemy by the interference of some men who sought to confer with him personally; but he believed that they were pressed into this mission against their will, and that they had no letters to him, but declined to see them on an excuse of a point of etiquette, which he justifies by the example of the Earl of Suffolk, who was not allowed to have a personal interview with the King during the negotiation of the treaty. It should be translated as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—It is not right that one should press them to act, unless at their pleasure; but I saw the Earl of Suffolk, an Englishman, come to visit the king in this house; but he never spoke to him (i. e., had a personal interview), until everything had been settled, and the Grand Steward and Monsieur de Presigny came there."

"I ask you, how (i. e., under what character) will they come to me? for they will not present letters; and if they present them, I cannot receive them, because he is my enemy; and when one negotiates with his enemy, it is by proxy and not in person. And it cannot be done otherwise."

It is our opinion that it is quite unnecessary to give translations with these French documents of so late a period as the fifteenth century, which are in general easy enough to read; we would recommend that the editors should be required to give the extra labour of the translation to a most careful attention to the texts.

MEMOIRS OF AN UNKNOWN LIFE.*

THE "Memoirs of an Unknown Life" is worthy of perusal by every family in the British empire; but we cannot venture to predict that it will be universally popular, although it has been already favourably received by the readers of "Good Words." It will, perhaps, be a greater favourite with the elder than the younger members in most households. It dwells with great force and true pathos upon the stern realities of existence, and denudes what is generally considered as "the romance of life" of the false splendour and untrue brilliancy with which it is too frequently surrounded. It exposes the sufferings, the sorrows, the self-sacrifices of parentage, and shows how frequently these are aggravated, and, almost invariably, caused by the heartlessness, the indiscretion, and the thoughtlessness of children.

Never was there a tale composed of simpler materials than that which is entitled the "Memoirs of an Unknown Life." The heroine is a kind, affectionate, loving woman, in her childhood and girlhood domineered over by a harsh sister, and in her womanhood united to a man with many faults and but few virtues—one of these, however, his true affection for his wife—in her estimation so all-important as to obliterate the slightest desire on her part to dwell upon any of his failings. The fruits of her marriage are a boy and a girl, both remarkable for their personal beauty, but the boy, like his father, a spendthrift; and the girl, a young person of little intellect, absorbed in thoughts of herself, and incapable of appreciating either the strength of her mother's love, or of her untiring exertions to maintain her family in independence.

The charm of this work consists in the development of the character of the heroine, Alice Davenport. She is described as a lady, one of the gentry of Wales, who has fallen in love with a medical man, and, despite her sister's opposition, has married him. She has a large fortune, which she bestows unreservedly upon him; and he, not intentionally, wastes it away, whilst his great failing—an attachment to strong drinks—causes him the loss of his professional practice, and finally poverty is seen approaching her dwelling, and she endeavours to escape from it by saving in small matters, whilst her husband pursues his course of extravagance, which he palliates under the pretext that, in a short time, he shall be able speedily to recover his lost position, and finally to replace, for the benefit of his wife and children, the wealth which he has taken away from them. Alice Davenport, in her self-depreciation, and endowed with a loving heart, can see no fault in her husband. She does not blame him, but herself, for their stunted means. She believes that it is her want of management, her ignorance in the art of household economizing, that have been the main causes of their decadence in riches; and whilst she stints herself of everything that is needful, she does so in the hope she may be able to supply her children with all that they may wish for. Day by day the husband's circumstances become more desperate, and the consequences of his embarrassments are felt, not merely by himself, but by all who live in the same house with him. Here is the author's picture of the evils that follow from a person not living within his income. There is not the slightest exaggeration in this portrait of "an embarrassed man":—

"The embarrassed man cannot afford a single virtue. First and foremost, truth must go. Life would be unbearable without a cultivated self-deception, the 'lie that eateth in'; the next step is inevitable and very easy, a careful deceiving of others. A sense of honour goes; the measures that would have startled him once, now positively commend themselves as ways of extrication—the empty bag cannot stand upright. Good temper goes. How can a man live serene with a sword hanging over his head? How can he stand the friction of family intercourse, with some hidden sore which any unguarded touch may torture? Natural affection goes. The death of a once loved relative grows to be the mere preamble to the falling in of a legacy; children are viewed as expenses rather than pleasures; the wronged, untrusting wife, be she ever so gentle, appears an enemy and an accuser. Where all is so wretched, who can wonder if the stimulant be sought, which at least can procure the temporary forgetfulness of all? And to this a man, by nature intelligent, kindly, generous, cheerful, may be brought by small and slow degrees! Well if it be not lower still! Well if, to the unscrupulous character that could carelessly run up bills without any certainty of power to pay them—could purchase selfish indulgence by the degradation of the loan—swindling more palpable still, forgery and theft, nay, murder itself, has not been presented as the only means of self-preservation."

The spendthrift husband dies, and Alice Davenport is left with a scanty pit-

* *Memoirs of an Unknown Life*. Edinburgh: Alexander Strahan & Co; London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1861.

tance, and two grown up children to battle with the world. Her wealthy sister had refused to speak with her since her marriage; and now the hard struggle of life for her—unaided, and alone—has to be entered upon. Her worthless, selfish son abandons the legal profession in which he was receiving instruction, to become an officer in the army—his small fortune being merely sufficient to purchase a commission, and he promising that he will for the future "live on his pay," and never require any assistance from his mother. The daughter—also a selfish girl, but not so gripping nor heartless as her brother—opposes her mother's plan for maintaining herself by teaching a school. The mother persists, at the same time, however, dispensing with her daughter's assistance, her affection for the girl inducing her to believe that "the young lady" is too sensitive and delicate to be able to aid her in the irksome task she has undertaken.

Alice Davenport's plan for maintaining herself and her daughter by "keeping a school" proves a complete success. All her neighbours are enchanted at the prospect of having such a teacher for their children—they know her to be "a born lady," and expect their children will, with such an instructress, be, in time, like to her, "ladies;" whilst her well-known piety leads them to the conclusion that all who have her example before their eyes cannot fail to grow up as "God-fearing girls." And here, in a few words, is the charming picture given of her, respecting whom her neighbours thought so well and so justly:—

"If Mrs. Davenport had heard these sanguine expectations of different kinds, they would but have considerably increased her native self-depreciation. She was perfectly unconscious of her own quiet dignity and refinement of manner; never guessed that under any disguise of shabby or old-fashioned attire, not a movement, not a gesture, but revealed 'a lady of the land;' and as to efficient religious teaching, the poor stricken soul looked on each little fresh-faced child as nearer to God than her own repining self. She would do what she could, but this would be but little."

The noble-hearted woman makes out of her daily toils in the school-room an ample independence. Her daughter is provided with every comfort, and has the prospect of being married to a pious and excellent young clergyman, when—

But we will not disclose "the love story" which is intruded upon "The Memoirs of an Unknown Life," adding to its cares, and causing it to be a prolonged agony, borne with the patience, humility, and resignation of a Christian. Another of its woes springs from the recklessness in money matters of the son who had become an officer, who cannot, because he will not, "live upon his pay;" and feels not the slightest remorse in despoiling his mother of every shilling she can save, in order that he may "stave off," for a day, some of his many creditors.

Most tales and novels dwell upon the sufferings of the young, for which the harshness of fathers and the cruelty of uncles and guardians has to be held responsible; but in "The Memoirs of an Unknown Life," the story is of a totally opposite character. It is a narrative of the misery too often inflicted upon parents by the misconduct of their children; and those who have the longest experience in life will, we fear, be disposed to say there is more truth in such a narrative, than in others which superabound with a detail of the agonies of forlorn swains, and the sorrows of pining and parent-persecuted daughters. There is undoubtedly a sound moral conveyed in "The Memoirs of an Unknown Life," and the book can be read with profit both by old and young.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Under the title "The Golden Opportunity and how to Improve it," Mr. Elliot Stock, of Paternoster-row, announces a volume containing the successful Essays on the "Best Method of Infusing a Missionary Spirit into the Education of the Young;" for which the Rev. Charles Hodgson, Rector of Barton-le-Street, offered four prizes some months since.

Mr. Edingham Wilson, of the Royal Exchange, has in the press a new "Legal Handy Book of the Law and Practice of Bankruptcy founded upon the new Act," which has just received the Royal Assent, and which Act is a thorough, complete, and radical change from the old law. This little book, which will contain everything of importance and interest concerning the new relations of debtor and creditor, is being prepared by Dr. Walter Smith, of whose well-known series of Legal Handy Books many editions have been sold.

Mr. Stanford will publish immediately a second edition of "The Coal Fields of Great Britain: their history, structure, and duration, with notices of coal fields in other parts of the world," by Mr. Edward Hull.

Southey's "Life of Nelson" will form the new volume of "Bohn's Illustrated Library" for September, with additional notes and a general index. To be illustrated with engravings on steel and wood.

The first number of *The Queen*, a new illustrated magazine, is to appear next week. According to the prospectus, *The Queen* is simply intended to be for educated women what certain high class journals are for men, recording and discussing from week to week whatever interests or amuses them. There is to be a large number of original articles on the daily life of society, its manners and morals; on books, music, and the theatres. It is to be illustrated, and a portrait is to be given away with the first number.

It is officially announced that the reading-room of the British Museum will be closed to the public from Saturday, August 31st, till Saturday, September 7th.

Messrs. Macmillan have postponed the eighth number of the "Tracts for People and Priests." The first volume, containing the seven, is now ready.

The sale of the late Dr. Bandinel's library, by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, realised £1,916. 11s.

In accordance with the wish of the late Mr. Leigh Sotheby, the sale of the "Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton" came off on Thursday, August 22nd; but from many circumstances, the lateness of the season and the utter absence of people in town, the sale was not successful, out of the six hundred and twenty-five lots, not more than sixty being disposed of. The first was purchased for Mr. Tite, M.P., and the fifth for the Marquis of Lansdowne. However, this will be remedied by an early sale next season. In the meanwhile, copies are purchasable. This is to be regretted because the charities in whose cause the book was disposed of—the Booksellers' Provident Society and Retiret, the Literary Fund, the Printers' Provident Society, and the Royal Dramatic College—will not be able to participate in the enjoyment of the donation until the period of the sale is completed.

The distinguished traveller, Thomas William Atkinson, F.R.G.S., F.G.S., and author of "Travels in Siberia, and on the Amoor," and many books of travels which have gained great popularity, died lately at Lower Walmer, in Kent.

We have to record the death of Mr. James Bruce, the author of "Classic and Historic Portraits." Mr. Bruce was formerly editor of the *Madras Athenæum*, and was fulfilling the editorship of the *Northern Whig* at the time of his death, having succeeded the late Edward Whitty.

Messrs. Cassell & Co. are preparing a new penny weekly journal, under the name of *The Quiver*. This periodical is designed for the promotion and defence of Biblical truth, and the advancement of religion in the homes of the people. The whole of its articles and other contents will be written with a view to interest and instruct the family circle, and are to be furnished by the ablest writers of the day, and will be free from all sectarian bias. *The Quiver* will be larger than any journal issued at the price of one penny.

It is reported that at the time of his death the Duke of Buckingham was engaged on a new historical work.

Messrs. Darton will shortly publish "The Interviews of Great Men; their Influence on Civilization," from the meetings of Diogenes and Alexander to the final interview of Count Cavour and Victor Emmanuel; developing the characteristics of men who influenced the times in which they lived, and showing where their example is worthy of imitation. The book will be illustrated with eight full-page illustrations.

Messrs. Simpkin & Marshall will publish in a few days, a "First French reading Book," by M. Jules Caron. It is to contain easy and interesting lessons, progressively arranged, with a copious vocabulary of all the words and idioms contained in the text.

Mr. Du Chaillu's "Adventures in Equatorial Africa" has now reached its tenth thousand.

Mr. Lilly, of Bedford-street, Covent Garden, will publish shortly another of his curious and interesting catalogues of rare, curious, and useful books. To the collector these catalogues are very valuable.

"Tannhäuser; or, the Battle of the Bards," the new poem, has already reached a second edition, which will be ready in a few days.

Miss Anna Drury's novel, "Misrepresentation," forms the new volume of Messrs. Chapman & Hall's Standard Edition of Popular Authors.

Mr. Motley's "History of the United Netherlands," published by Mr. Murray, has now reached its fourth thousand.

A third edition of Mr. Dickens's "Great Expectations" is now ready. At the end of Sir Bulwer Lytton's "Strange Story," Mr. Wilkie Collins will commence a new tale in *All the Year Round*, to be continued for many months. This will be pleasing news to the many readers of "The Woman in White."

Mr. Walter Thornbury's "Cross Country" will shortly be published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Sons.

A *Sunday London Halfpenny Newspaper* has been commenced, and will issue four editions, with the latest news.

Messrs. Jackson & Walford have in the press, by Mr. Charles Stanford, "Joseph Alleine, his Companions and Times: a Memorial of Black Bartholomew Day, 1662."

Messrs. Hachette & Co. have in the press a second series of Paul Marcey's "Scènes and Paysages dans les Andes." The "Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer" has published M. Louis Enault's last novel, "Un Amour en Laponie."

It is said that a newspaper is about to be started in Paris under the title of the *Droit National*, the directors being, according to report, MM. de Girardin and De la Guéronnière.

Madame George Sand's new work is entitled, "Le Pavé, Nouvelle Dialogue."

To be as "cool as a cucumber" this hot weather one must go to the Haymarket Theatre, and to the Polytechnic, to the latter place to welcome back Mr. Pepper, who has resumed his management of that popular place of entertainment. Mr. Pepper was enthusiastically recognised on Monday evening, when he introduced his visitors for the first time to a lecture on "Ventilation." The large hall was crammed, and thanks to Mr. Cooke, C.E., whose patent ventilation has just been adopted, the company were amply repaid by an interesting lecture on the popular subject of the day. Mr. Cooke's invention is certainly one of the most successful, yet at the same time one of the most simple contrivances ever known. The folds of wire-gauze affixed to the upper sash prevent draughts by diffusing the current of air admitted, exclude dust and insects, effectually ventilate the apartment, and are easily fitted, and the apparatus is as accessible to the "twenty pound a year" cottage as to the palace. While Mr. Pepper will be warmly welcomed back, it is but fair to add that his friends will meet with but a cool reception.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

FROM AUGUST 23RD TO AUGUST 29TH.

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| An Introduction to the Study of Prophecy. Crown 8vo. cloth, limp. 2s. Wertheim. | Life and Correspondence of Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England. 1 vol. Post 8vo. cloth. 14s. Saunders & Otley. |
| Anthon (C.). Greek Grammar. Edited by the Rev. J. R. Major, D.D., King's College. 12mo. 3s. Tegg. | Mackey (A. G.). Lexicon of Freemasonry. New edition. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s. Griffin, Bohn, & Co. |
| Book of Trades. Thirteenth Edition. Square cloth. 3s. 6d. Griffin, Bohn, & Co. | Martineau (Harriet). English Lakes. 4to. illustrated. 16s. Whittaker. |
| Bowman (A.). How to Make the Best of It. Fcap. cloth. 3s. 6d. Routledge. | Marryatt (Captain). Peter Simple. Fcap. cloth. 2s. 6d. Routledge. |
| Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible. Imp. 8vo. 15s. Tegg. | Moseley (J.). What is Contraband of War, and What is Not. Post 8vo. cloth. 5s. Butterworth. |
| Clarke (Dr. A.). Commentary. Parts XLVII. to L. 1s. each. Tegg. | Murray (L.). English Grammar. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Tegg. |
| Cyclopædia of Songs. First and Second Series. 1s. 6d. each. Tegg. | Palgrave (F. P.). Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. 7s. 6d. Macmillan. |
| Dalgairns (Mrs.). The Practice of Cookery. Fifteenth Edition. Fcap. cloth. 3s. 6d. Griffin, Bohn, & Co. | Punch's Re-issue. 1844. Vol. IV. 4to. cloth. 10s. 6d. Vol. VII. 4to. boards. 3s. Bradbury & Evans. |
| Davis (Francis). Tablet of Shadows, and other Poems. Post 8vo. 6s. Hamilton. | Reid (Captain Mayne). A Hero in Spite of Himself. 3 vols. post 8vo. cloth. £1. 11s. 6d. Hunt & Blackett. |
| Dacey (Edward). Cavour; a Memoir. Crown 8vo. cloth. 6s. 6d. Macmillan. | Revelation, the Orb of Light. By Author of "The Orb of Light; or, the Apocalyptic Vision." Crown 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d. Wertheim. |
| Dunbar (Rev. W. B.). From London to Nice. Post 8vo. 3s. Hamilton. | Shakespeare's Plays. By Stevens and Malone. Diamond edition. 32mo. 6s. Tegg. |
| Euripidis Bacchæ. From the Text of Bothe. Fcap. 1s. Tegg. | Southey's Nelson. (Illustrated Library.) 5s. Bohn. |
| Ferrers (N. M.). On Trilinear Co-ordinates, &c. Post 8vo. 6s. 6d. Macmillan. | The Madman of St. James. (Parlour Library.) Bds. 2s. Clarke. |
| Floyd (Robert). Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic. 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Longman. | Todd (Rev. J.). Lectures to Children. First and Second Series. Fcap. 1s. 6d. Tegg. |
| Gairdner (James). Edited by. Letters, &c., illustrative of Reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII. Royal 8vo. half-bound. 8s. 6d. Longman. | Tracts for Priests and People. First Series. Nos. 1 to 7. Post 8vo. 8s. Macmillan. |
| Gasparin (Madame de). The Near and Heavenly Horizons. 3s. 6d. Hamilton. | Wharnccliffe (Lord). Lady W. Montague's Letters. (English Gentleman's Library.) 8s. Bohn. |
| Gleig (G. R.). Waltham; or, Chronicles of a Country Village (Railway Library). 2s. Routledge. | Wilson (G.). Gateways of Knowledge. Fine Paper. Fcap. 2s. 6d. Macmillan. |
| Hicklin (J.). Illustrative Handbook of North Wales. Post 8vo. 3s. Whittaker. | Wood (N.). The Child's Homoeopathic Physician. Second edition. 16mo. cloth. 5s. H. Turner. |
| Hunter (Rev. John). Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. 12mo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Longman. | |
| Jarman (T.). On Conveyancing. Vol. VIII. Part I. Royal 8vo. boards. 8s. Sweet. | |

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